

INTERNATIONAL SONG SERVICE.

BRIGHT GEMS

FROM FIFTY AUTHORS.

BY
PHILIP PHILLIPS
AND HIS SON.

FOR
SUNDAY SCHOOLS,
GOSPEL MEETINGS,
MISSIONARY AND YOUNG
PEOPLES SOCIETIES,
PRAYER MEETINGS,
ETC., ETC.

MAST, CROYELL & KIRKPATRICK,
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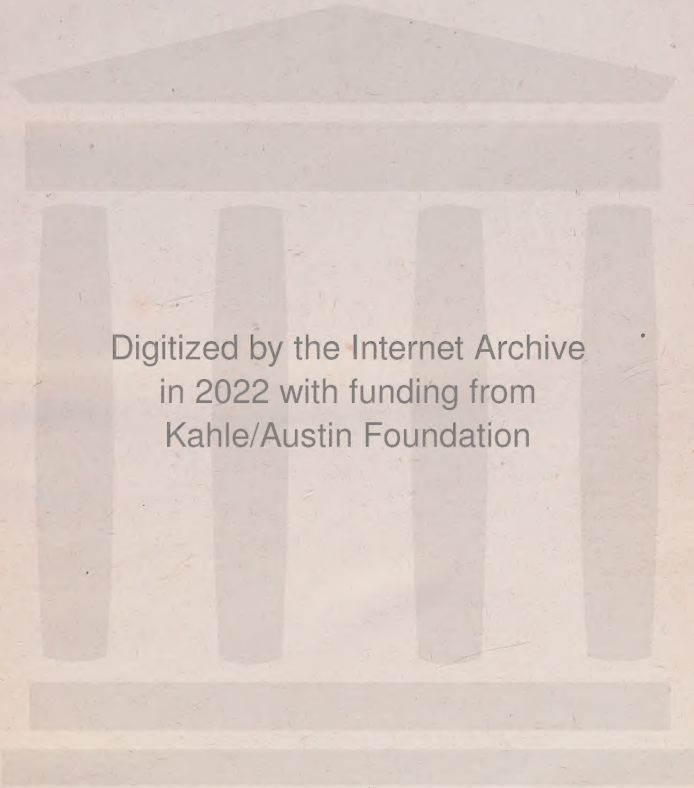
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Rev. O. W. Lucas



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INTERNATIONAL SONG SERVICE,

WITH

BRIGHT GEMS

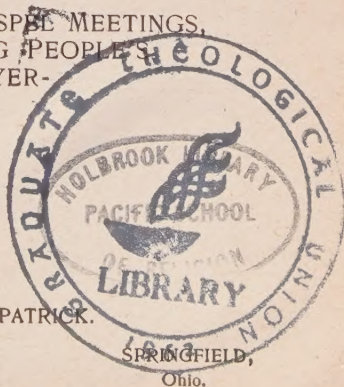
FROM FIFTY AUTHORS.

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MAST, CROWELL & KIRKPATRICK.

NEW YORK CITY,
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SPRINGFIELD,
Ohio.

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PREFACE.

INTERNATIONAL SONG SERVICE embraces about half new and half old selected gems. It contains General Hymns for Young People's Societies, Sunday-schools, Prayer, Gospel and all religious meetings. They are acknowledged to be the choicest ones in the English language, and are such as grow better by use. It includes National Anthems and Special Hymns for such occasions as Harvest Festivals, followed by *Familiar Hymns and Tunes*.

The compilers have studied the wants of every phase of religious life, and think they satisfy all, embracing Heart Songs, Life Songs, Work Songs—in fact, songs appropriate for any and all occasions in Christian worship. It is now offered to the public, with an earnest prayer that it may prove a blessing, and go

“Over land and sea,
Wherever a human heart may be,
Telling a tale or singing a song,
In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong.”

INTERNATIONAL SONG SERVICE.

No. 1.

CORONATION SONG.

"King of kings, and Lord of lords."

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,

And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

- 2 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,—
Go, spread your trophies at His feet
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race
Ye ransomed of the fall,

- Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all. Edward Perronet.

No. 2.

ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH.

Guillaume Franck. 1645.

1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice:
2. The Lord, ye know, is God in-deed, Without our aid He did us make:
3. O en-ter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts un-to:
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for-ev-er sure:

Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore Him, and re-joice.
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Praise, laud, and bless His name al-ways, For it is seem-ly so to do.
His truth at all times firm-ly stood, And shall from age to age en-dure.

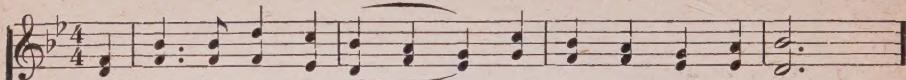
No. 3.

REJOICE, AND HAIL THE KING.

R. I.

"Again I say, Rejoice."—Phil. 4: 4.

ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Re-joice, and hail the King, . . . Your sov'-reign Lord a-dore;
2. From Him no word can fail, . . . All pow'r to Him is giv'n;
3. We now a-wait the day . . . When Christ our Lord shall come,

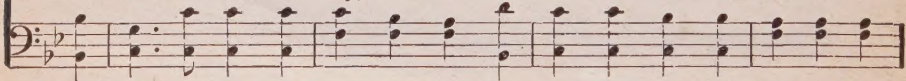


and hail the King,
no word can fail,
a-wait the day

your Lord a-dore;
to Him is giv'n;
our Lord shall come;

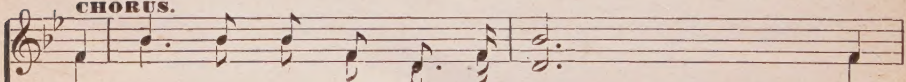


Ex-alt His name, and sing His prais-es ev-er-more.
His king-dom will pre-vail, And fill the earth and heav'n.
To drive the clouds a-way, And take His loved ones home.

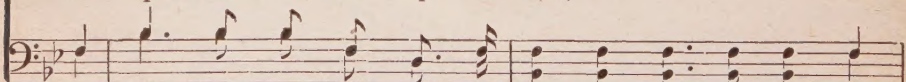


and sing His prais-es ev-er, ev-er-more.
pre-vail, And fill the earth, the earth and heav'n.
a-way, And take His loved ones, loved ones home.

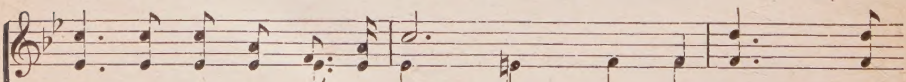
CHORUS.



Lift up the heart, lift up the voice, Re-



voice, lift up the voice,

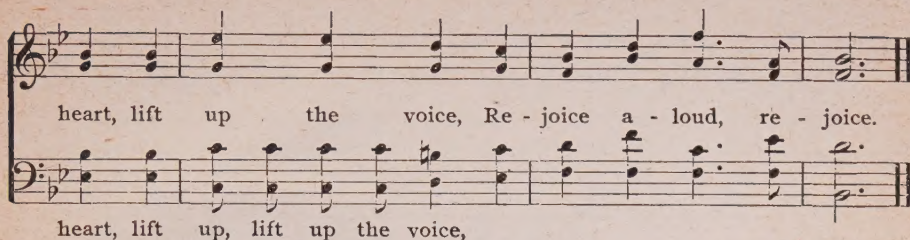


joice a-loud, ye saints, re-joice; Lift up the



re-joice, ye saints, re-joice; Lift up, lift up the

REJOICE, AND HAIL THE KING. ·Concluded.



heart, lift up the voice, Re - joice a - loud, re - joice.

heart, lift up, lift up the voice,

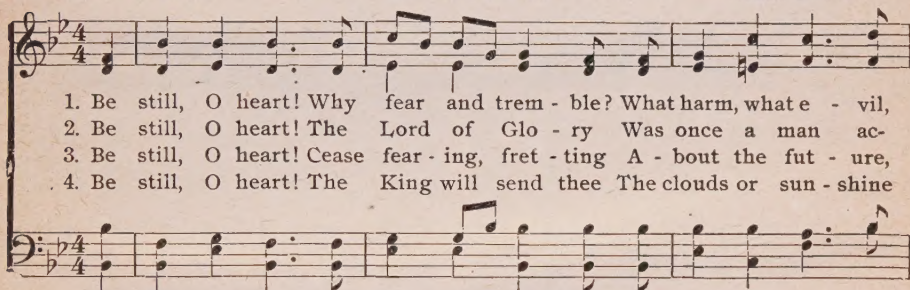
No. 4.

BE STILL, O HEART.

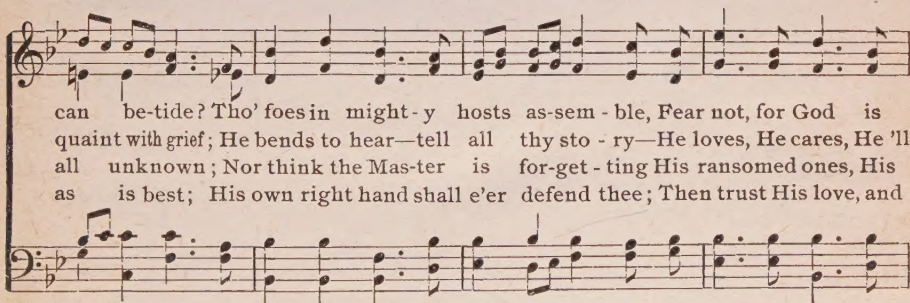
JEAN H. WATSON.

"Be still, and know that I am God."—Ps. 46: 10.

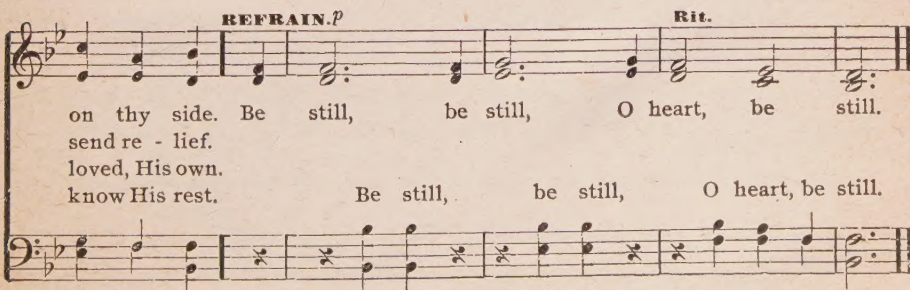
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Be still, O heart! Why fear and trem - ble? What harm, what e - vil,
 2. Be still, O heart! The Lord of Glo - ry Was once a man ac -
 3. Be still, O heart! Cease fear - ing, fret - ting A - bout the fut - ure,
 4. Be still, O heart! The King will send thee The clouds or sun - shine



can be-tide? Tho' foes in might - y hosts as-sem - ble, Fear not, for God is
 quaint with grief; He bends to hear—tell all thy sto - ry—He loves, He cares, He 'll
 all unknown; Nor think the Mas-ter is for-get - ting His ransomed ones, His
 as is best; His own right hand shall e'er defend thee; Then trust His love, and



REFRAIN. *p* **Rit.**

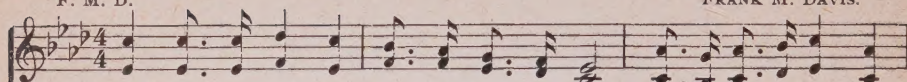
on thy side. Be still, be still, O heart, be still.
 send re - lief.
 loved, His own.
 know His rest. Be still, be still, O heart, be still.

No. 5.

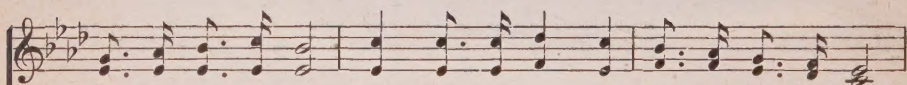
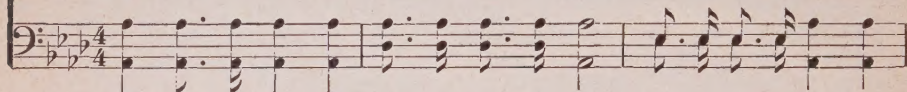
SINGING OF JESUS.

F. M. D.

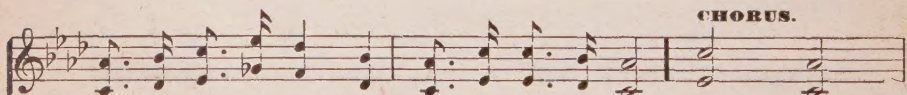
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Sing-ing of Je - sus all the way a - long, Singing of His mer - cy,
 2. Sing-ing of Je - sus, bless-ed Son of God, Singing of the goodness
 3. Sing-ing of Je - sus, bless His ho - ly name, He who doth restrain me

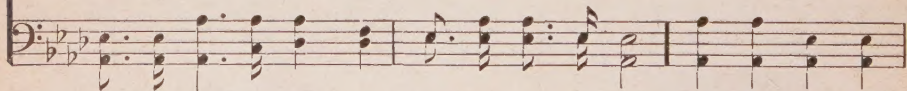


sing-ing of His love; How He for me did die up-on the cross
 of this might-y King; An - gels in glo - ry help to swell the song,
 from the ways of sin; So will I praise Him in the sweet-est song,

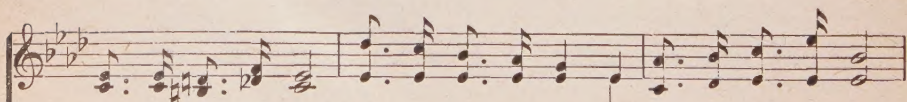


CHORUS.

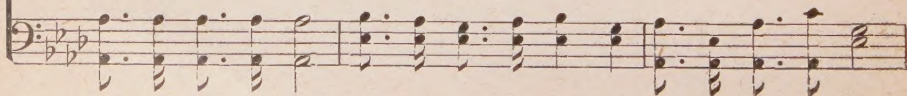
That I might in glo - ry dwell with Him a - bove.
 Till all earth and heav - en with His prais-es sing. Sing - ing,
 When I reach the heav - en that I hope to win.



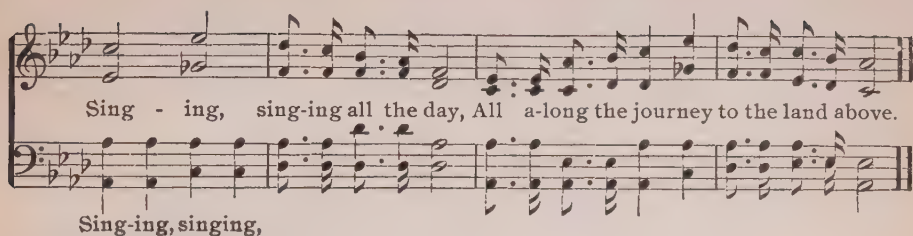
Sing-ing, sing-ing,



sing-ing all the way, Sing-ing of His mer - cy, sing-ing of His love;



SINGING OF JESUS. Concluded.



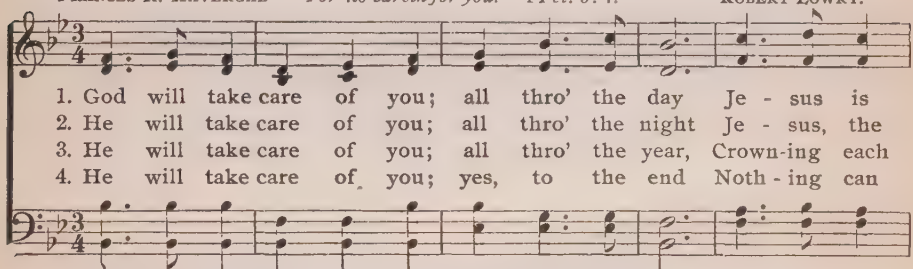
Sing - ing, sing-ing all the day, All a-long the journey to the land above.

Sing-ing, singing,

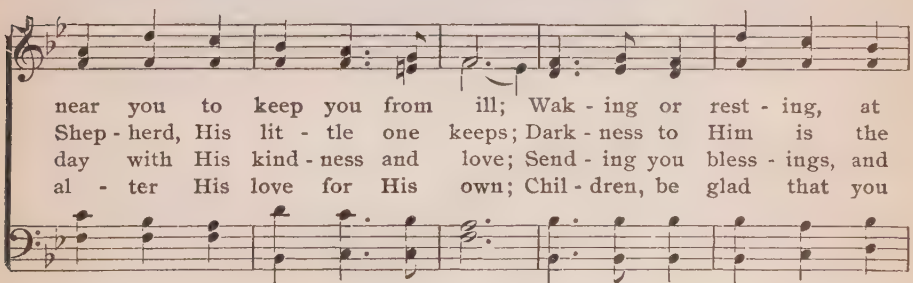
No. 6. GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL "For he careth for you."—1 Pet. 5: 7.

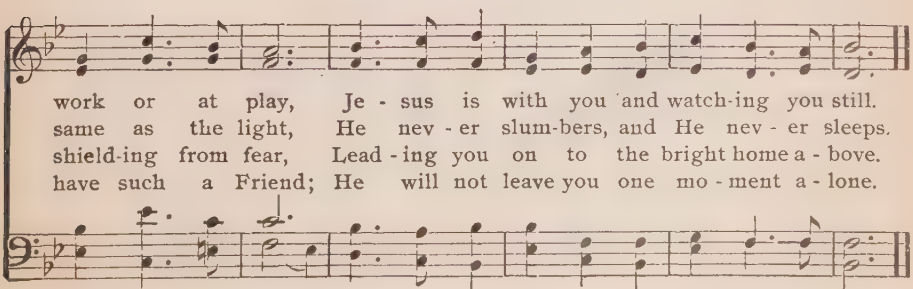
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. God will take care of you; all thro' the day Je - sus is
 2. He will take care of you; all thro' the night Je - sus, the
 3. He will take care of you; all thro' the year, Crown-ing each
 4. He will take care of you; yes, to the end Noth - ing can



near you to keep you from ill; Wak - ing or rest - ing, at
 Shep - herd, His lit - tle one keeps; Dark - ness to Him is the
 day with His kind - ness and love; Send - ing you bless - ings, and
 al - ter His love for His own; Chil - dren, be glad that you



work or at play, Je - sus is with you and watch-ing you still.
 same as the light, He nev - er slum-bers, and He nev - er sleeps.
 shield-ing from fear, Lead - ing you on to the bright home a - bove.
 have such a Friend; He will not leave you one mo - ment a - lone.

No. 7.

PRAISE THE LORD.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

"Sing praises unto his name."—Ps. 135: 3.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Oh, praise the Lord, sing to His name; Let ev - 'ry na - tion His
 2. Oh, praise the Lord, glad - ly a - dore Him, the om - nip - o - tent
 3. Oh, praise the Lord, chil - dren of men, Give Him your wor - ship a -

glo - ry pro - claim; Gra - cious and kind, lov - ing and true,
 God, ev - er - more; Kneel at His feet—par - don is there;
 gain and a - gain; Morn - ing and night, ear - nest - ly raise

REFRAIN.

Praise ye the Lord, for He car - eth for you. Oh, praise the
 Tell Him your bur - den, your sor - row and care.
 Hymns of thankgiv - ing and an - thems of praise. Oh, praise the Lord,

Lord, . . . Oh, praise the Lord; . . . Gra - cious and kind,
 Oh, praise the Lord, Praise Him, praise Him, Oh, praise the Lord;

PRAISE THE LORD. Concluded.

lov - ing and true, Praise ye the Lord, for He car - eth for you.

No. 8.

LIFE IN HIS FAVOR.

REV. JAMES YEAMES.

"In his favor is life."—Ps. 30: 5.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Life in His fa - vor! For - giv - en all sin, Sun - shine a -
2. Life in His fa - vor! The sen - tence re - pealed, Par - doned the
3. Life in His fa - vor! All else is but vain, Sin's thorn - y
4. Where can be sun - shine If night shroud the skies? Dark - ness broods

round me, and com - fort with - in; Sov - 'reign and Sav - iour, Re -
guilt - y, the sin - sick one healed; Prod - i - gal wel - come, and
path - ways are sor - row and pain; Rich - es and pleas - ure a
o'er me un - til Thou a - rise; Ra - diancy of mer - cy, ef -

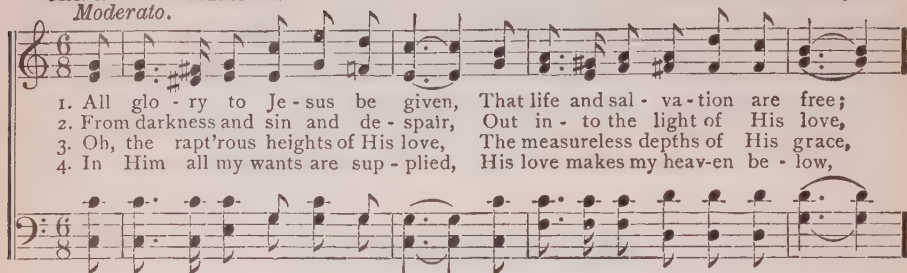
deem - er and Friend, Thee will I fol - low and serve to the end.
son - ship re - stored, Hap - py the soul in the smile of its Lord!
fu - gi - tive gleam, Hon - or and splen - dor a van - ish - ing dream.
ful - gence di - vine, Sun of sal - va - tion, oh, break forth and shine!

No. 9.

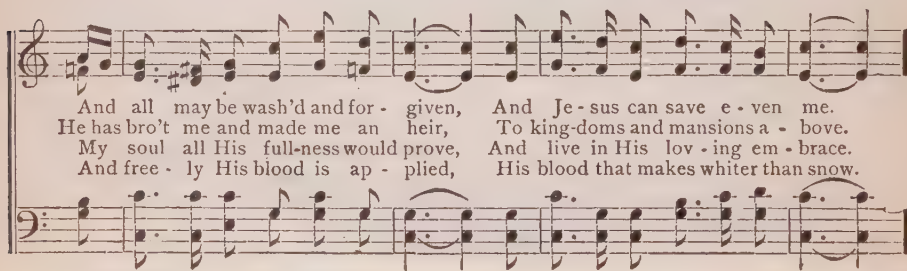
JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE.

Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER.
*Moderato.**"Mighty to save."*

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.




1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be given, That life and sal - va - tion are free;
 2. From darkness and sin and de - spair, Out in - to the light of His love,
 3. Oh, the rapt'rous heights of His love, The measureless depths of His grace,
 4. In Him all my wants are sup - plied, His love makes my heav - en be - low,

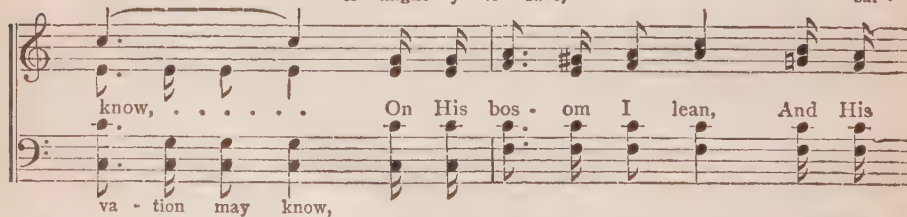


And all may be wash'd and for - given, And Je - sus can save e - ven me.
 He has bro't me and made me an heir, To king - doms and mansions a - bove.
 My soul all His full-ness would prove, And live in His lov - ing em - brace.
 And free - ly His blood is ap - plied, His blood that makes whiter than snow.

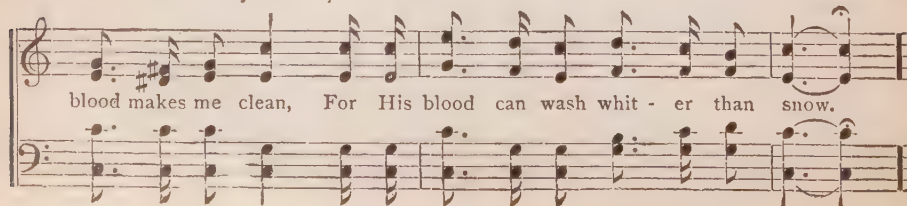
CHORUS.



Yes, Je - sus is might - y to save, And all His sal - va - tion may
 is might - y to save, sai -



know, On His bos - om I lean, And His
 va - tion may know,



blood makes me clean, For His blood can wash whit - er than snow.

No. 10.

ONWARD! CHRISTIAN WARRIORS.

Rev. S. F. SMITH, D.D.

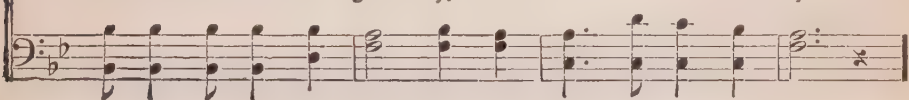
W. H. DOANE.



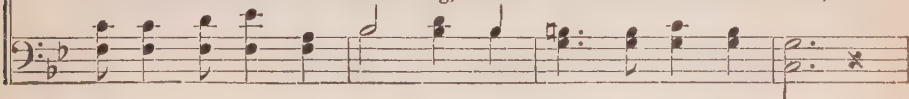
1. On-ward! O Chris-tian War - riors, Where-'er the trum - pet calls,
2. On-ward! with lov - ing pur - pose, Where crime and sor - row reign,
3. On-ward! the bat - tie thick - ens, The cap - tain's sig - nal see?



On-ward! the lead - er sum - mons, Be - yond the shel - t'ring walls;
 On-ward! like men in earn - est, On - ward with heart and brain;
 On-ward! to deeds of glo - ry, On - ward to vic - to - ry!



Onward! the work a - waits you, Fear not the cold world's frown,
 Onward! to save the err - ing, To break the bonds of sin:
 Onward! with God as - sist - ing, Like sol - diers true and brave,



Arm for the glo - rious con - flict, Then wear the vic - tor's crown.
 On-ward! the lost to res - cue, Gems for Christ's crown to win.
 Till o'er con - quer - ed for - tress, Sal - va - tion's ban - ner waves.



No. 11.

WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you."

Rev. I. WATTS,
Spirited.

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing, Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be -
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry: We're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And
chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, May
fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or
march - ing thro' Im -manuel's ground, We're march - ing thro' Immanuel's ground, To

thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
walk en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on, We're

We're march - ing on to Zi - on,

WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION. Concluded.

march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beauti-ful cit-y of God.

Zi - on, Zi - on,

No. 12.

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

"Without Me ye can do nothing."

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord: No ten-der voice like
 2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
 3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
 4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich prom-is-
 5. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; Oh, make me Thine in-

REFRAIN.

Thine Can peace af-ford. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee, Ev-'ry hour I
 power When Thou art nigh.
 bide, Or life is vain.
 es In me ful-fil.
 deed, Thou bless-ed Son.

need Thee: O bless me now, my Sav-iour, I come to Thee.

No. 13.

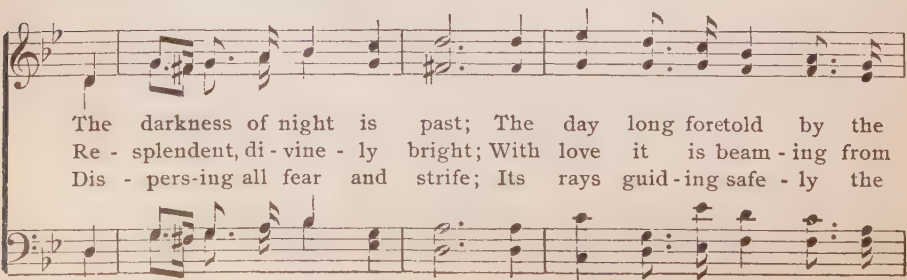
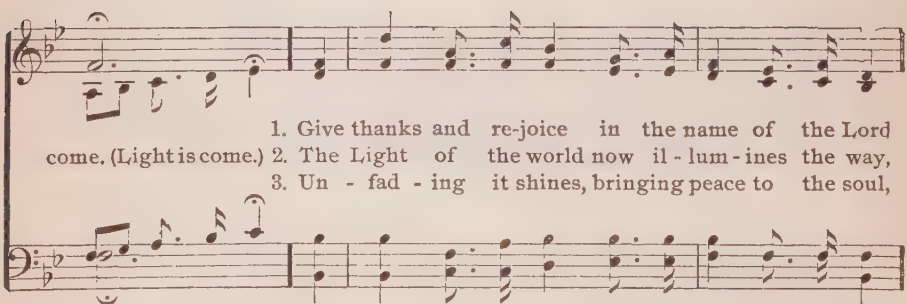
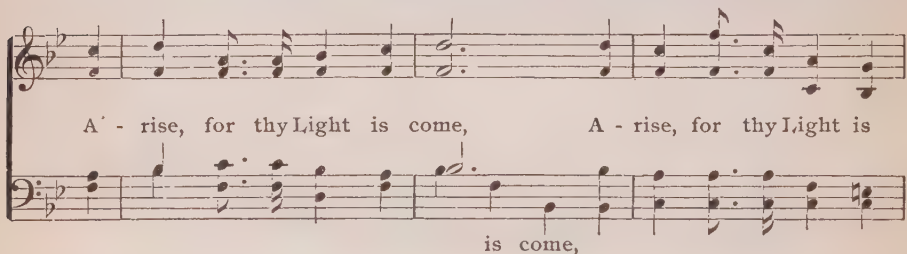
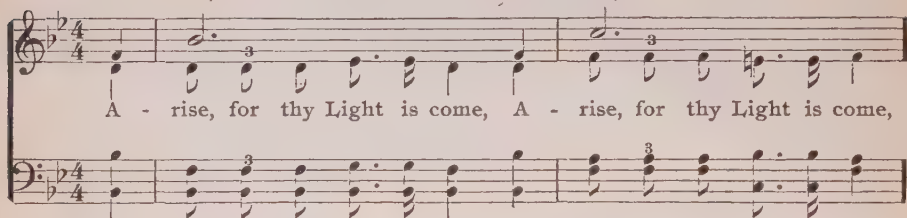
ARISE, FOR THY LIGHT IS COME

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

A - rise,

A - rise,



ARISE, FOR THY LIGHT IS COME. Concluded.

proph - ets has dawned, The morn - ing has come at last.
 Cal - va - ry's mount, Dis - pell - ing the gloom of night.
 wan - der - ers home, Shine on, O Thou Light of Life.

No. 14. THOU, WHOSE AWAKENING WORD.

A. J. SAGE, D. D. 'Let us draw near hither unto God.'—1 Sam. 14: 36. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Thou, whose a - wak-'ning word, Stars of the morn - ing heard,
 2. Thine is the glo - rious sky, Thine are the hosts on high,
 3. Not with Thy thunders loud, Peal - ing thro' fire and cloud,
 4. Oh, may Thy name resound The spa - cious world a-round,

And sang for joy— Spir - it of heav'n-ly grace, Draw nigh to
 Thine earth and sea; Thine be this peo - ple now, Who in Thy
 This tem - ple fill; But as in Beth-le - hem, When ho - ly
 O'er land and sea; Till with an - gel - ic throngs, Tun - ing har -

bless the place, While pray'r and song and praise Our hearts em - ploy.
 pres - ence bow, Bring - ing, with sol - emn vow, Off - 'rings to Thee.
 an - gels came, Make known Thy glo - rious name, Peace and good will.
 mo - nious tongues, All na - tions lift their songs In praise to Thee.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. We have tak - en up our stand To e - van - gel - ize the land, And for
 2. With the gos - pel arm - or on, In the name of God's own Son, We go
 3. We've a craft - y foe to meet, But we'll nev - er show re - treat, In the

Je - sus we will cap - ture all the world; We have raised our standard high, And for
 forth to bat - tle with the wi - ly foe; We'll be brave and courage take, And His
 bat - tie for the right a - gainst the w - rong; We are battling for the Lord, And our

it we'll live and die, For the flag of Je - sus ev - er shall be furled.
 cause we'll ne'er forsake, While our conquering legion on to vic - t'ry go.
 weapons are his word, Which will give to us at last the vic - tor's song.

CHORUS.

On, on to the con - flict, On, on to the con - flict;
 On, on, on, to the conflict, On, on, on, to the con - flict,

ON TO THE CONFLICT. Concluded.



Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, Shall our war cry be throughout the world.



throughout the world.

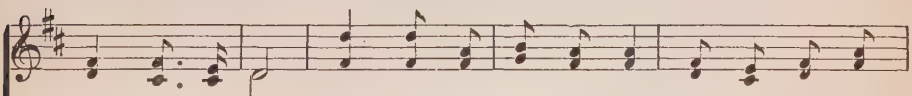
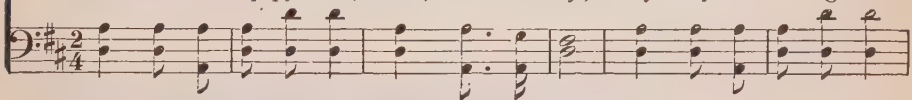
No. 16.

HAPPY LAND.

Old Melody.



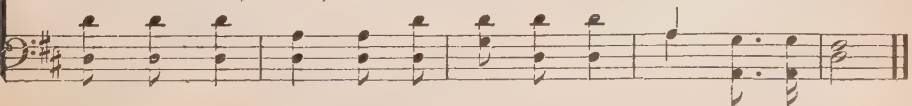
1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo-ry stand,
2. Bright, in that hap-py land, Beams ev-'ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand,
3. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a-way; Why will you doubting stand?



Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, "Wor-thy is our
Love can-not die. On, then, to glo-ry run: Be a crown and
Why still de-lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be When from sin and



Sav-iour King," Loud let his prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
king-dom won; And bright, a-bove the sun, Reign ev-er-more.
sor-row free; Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest ev-er-more.



No. 17.

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neith - er sil - ver nor gold: I would make sure of
 2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my
 3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man - sions of light, With its glo - ri - fied

heav - en, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of Thy king - dom, With its
 Sav - iour! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy prom - ise is writ - ten, In bright
 be - ings, In pure gar - ments of white; Where no e - vil thing com - eth, To de -

pa - ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name writ - ten there?
 let - ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."
 spoil what is fair, Where the an - gels are watch - ing, Yes, my name's writ - ten there.

CHORUS.

1st. Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?
 2d, 3d. Yes, my name's writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?

In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?
 In the book of Thy king - dom, Yes, my name's writ - ten there?

No. 18.

NOTHING BUT THE LOVE OF JESUS.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"—Rom. 8: 35.

ANNIE S. HAWES.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Noth-ing but the love of Je - sus Can sup - ply my in - most need;
 2. Noth-ing but the love of Je - sus Can my longing sat - is - fy;
 3. Noth-ing but the love of Je - sus Doth my wand'ring heart re - call;
 4. Noth-ing but the love of Je - sus Lights the way thro' sor-row's gloom,

What tho' I have gold-en treasures? He a - lone my soul can feed.
 From the fount of liv - ing wa-ters, If I drink not, I must die.
 Noth-ing but His grace ex - tended Can re - store me when I fall.
 Fills the bar-ren waste with singing, Makes the des - ert plac - es bloom.

CHORUS.

On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Thro' the wil-der - ness can lead;
 On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Hears the fainting spir - it's cry;
 On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Loves me not-withstand-ing all;
 On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Breaks the si - lence of the tomb;

On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Thro' the wil-der - ness can lead.
 On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Hears the fainting spir - it's cry.
 On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Loves me not-withstand-ing all.
 On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Breaks the si - lence of the tomb.

No. 19.

SPEED THE TIDINGS.

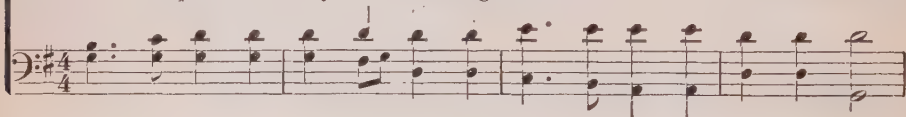
FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Go ye into all the world."—Mark 16: 15.

ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Speed the ti - dings o'er the o - cean, Where the storm-y bil - lows roll;
2. Speed the ti - dings, do not lin - ger, Lest the moments wing their flight;
3. Oh, the prom - ised day is com - ing, When the chil - dren from a - far



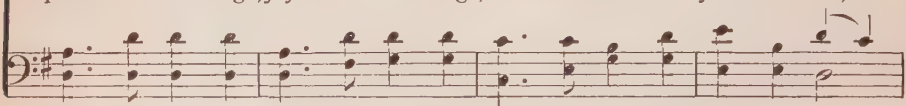
Bid the trumpet of the Gos - pel Sound a - loud from pole to pole.
 Call the na - tions from their i - dols, Out of dark - ness in - to light.
 Shall with us pro - claim the glo - ry Of a Bright and Morning Star.



CHORUS.



Speed the ti - dings, joy - ful ti - dings, To the isles be - yond the sea;

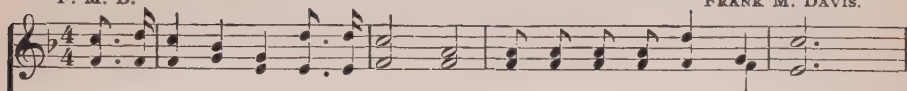


Tell the sto - ry of re - demption Thro' a Sav - iour, full and free.

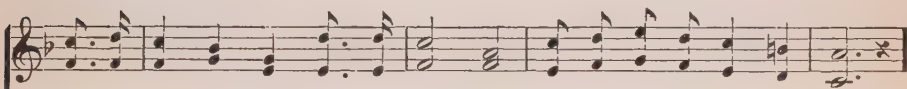
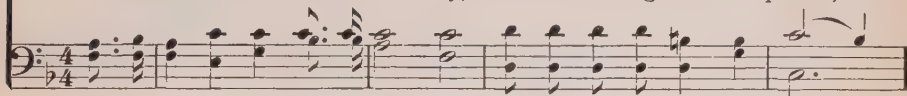


F. M. D.

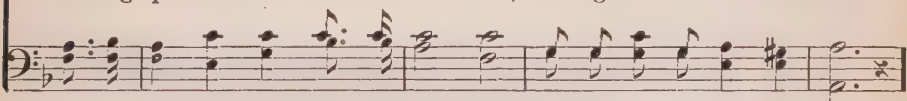
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. On the Rock of faith I am build - ing, Building for e - ter - ni - ty,
2. On the Rock of faith I for - ev - er Shall my soul's sal - va - tion rest,
3. On the Rock of faith lies the vic - t'ry, O - ver - com - ing e - vil pow'rs,



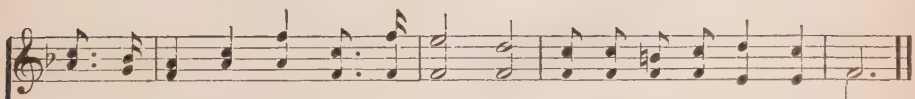
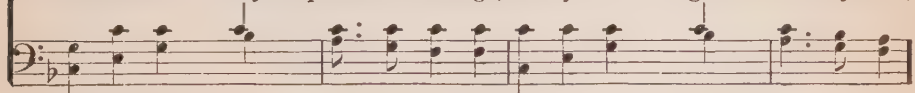
On this firm en - dur - ing foun - da - tion, Shall my place of ref - uge be.
 Though the storms of doubt gather round me, Yet they nev - er here mo - lest.
 Lift - ing up the veil of the dark - ness, Making sweeter life's brief hours.



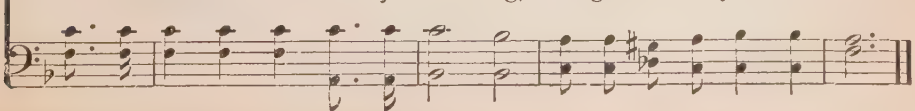
Rock of faith my ref - uge, ref - uge of my soul,
CHORUS.



Rock of faith my place of ref - uge, On - ly ref - uge of my soul;



On the Rock of faith safe - ly rest - ing, Though the stormy bil - lows roll.



No. 21.

REDEEMING LOVE

R. L.

"In whom we have redemption through his blood,"—Eph. 1: 7.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. To Christ, our Lord and faithful Friend, A grate-ful song we raise; His
 2. He leaves the hom-age an-gels give, To dwell with men be-low; He
 3. And when we reach our home-a-bove, And tell our triumphs o'er, We'll

CHORUS.

love is true till time shall end, And His shall be the praise.
 gave His life that we might live, Be-cause He loved us so. Sing the
 sing of His Re-deeming Love, And praise Him ev-er-more.,

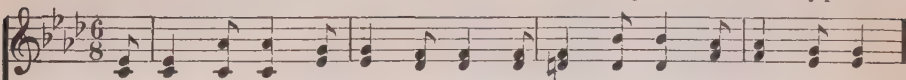
song, . . . the song of Love, Redeeming Love, Redeeming Love;
 song, sing the song, the song of Love, the song of Love,

Sing the song, . . . the joy-ful song, That fills the courts above.
 Sing the song, sing the song, the joyful song, the joyful song.

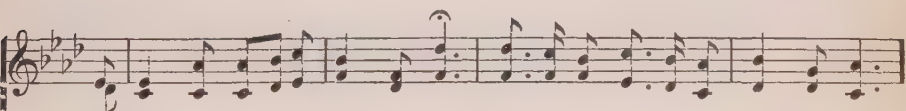
No. 22. JESUS OF NAZARETH DIED FOR ME.

WM. H. CLARK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



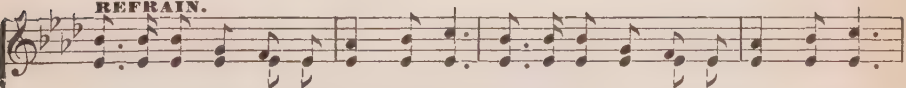
1. I'm help-less, Lord, to Thee I fly, In mer-cy hear me when I cry,
2. I know Thou wilt my sins for-give, For Thou hast bid me turn and live,
3. My Sav-iour now is lift-ed up, I look to Him, my on-ly hope,
4. And now I hear Thy pard'ning voice, That bids me in Thy love re-joice,



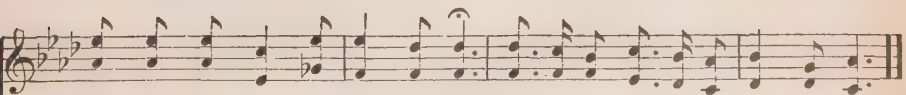
While now I urge one on-ly plea: Je-sus of Naz-a-reth died for me!
 With long-ing heart I come to Thee: Je-sus of Naz-a-reth died for me!
 I trust Thy word and press the plea: Je-sus of Naz-a-reth died for me!
 My soul doth triumph in the plea: Je-sus of Naz-a-reth died for me!



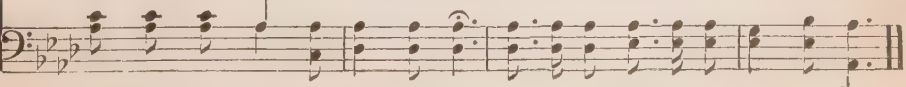
REFRAIN.



Je-sus of Naz-a-reth died for me, Died to re-deem me and set me free.



This is my hope, my on-ly plea: Je-sus of Naz-a-reth died for me!



W. H. D.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Who is read - y, who is will - ing, To ac - knowledge Christ the Lord,
 2. Who is read - y, who is will - ing, Hum - bly, tru - ly to be - lieve,
 3. Who is read - y, who is will - ing, In the ranks of truth to stand,
 4. Is there one a - mong our num - ber, Read - y, will - ing now to say,

And ac - cept the terms of par - don, Of - fered in His Ho - ly Word?
 That by sim - ple faith in Je - sus, His for - give - ness will re - ceive?
 Who will bear the Gos - pel Ban - ner, With a bold and fear - less hand?
 I would like to find the Sav - iour, Come at once, with - out de - lay?

CHORUS.

Do not wait an - oth - er mo - ment, Now be - gin your life a - new,

Rall.
 O re - mem - ber, O re - mem - ber, Time will nev - er wait for you.

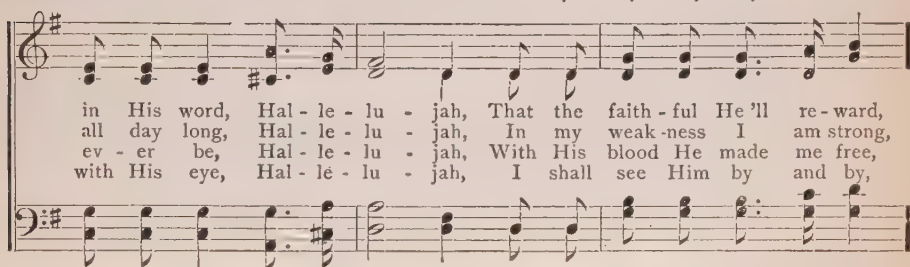
No. 24. THERE'S A PROMISE FROM THE LORD.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. There's a prom-ise from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah, 'Tis re - cord - ed
 2. Oh, my heart is full of song, Hal - le - lu - jah, I am sing - ing
 3. Oh, His wondrous grace to me, Hal - le - lu - jah, Shall my theme for -
 4. To the pal - ace gates on high, Hal - le - lu - jah, He will guide me

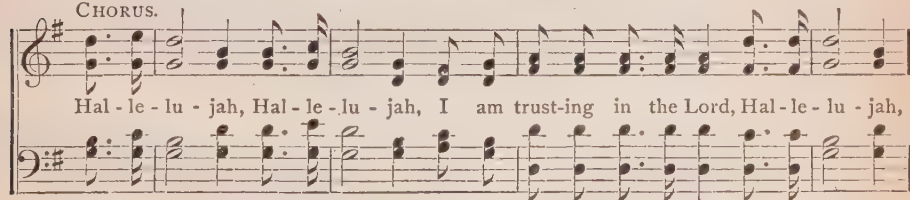


in His word, Hal - le - lu - jah, That the faith - ful He'll re - ward,
 all day long, Hal - le - lu - jah, In my weak - ness I am strong,
 ev - er be, Hal - le - lu - jah, With His blood He made me free,
 with His eye, Hal - le - lu - jah, I shall see Him by and by,

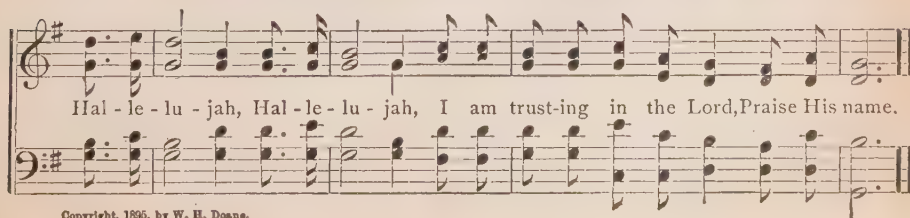


Hal - le - lu - jah, And that prom - ise I be - lieve, Praise His name.
 Hal - le - lu - jah, For my strength is in the Lord, Praise His name.
 Hal - le - lu - jah, I am hap - py in His love, Praise His name.
 Hal - le - lu - jah, And in glo - ry at His feet Praise His name.

CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, I am trust - ing in the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah,



Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, I am trust - ing in the Lord, Praise His name.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

A. M. HOWARD.

1. My faith is stayed on Thee, O Lord, Re-deem-er, King di - vine, My soul re - joic-es
 2. My spir - it leans on Thee, O God, Thou art my Sun and Song, Thine ev-er - last-ing
 3. My faith is fixed on Thee a - lone, No oth - er hope have I; Thy sav-ing grace and

in Thy Word, I claim each promise mine. I go from strength to strength each day, Re-
 Arms are broad, A ref - uge true and strong. I know in whom I put my trust, Nor
 pow'r I own, And on Thy love re - ly. Thy pard'ning blood can cleanse my soul, And

freshed, O God, by Thee, And all a - long my pil - grim way, Thy guiding hand I see,
 can I be dis - mayed, For Thou art kind and good and just, On whom my faith is stay-ed,
 wash it white as snow. O Sav-iour, come and make me whole, Thy blessing now bestow

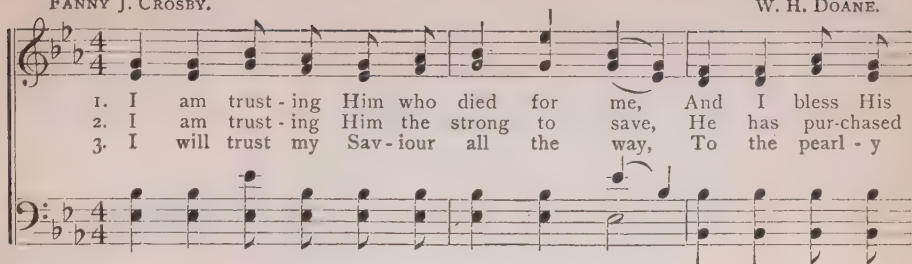
CHORUS.

My faith, is stayed, is stayed on Thee, For Thou hast died for me,
 is stayed, hast died,

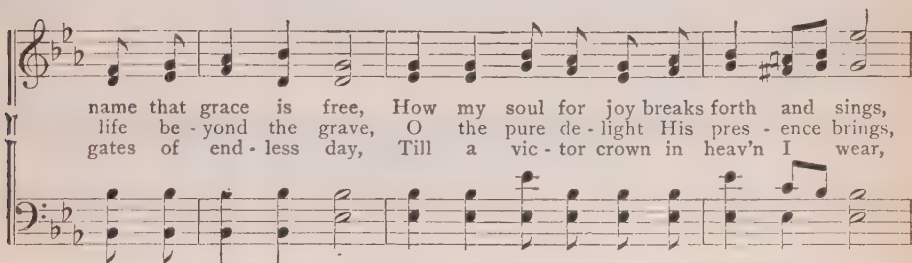
O God, my King, to Thee I'll cling, My faith is stayed on Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

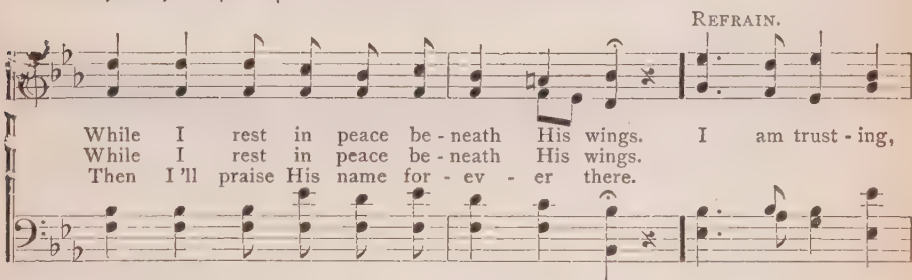


1. I am trust - ing Him who died for me, And I bless His
 2. I am trust - ing Him the strong to save, He has pur - chased
 3. I will trust my Sav - iour all the way, To the pearl - y

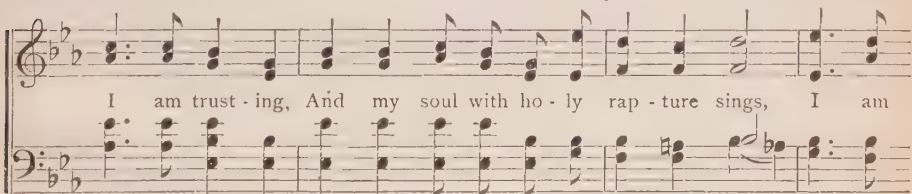


name that grace is free, How my soul for joy breaks forth and sings,
 life be - yond the grave, O the pure de - light His pres - ence brings,
 gates of end - less day, Till a vic - tor crown in heav'n I wear,

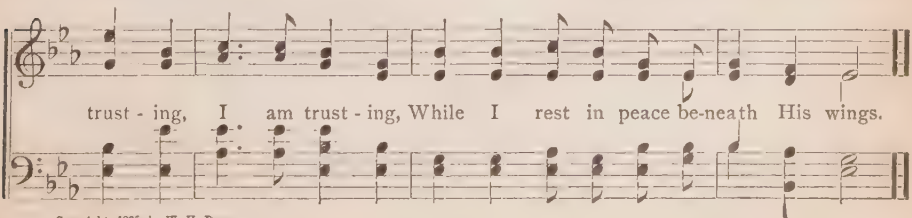
REFRAIN.



While I rest in peace be - neath His wings. I am trust - ing,
 While I rest in peace be - neath His wings.
 Then I'll praise His name for - ev - er there.



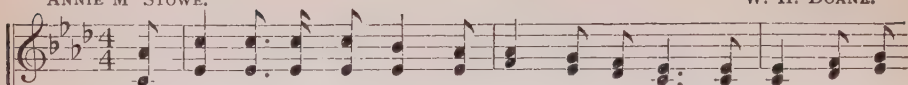
I am trust - ing, And my soul with ho - ly rap - ture sings, I am



trust - ing, I am trust - ing, While I rest in peace be - neath His wings.

ANNIE M STOWE.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Not far from the king-dom, O words of the Lord, How deep - ly im -
 2. Not far from the king-dom, make haste to re - ceive, The par - don He
 3. Not far from the king-dom, where all may pre - pare, Bright man - sions of



press - ive they come from His word, He spoke them so kind - ly, He
 of - fers to those who be - lieve, From love's ten - der plead - ing what
 glo - ry, with Je - sus to share, Not far from the king - dom, O



speaks them to - day, The nar - row gate is o - pen, we can still hear Him say.
 keeps you a - way, The Sav - iour now is call - ing, we can still hear Him say.
 come while you may, The Sav - iour now is wait - ing, we can still hear Him say.



CHORUS.



Not far, no not far, O soul, 'Tis not far from the kingdom, What
 no not far, no not far,



keeps thee a - way? Come, O come to thy Lord, O be - lieve on His word.



NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM. Concluded.

He is call - ing, gen - tly call - ing, will you come, come to - day?

No. 28.

GIVE THY HEART TO ME.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
SOLO.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Hark! there comes a whis - per Steal - ing on thine ear; 'Tis the Sav - iour
2. With that voice so gen - tle, Dost thou hear Him say, Tell me all Thy
3. Wouldst thou find a ref - uge For thy soul op - press'd? Je - sus kind - ly
4. At the cross of Je - sus Let thy bur - den fall, While He gen - tly

REFRAIN.

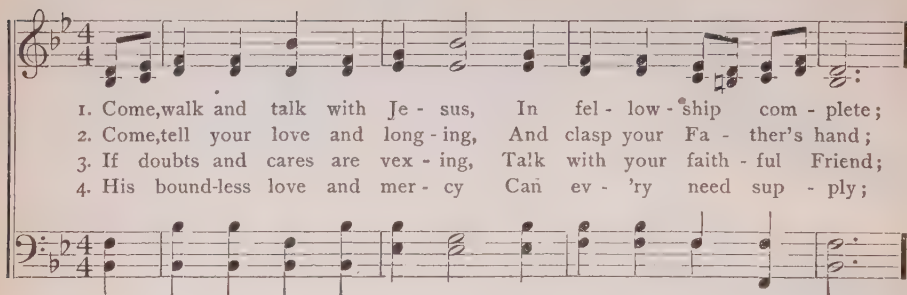
call - ing, Soft, soft and clear. Give thy heart to me, Once I died for
sor - rows, Come, come a - way.
answers, I am thy rest.
whis - pers, I'll bear it all. Just now,

thee; Hark! hark! thy Sav - iour calls, Come, sin - ner, come.
O come,

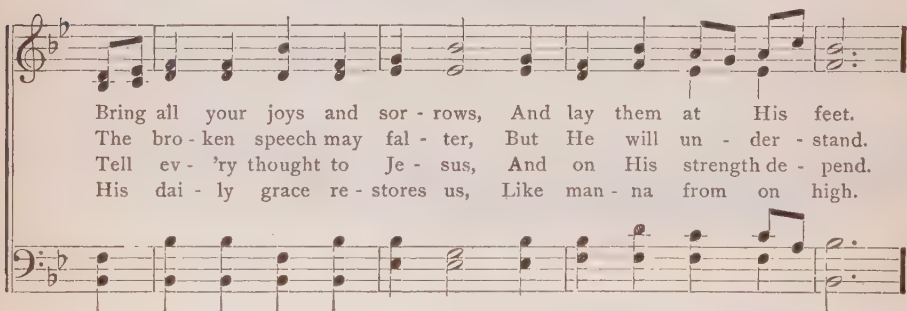
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MARTHA E. OLIVER.

W. H. DOANE.

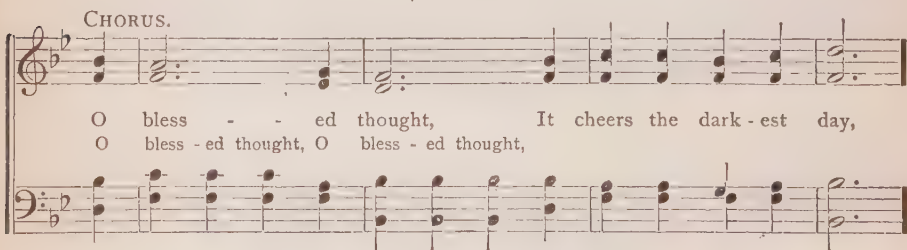


1. Come, walk and talk with Je - sus, In fel - low - ship com - plete;
 2. Come, tell your love and long - ing, And clasp your Fa - ther's hand;
 3. If doubts and cares are vex - ing, Talk with your faith - ful Friend;
 4. His bound - less love and mer - cy Can ev - 'ry need sup - ply;

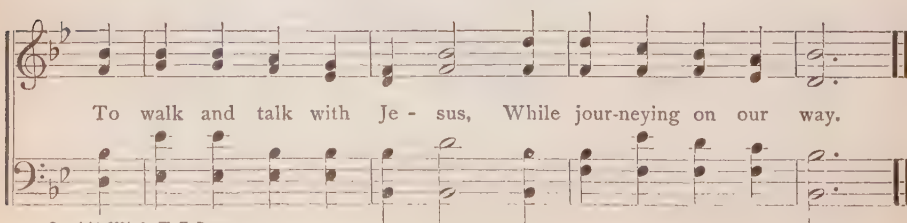


Bring all your joys and sor - rows, And lay them at His feet.
 The bro - ken speech may fal - ter, But He will un - der - stand.
 Tell ev - 'ry thought to Je - sus, And on His strength de - pend.
 His dai - ly grace re - stores us, Like man - na from on high.

CHORUS.

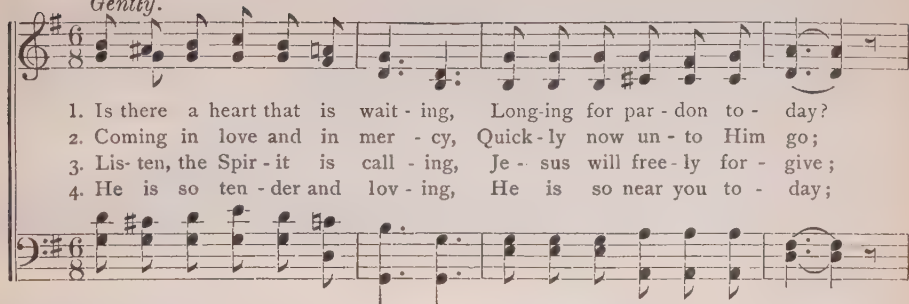


O bless - - ed thought, It cheers the dark - est day,
 O bless - ed thought, O bless - ed thought,

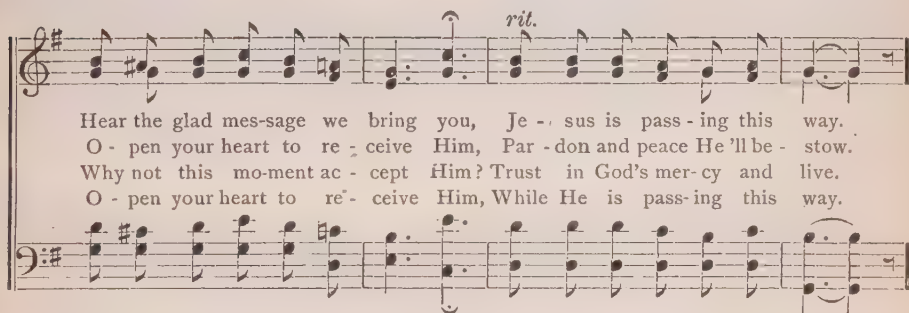


To walk and talk with Je - sus, While jour - ney - ing on our way.

W. H. DOANE.

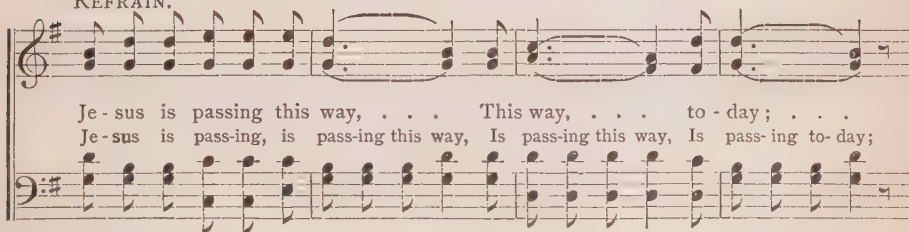
Gently.


1. Is there a heart that is wait - ing, Long - ing for par - don to - day?
 2. Coming in love and in mer - cy, Quick - ly now un - to Him go;
 3. Lis - ten, the Spir - it is call - ing, Je - sus will free - ly for - give;
 4. He is so ten - der and lov - ing, He is so near you to - day;



Hear the glad mes - sage we bring you, Je - sus is pass - ing this way.
 O - pen your heart to re - ceive Him, Par - don and peace He'll be - stow.
 Why not this mo - ment ac - cept Him? Trust in God's mer - cy and live.
 O - pen your heart to re - ceive Him, While He is pass - ing this way.

REFRAIN.



Je - sus is pass - ing this way, . . . This way, . . . to - day; . . .
 Je - sus is pass - ing, is pass - ing this way, Is pass - ing this way, Is pass - ing to - day;



Je - sus is pass - ing this way, . . . Is pass - ing this way to - day.
 way to - day,

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I am rest - ing in the Lord, Trust - ing on His gra - cious word;
 2. Thro' the Spir - it's pow'r Di - vine, Sweet - est com - fort now is mine;
 3. In my hour of dai - ly pray'r, God is pre - cious, God is there;
 4. By af - flic - tion sore - ly tried, Grace my heart has pur - i - fied;

Lost in won - der while I see His a - maz - ing love to me.
 He has made my an - chor sure, On the Rock I stand se - cure.
 Near - er to His throne I come, Near - er to my heav'n - ly home.
 Grace has made me what I am, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb.

CHORUS.

I am rest - ing in the Lord, Trust-ing in His gra-cious word;
 rest-ing, rest-ing the Lord,

Glo - ry now, by faith I see, This is more than life to me.
 glo-ry now I see,

ANNIE M. STOWE.

A. M. HOWARD.

1. O wea - ry bur - dened souls op - prest, Come to the Great Phy - si - cian,
 2. Be - hold, He now is pass - ing by, Come to the Great Phy - si - cian,
 3. O hear the warn - ing voice with - in, Come to the Great Phy - si - cian,
 4. With His dear name your on - ly plea, Come to the Great Phy - si - cian,

He longs to heal and give you rest, He feels your sad con - di - tion.
 He left His Fa - ther's throne on high, To help your sad con - di - tion.
 His blood will cleanse from ev - 'ry sin, And change your sad con - di - tion.
 No pow'r but His can make you free From this your sad con - di - tion.

CHORUS.

Then come quick - ly a - way, . . . He knows and pit - ies your sor - row,
 to - day,

No lon - ger de - lay, but seek Him to - day, O why do you wait the mor - row.

Rev. H. C. McCook.

W. D. HOWARD.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

1. The Sav - iour's work - ers are in line, Work - ing for the Lord,
 2. Go spread the Gos - pel thro' the earth, Work - ing for the Lord,
 3. O, Je - sus strength-en ev - 'ry heart, Work - ing for the Lord,
 4. And when we cease at set - ting sun, Work - ing for the Lord,

SOLO.

CHORUS.

With joy - ful haste the ranks we join, Work - ing for the Lord.
 Pro - claim to all the Sav - iour's worth Work - ing for the Lord.
 To bear a faith - ful ser - vant's part Work - ing for the Lord.
 Lord of the vine - yard say: well done, Work - ing for the Lord.

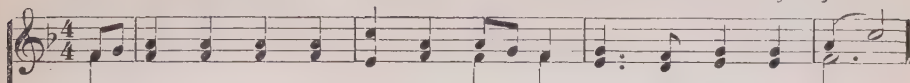
FULL CHORUS.

We'll work till Je - sus calls us, We'll work till Je - sus calls us,

We'll work till Je - sus calls us, And then we'll rest at home.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS.

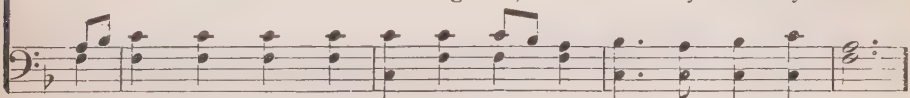
DR. WM. MILLER. Arr. by W. J. K.



1. Oh, land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the mo-ment come,
2. No tran-qui-joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, shelt'ring dome;
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Sav-i-or's side, No more my steps shall roam;



When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
 This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
 And lean for suc-cor on His breast Till He con-duct me home.
 With Him I'll brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.

**CHORUS.**

We'll work, till Je-sus comes, We'll work, till Je-sus comes,
 We'll work, We'll work,



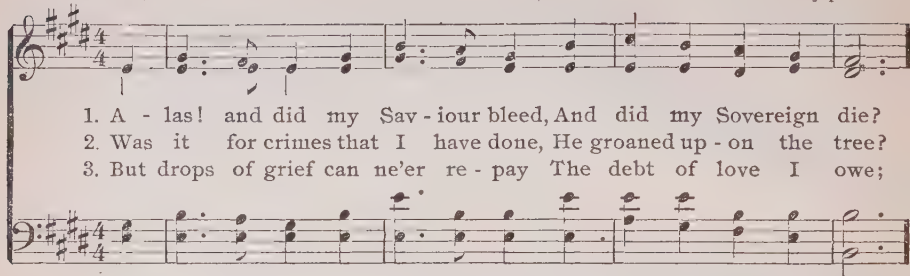
We'll work, till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.
 We'll work,



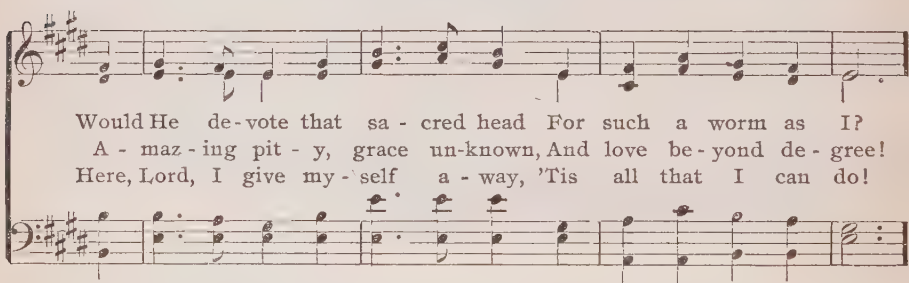
By permission.

I. WATTS.

R. E. HUDSON. By per.

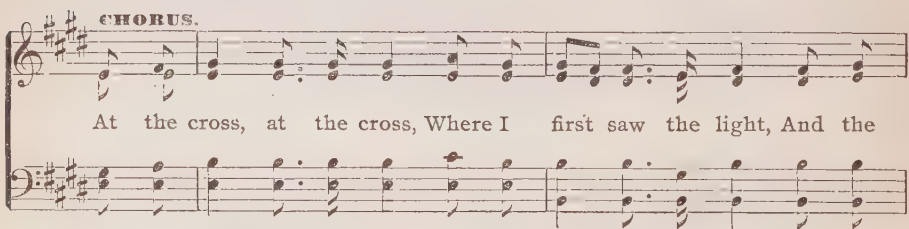


1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;

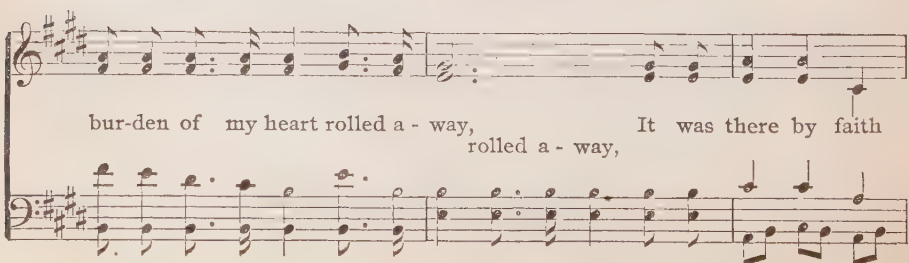


Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 A-maz-ing pit-y, grace un-known, And love be-yond de-gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.



At the cross, at the cross, Where I first saw the light, And the



bur-den of my heart rolled a-way, It was there by faith
 rolled a-way,

AT THE CROSS. Concluded.

I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

No. 36.

VARINA. C. M. D.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."

I. WATTS

GEO. F. ROOT. By per.

1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; }
 { E - ter-nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain. }
 2. { Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand dressed in liv-ing green; }
 { So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween. }

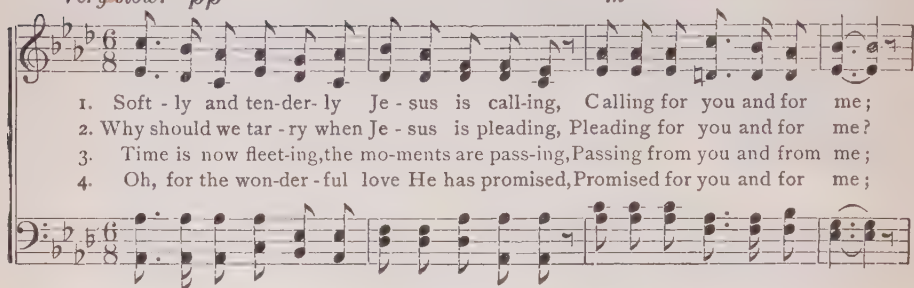
There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-with-'ring flowers;
 Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the land-scape o'er,

Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav'n-ly land from ours.
 Not Jor-dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

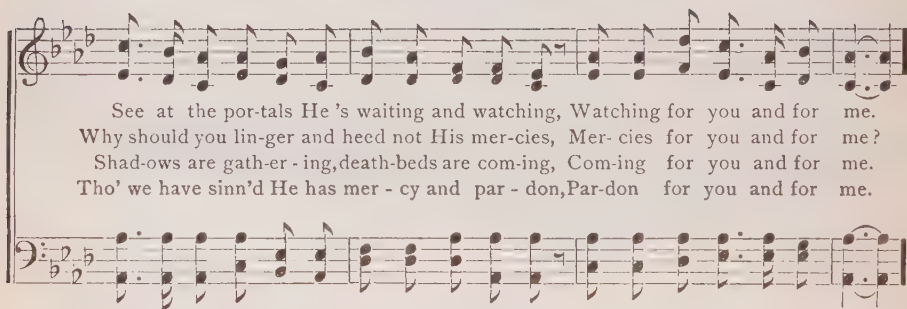
W. L. T.

Very slow. pp

WILL L. THOMPSON.

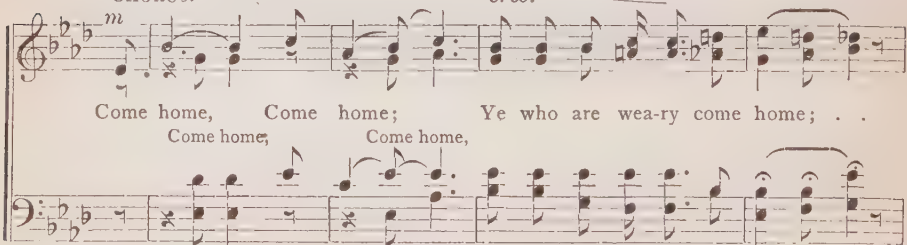
m


1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Calling for you and for me;
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for you and for me?
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from you and from me;
 4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised, Prom - ised for you and for me;




See at the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing, Watch - ing for you and for me.
 Why should you lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
 Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinn'd He has mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

cres.


Come home, Come home; Ye who are wea - ry come home; . .
 Come home, Come home,

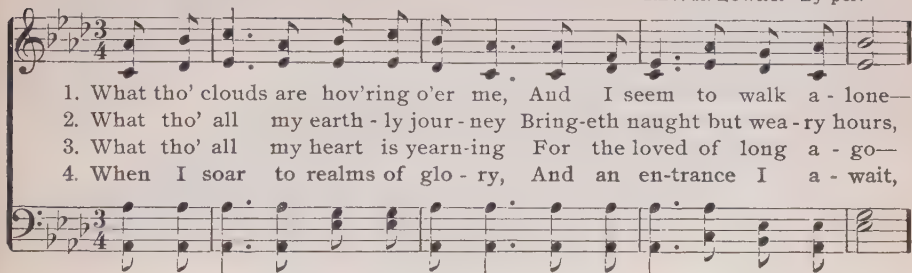


Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

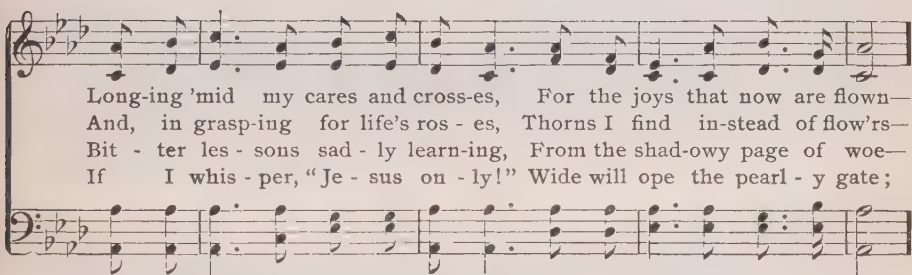
"They saw no man, save Jesus only."

HATTIE M. CONREY.

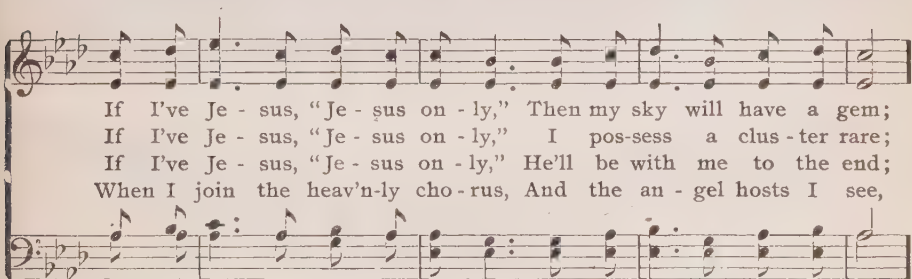
REV. R. LOWRY. By per.



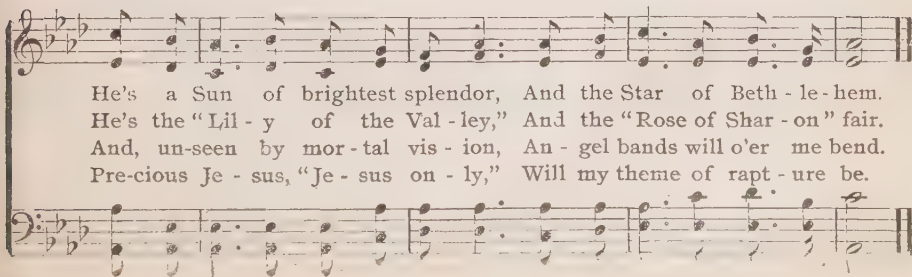
1. What tho' clouds are hov'ring o'er me, And I seem to walk a-lone—
 2. What tho' all my earth-ly jour-ney Bring-eth naught but wea-ry hours,
 3. What tho' all my heart is yearn-ing For the loved of long a-go—
 4. When I soar to realms of glo-ry, And an en-trance I a-wait,



Long-ing 'mid my cares and cross-es, For the joys that now are flown—
 And, in grasp-ing for life's ros-es, Thorns I find in-stead of flow'rs—
 Bit-ter les-sons sad-ly learn-ing, From the shad-owy page of woe—
 If I whis-per, "Je-sus on-ly!" Wide will ope the pearl-y gate;



If I've Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," Then my sky will have a gem;
 If I've Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," I pos-sess a clus-ter rare;
 If I've Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," He'll be with me to the end;
 When I join the heav'n-ly cho-rus, And the an-gel hosts I see,



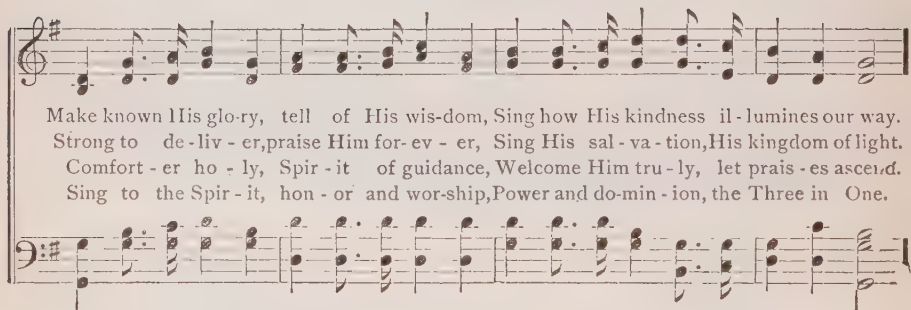
He's a Sun of brightest splendor, And the Star of Beth-le-hem.
 He's the "Lil-y of the Val-ley," And the "Rose of Shar-on" fair.
 And, un-seen by mor-tal vis-ion, An-gel bands will o'er me bend.
 Pre-cious Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," Will my theme of rapt-ure be.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

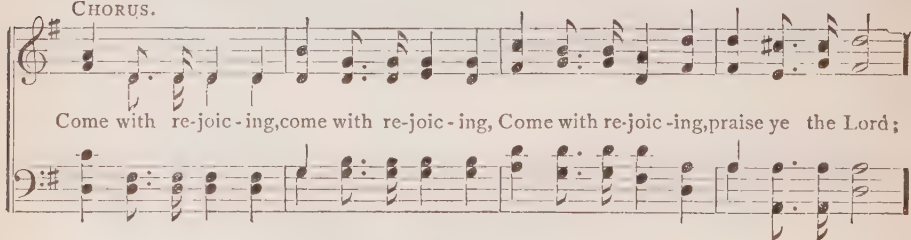
With animation.


1. Sing to the Lord, to God our Fa-ther, Speak of His goodness from day to day;
 2. Sing to the Lord, our great Re-deem-er, Sing He is ris-en, with sav-ing might;
 3. Sing to the Lord, the Ho-ly Spir-it, Spir-it of truth, our a-bid-ing friend;
 4. Sing to the Lord, to God our Fa-ther, Sing to our Sav-iour, e-ter-nal Son;

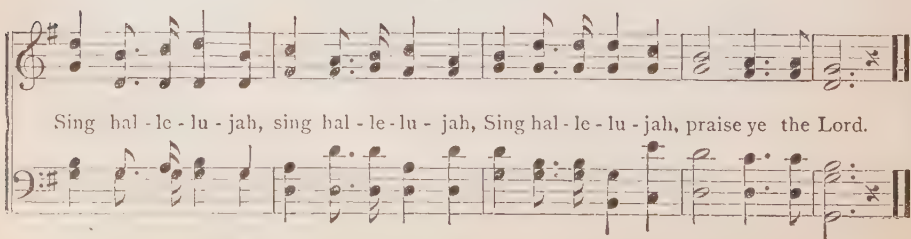


Make known His glo-ry, tell of His wis-dom, Sing how His kindness il-lu-mines our way.
 Strong to de-liv-er, praise Him for-ev-er, Sing His sal-va-tion, His kingdom of light.
 Comfort-er ho-ly, Spir-it of guidance, Welcome Him tru-ly, let prais-es ascend.
 Sing to the Spir-it, hon-or and wor-ship, Power and do-min-ion, the Three in One.

CHORUS.



Come with re-joic-ing, come with re-joic-ing, Come with re-joic-ing, praise ye the Lord;



Sing hal-le-lu-jah, sing hal-le-lu-jah, Sing hal-le-lu-jah, praise ye the Lord.

"Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountains."

REV. THOMAS J. POTTER,

SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers on-ward,
 2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic - ing,
 3. All our days di - rect us, In the way we go, Lead us on vic - to - rious
 4. Then with saints and an - gels May we join a - bove, Off'ring endless prais-es

To their home on high; Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad-ly thus we pray,
 See thy chil-dren meet; Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a-stray,
 O - ver ev - 'ry foe; Bid Thine angels shield us, When the storm-clouds lower,
 At Thy throne of love; When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace,—

CHORUS.

And with hearts u - nit - ed, Take our heav'nward way.
 Keep us, might-y Sav - iour, In the nar - row way. Brightly gleams our
 Par - don Thou and save us In the last dread hour.
 Je - sus in His beau - ty;—Songs that nev - er cease.

ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward To their homes on high.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

W. T. SLEEPER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS. By per.

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the
 2. Ye chil - dren of men, at - tend to the word So sol - emn - ly
 3. Oh, ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And sing with the
 4. A dear one in heav - en thy heart yearns to see, At the beau - ti - ful

way to sal - va - tion and light; The Master made answer in words true and plain
 ut - tered by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this message to you be in vain,
 ransomed the song of the blest; The life ev - er - last - ing if ye would obtain,
 gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this sol - emn re - frain,

a - gain, . . . **CHORUS.** a -
 "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain." "Ye must be born a -

gain, . . . a - gain, . . .
 gain, a - gain," Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain, I ver - i - ly,

YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN. Concluded.

a - gain. . . .

ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain.

This musical score is for the song 'YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN. Concluded.' It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, and C5, then a quarter rest, and continues with various eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with the final phrase 'a - gain, a - gain.' appearing above the staff.

No. 42.

JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. F. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

This musical score is for the song 'JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.' It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, and C5, then a quarter rest, and continues with various eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with three numbered lines of text.

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

This musical score is for the song 'JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.' It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, and C5, then a quarter rest, and continues with various eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with three lines of text.

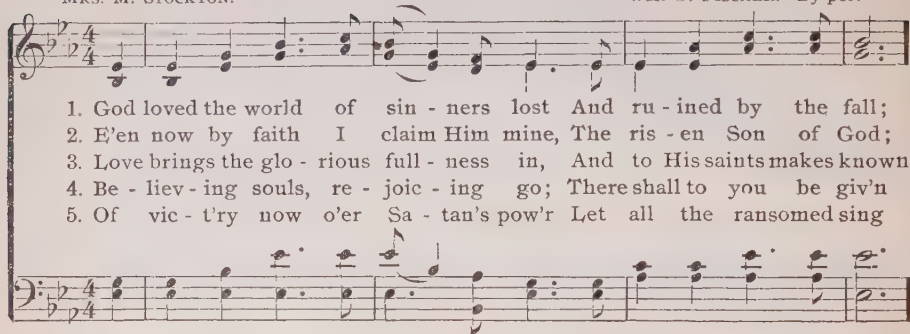
Chart and com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sov'-reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

This musical score is for the song 'JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.' It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, and C5, then a quarter rest, and continues with various eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with three lines of text.

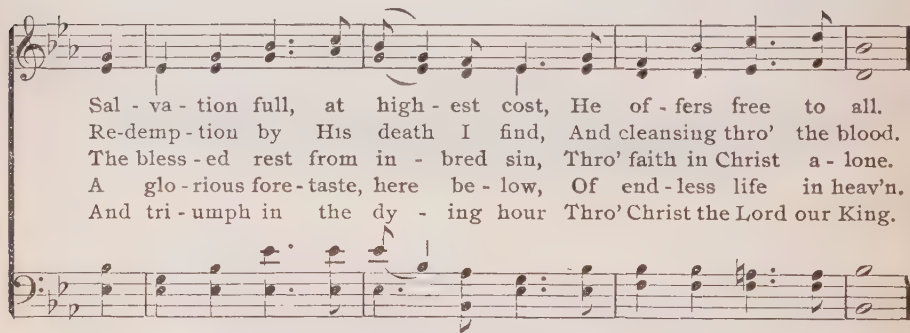
"God so loved the world."

MRS. M. STOCKTON.

WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

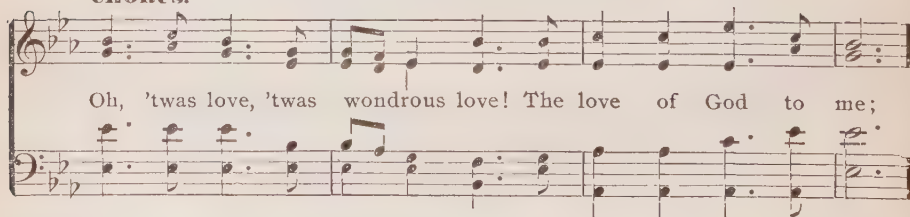


1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost And ru - ined by the fall;
 2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris - en Son of God;
 3. Love brings the glo - rious full - ness in, And to His saints makes known
 4. Be - liev - ing souls, re - joic - ing go; There shall to you be giv'n
 5. Of vic - t'ry now o'er Sa - tan's pow'r Let all the ransomed sing

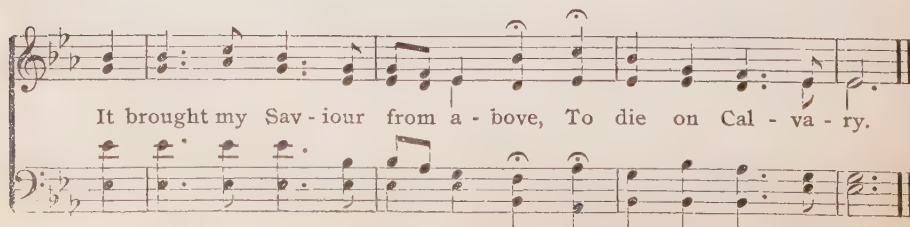


Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.
 Re - demp - tion by His death I find, And cleansing thro' the blood.
 The bless - ed rest from in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lone.
 A glo - rious fore - taste, here be - low, Of end - less life in heav'n.
 And tri - umph in the dy - ing hour Thro' Christ the Lord our King.

CHORUS.



Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me;



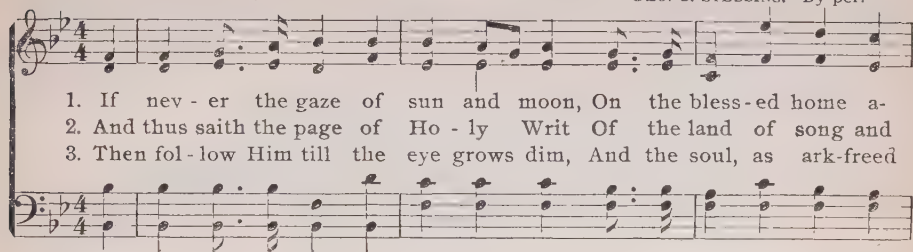
It brought my Sav - iour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

No. 44. THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF.

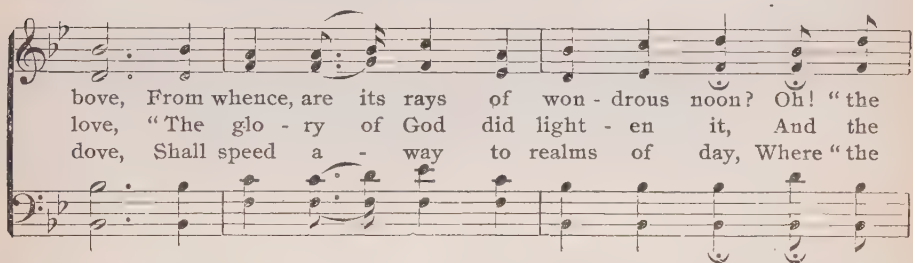
"And the lamb is the light thereof."

MRS. E. W. GRISWOLD.

GEO. C. STEBBINS. By per.

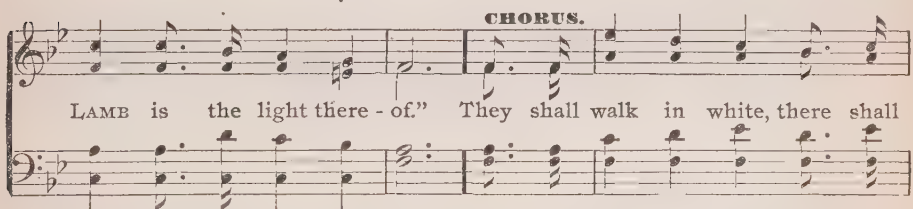


1. If nev - er the gaze of sun and moon, On the bless - ed home a -
 2. And thus saith the page of Ho - ly Writ Of the land of song and
 3. Then fol - low Him till the eye grows dim, And the soul, as ark - freed

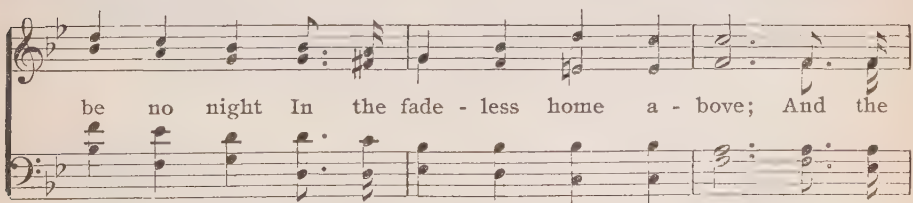


bove, From whence, are its rays of won - drous noon? Oh! "the
 love, "The glo - ry of God did light - en it, And the
 dove, Shall speed a - way to realms of day, Where "the

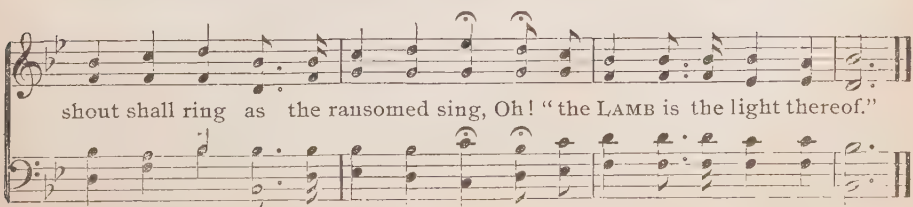
CHORUS.



LAMB is the light there - of." They shall walk in white, there shall



be no night In the fade - less home a - bove; And the



shout shall ring as the ransomed sing, Oh! "the LAMB is the light thereof."

THOMAS MCDUGALL.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I love to sit at Je - sus' feet, In pen - i - tence and pray'r, To taste the
 2. I love to sit in sor - row's hour, With-in that blest re - treat, And feel His
 3. I love in sweet com-mun - ion there, To feel our spir - its meet; The feast is

par - don ev - er sweet, He free - ly gives me there. 'Tis there I love to
 gra - cious healing pow'r Steal thro' me at His feet. And there I feel the
 rich be - yond com - pare, He spreads me at His feet. When I my Fath - er's

plead my case, His ten - der - ness en - treat, And feel His lov - ing, melt - ing grace,
 strength to dare, And all my foes de - feat, The grace each cru - el wrong to bear,
 home shall see, And all the loved ones greet, No spot will be so dear to me,

ril. CHORUS.
 Within me at His feet. Par - don sweet, at His feet, ev - er free,
 He gives me at His feet.
 As sit - ting at His feet. ev - er free,

Pre - cious blood like a flood flows to me; flows to me; Come to Him, O come and

AT JESUS' FEET. Concluded.

live, For so free - ly He'll forgive, And wash all your sins a - way.

No. 46.

MORE LIKE JESUS.

FANNIE J. CROSBY,
Slow, with feeling.

W. H. DOANE.

1. More like Jesus would I be; Let my Saviour dwell with me, Fill my soul with peace and love,
2. If He hears the raven's cry; If His ever watchful eye Marks the sparrows when they fall,
3. More like Je-sus when I pray, More like Jesus day by day, May I rest me by His side,

rit.
Make me gen - tle as a dove; More like Je - sus, while I go, Pil - grim in this
Sure - ly He will hear my call, He will teach me how to live, All my sim - ple
Where the tran-quil wa - ters glide; Born of Him, thro' grace renew'd, By His love my

rit.
world be-low; Poor in Spir-it would I be— Let my Sav-iour dwell in me.
tho'ts for-give; Pure in heart I still would be— Let my Sav-iour dwell in me.
will subdued, Rich in faith I still would be— Let my Sav-iour dwell in me.

TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."

MISS KATE HANKEY.

W. H. DOANE. By per.

1. Tell me the Old, Old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. Tell me the Sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in - That

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto - ry
won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has

CHORUS.

help - less and de - filed. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
passed a - way at noon.

TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY. Concluded.

Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 48.

I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

REV. WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with - in;
 3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;
 4. In Thy prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap - plied;
 5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in Him I am;

FINE.
 I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, — "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Soul and bod - y Thine to be, — Whol - ly Thine for ev - er - more.
 I am pros - trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
 I am ev - 'ry whit made whole: Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.

D. S. Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

CHORUS. **D. S.**
 I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

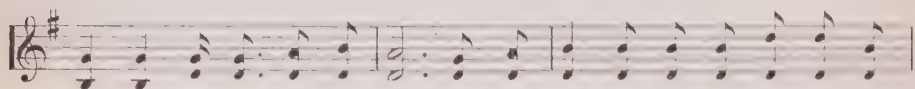
No. 49. ARE YOU READY FOR THE JUDGMENT DAY?

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.



1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a



great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
bright day com-ing by and by, But the brightness shall on-ly come to
sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "de-



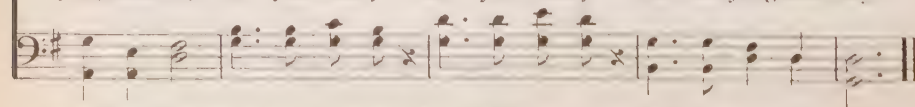
part-ed right and left; Are you read-y for that day to come?
those who love the Lord; Are you read-y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not;" "Are you read-y for that day to come?"



Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the



judgment day? Are you read-y? Are you read-y For the judgment day?



By per. W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

No. 50.

WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE THERE?

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying."

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS.

GEO. C. STEBBINS. By per.

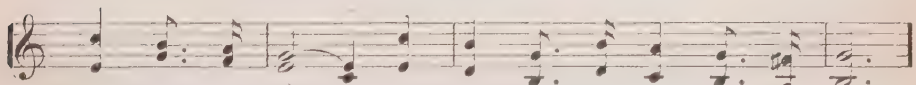
DUET.



1. We speak of the land of the blest, A
 2. We speak of its path - ways of gold, Its
 3. We speak of its peace and its love, The
 4. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From
 5. Do Thou, Lord, midst pleas - ure or woe, For



coun - try so bright and so fair, And oft are its
 walls deck'd with jew - els so rare, Its won - ders and
 robes which the glo - ri - fied wear, The songs of the
 sor - row, temp - ta - tion and care, From tri - als with -
 heav - en our spir - its pre - pare, Then short - ly we



glo - ries con - fest, But what must it be to be there?
 pleas - ures un - told, But what must it be to be there?
 bless - ed a - bove, But what must it be to be there?
 out and with - in, But what must it be to be there?
 al - so shall know, And *feel* what it is to be there!

REFRAIN.



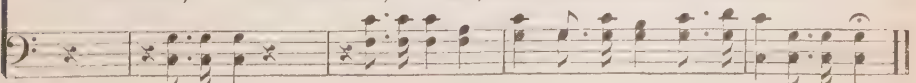
To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?



To be there, to be there, to be there?



To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?



To be there, to be there, to be there?

"I the Lord have called thee."

MRS. S. A. COLLINS.

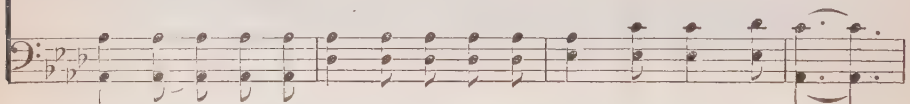
W. H. DOANE. By per.



1. Je - sus, gracious One, call - eth now to thee, "Come, O sin - ner, come!"
2. Still He waits for thee, pleading pa - tient - ly, "Come, O come to Me!"
3. Wea - ry, sin - sick soul, called so gracious - ly, Canst thou dare re - fuse?



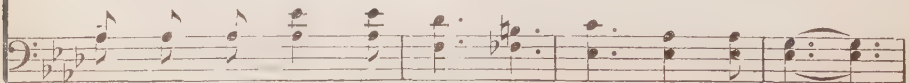
Calls so ten - der - ly, calls so lov - ing - ly, "Now, O sin - ner, come."
 "Heav - y la - den one, I thy grief have borne, Come and rest in Me."
 Mer - cy of - fer - ed thee, free - ly, ten - der - ly, Wilt thou still a - buse?



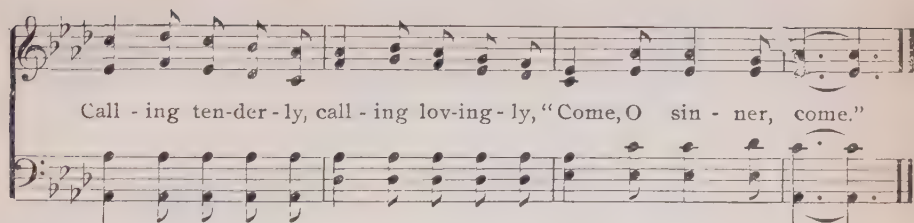
Words of peace and bless - ing, Christ's own love con - fess - ing;
 Words with love o'er - flow - ing, Life and bliss be - stow - ing;
 Come, for time is fly - ing, Haste, thy lamp is dy - ing;

**REFRAIN.**

Hear the sweet voice of Je - sus, Full, full of love;



JESUS CALLS THEE. Concluded.

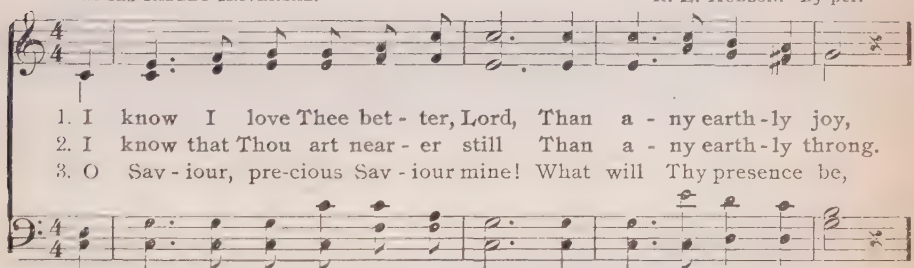


Call - ing ten - der - ly, call - ing lov - ing - ly, "Come, O sin - ner, come."

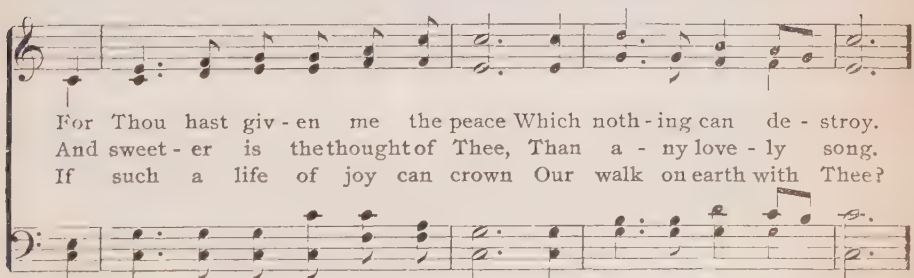
No. 52. HALF HAS NEVER YET BEEN TOLD.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

R. E. HUDSON. By per.

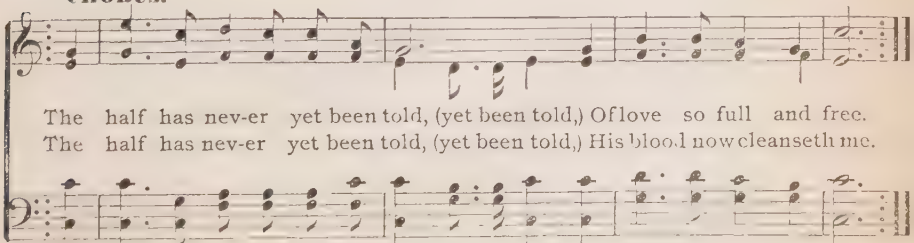


1. I know I love Thee bet - ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth - ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than a - ny earth - ly throng.
3. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour mine! What will Thy presence be,



For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the thought of Thee, Than a - ny love - ly song.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS.



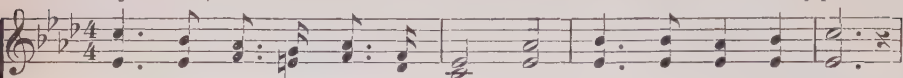
The half has nev - er yet been told, (yet been told,) Of love so full and free.
The half has nev - er yet been told, (yet been told,) His blood now cleanseth me.

PASS ME NOT.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868.

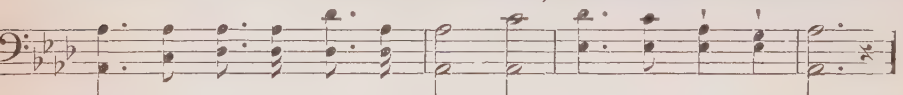
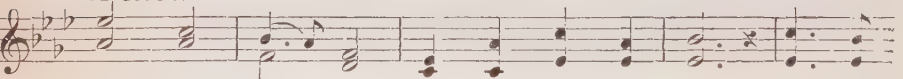
W. H. DOANE. By per.



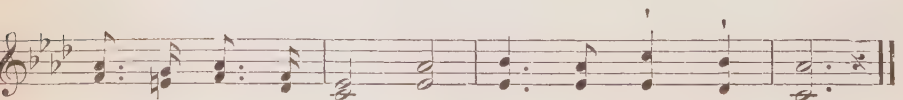
1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me;



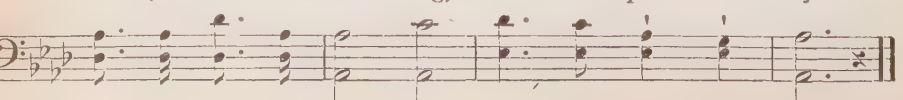
While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
 Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
 Heal my wound - ed, brok - en spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
 Whom have I on earth be - side Thee, Whom in heav'n but Thee.

**CHORUS.**

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble cry, While on



oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Underneath the everlasting arms."

W. H. DOANE. By per.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast,

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
 Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there.
 Firm on the Rock of A - ges Ev - er my trust shall be.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
 Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
 Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
 On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
 Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING?

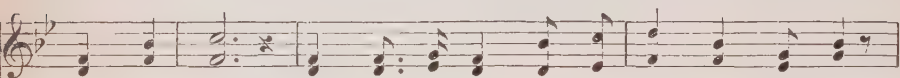
"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE. By per.



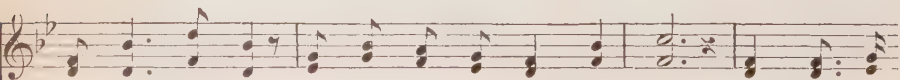
1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His ser - vants, Whether it be
 2 If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch - ing, In His glo - ry



noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch - ing,
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con - demns us,
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,



With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?
 Will He an - swer thee— Well done? Oh, can we say we are
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.
 Will He find us watch - ing there?



read - y, broth - er, Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say will He



WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING? Concluded.

find you and me still watching, Wait-ing, wait-ing when the Lord shall come?

No. 56.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

"And when He came to it He found nothing but leaves."

LUCY EVELINA AKERMAN.

SILAS J. VAIL. By per.

1. Noth-ing but leaves! The Spir-it grieves O'er years of wast - ed life; O'er
 2. Noth-ing but leaves! No gathered sheaves, Of life's fair ripening grain: We
 3. Noth-ing but leaves! Sad mem'ry weaves No veil to hide the past: And
 4. Ah, who shall thus the Master meet, And bring but withered leaves? Ah,

sins indulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and prom - i - ses un-kept, And
 sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds, - Words, i - dle words, for earn-est deeds—Then
 as we trace our wea - ry way, And count each lost and misspent day, We
 who shall at the Saviour's feet, Be - fore the aw - ful judgment-seat Lay

reap from years of strife— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
 reap, with toil and pain, Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
 sad - ly find at last— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
 down for gold-en sheaves, Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!

Psalm 45: 10-17.

DR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. O daughter, take good heed, Incline and give good ear; Thou must forget thy
 2. The daughter then of Tyre, There with a gift shall be, And all the wealth-y
 3. She com-eth to the King In robes with needle wrought; The vir-gins that do
 4. And in thy fa-ther's stead, Thy children thou shalt take, And in all plac-es

kindred all, And father's house most dear. Thy beauty to the King Shall then de-
 of the land Shall make their suit to thee. The daughter of the King All glorious
 follow her Shall un-to Thee be brought. With gladness and with joy, Thou all of
 of the earth Them noble princes make. I will show forth thy name To gen-er-

light-ful be: And do thou humbly worship Him, Be-cause thy Lord is He.
 is with-in; And with em-broid-er-ies of gold Her garments wrought have been.
 them shalt bring, And they to-geth-er en-ter shall The pal-ace of the King.
 a-tions all: The peo-ple therefore ev-er-more To Thee give prais-es shall.

CHORUS.

With gladness and with joy, Thou all of them shall bring, All they to-geth-er

THE PALACE OF THE KING. Concluded.

en - ter shall The pal-ace of the King, The pal-ace of the King, The

pal-ace of the King; And they to-gether en-ter shall The pal-ace of the King.

No. 58.

I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

R. E. HUDSON.

C. R. DUNBAR. By per.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!*

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
 I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!

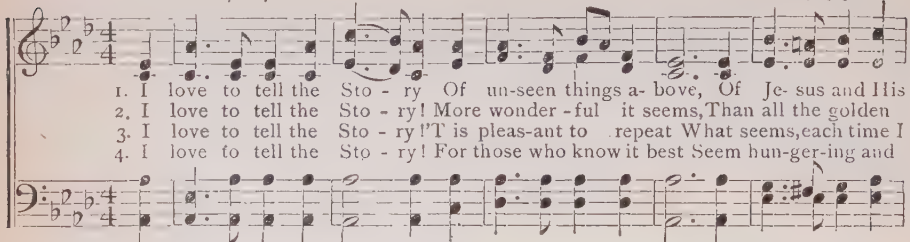
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - iour and my God!


Copyright, 1882, by R. E. Hudson, Alliance, O.

"I will speak of Thy wondrous work."

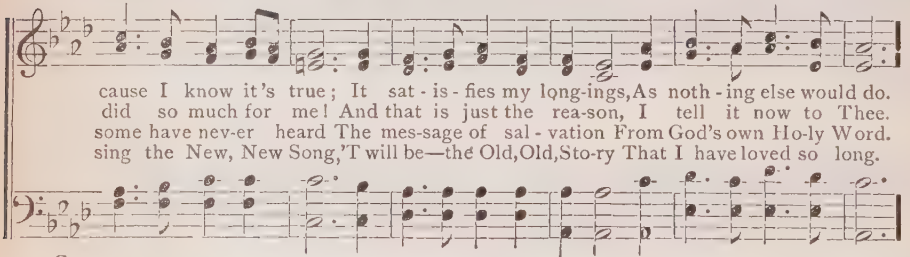
Miss KATE HANKEY, 1867.

W. G. FISCHER, by per.

- 
1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His
 2. I love to tell the Sto - ry! More won - der - ful it seems, Than all the golden
 3. I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'T is pleas - ant to repeat What seems, each time I
 4. I love to tell the Sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and

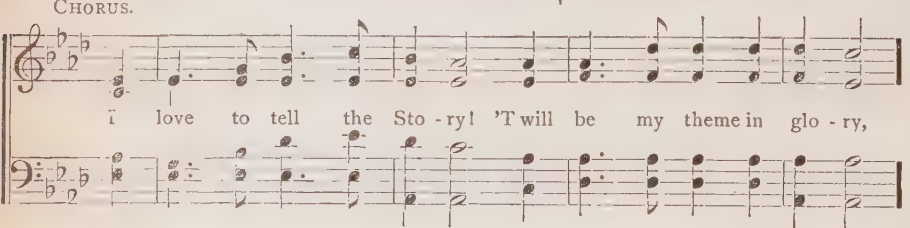


Glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love! I love to tell the Sto - ry! Be -
 fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the Sto - ry! It
 tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the Sto - ry; For
 thirsting To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I

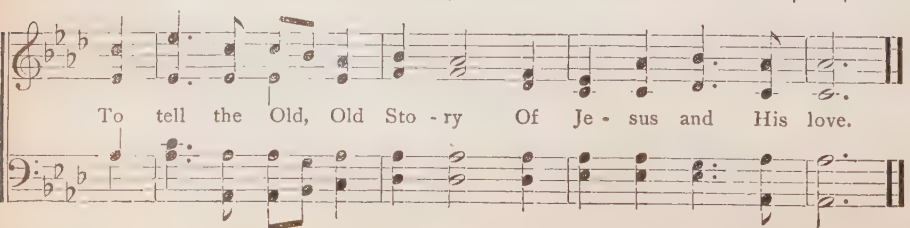


cause I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings, As noth - ing else would do.
 did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son, I tell it now to Thee.
 some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - vation From God's own Ho - ly Word.
 sing the New, New Song, 'T will be—the Old, Old, Sto - ry That I have loved so long.

CHORUS.



I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'T will be my theme in glo - ry,



To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

Tune, "Onward." 6, 5.

1. On-ward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
 2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
 3. Crowns and thorns may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-against the foe;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod-y we,
 Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail,
 In the triumph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King.

CHORUS.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go!
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. Onward, Christian
 We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
 This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

Mrs. ALBERT SMITH.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."

S. J. VAIL, by per.

1. Let us gath - er up the sun-beams, Ly - ing all a - round our path ; Let us
 2. Strange we nev - er prize the mu - sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown ! Strange that
 3. If we knew the ba - by fin - gers, Pressed against the win - dow pane, Would be
 4. Ah ! those lit - tle ice - cold fin - gers, How they point our memories back To the

keep the wheat and ro - ses, Cast - ing out the thorns and chaff, Let us find our sweetest
 we should slight the vio - lets Till the lovely flowers are gone ! Strange that summer skies and
 cold and stiff to - morrow—Nev - er trou - ble us a - gain—Would the bright eyes of our
 has - ty words and ac - tions Strewn along our backward track ! How those little hands re -

com - fort In the bless - ings of to - day, With a pa - tient hand re - mov - ing All the
 sunshine Nev - er seem one half so fair, As when win - ter's snowy pinions Shake the
 dar - ling Catch the frown up - on our brow ?—Would the prints of rosy fin - gers Vex us
 mind us, As in snow - y grace they lie, Not to scat - ter thorns—but roses—For our

CHORUS.

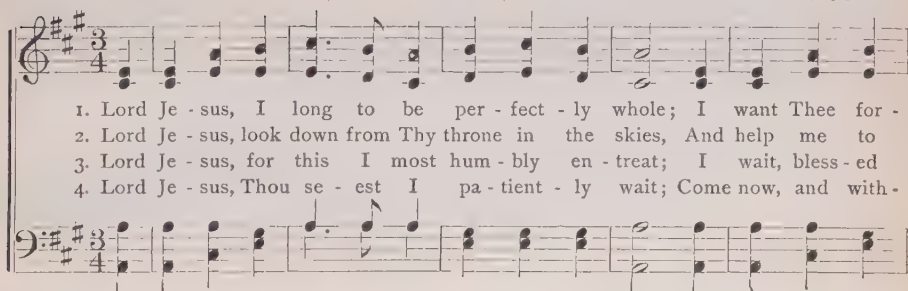
bri - ars from the way. Then scat - ter seeds of kind - ness, Then scat - ter seeds of
 white down in the air.
 then as they do now ?
 reap - ing by and by.

ad lib.
 kind - ness, Then scat - ter seeds of kind - ness, For our reap - ing by and by.

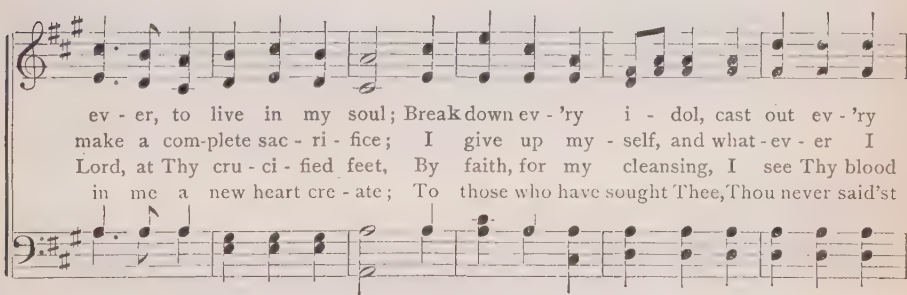
"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, bless - ed
 4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with -

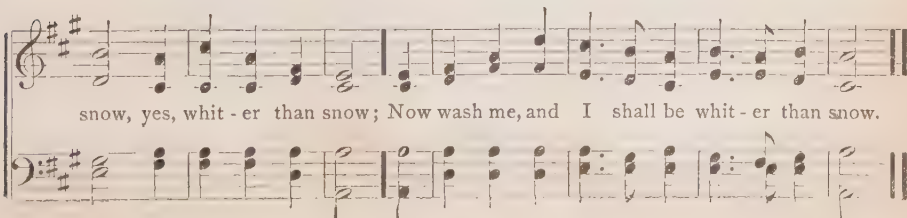


ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry
 make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I
 Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood
 in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st

CHORUS.

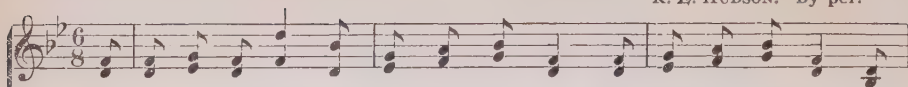


foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than
 know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 No—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.



snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

R. E. HUDSON. By per.



1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He maketh me down to
2. My soul cri-eth out: "Re-store me a - gain, And give me the strength to
3. Yea, tho' I should walk the val - ley of death, Yet why should I fear from



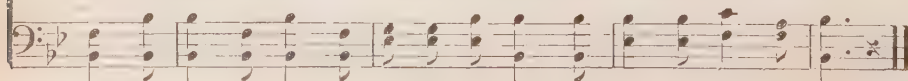
lie . In pastures green, He lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
 take The nar - row path of righteousness, Ev'n for His own name's sake."
 ill? For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.

**CHORUS.**

His yoke is ea - sy, His bur-den is light, I've found it so, I've found it



so, He lead-eth me by day and by night, Where liv-ing wa - ters flow.



R. E. HUDSON. By per.

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing: Blessed be the name of the Lord!
 2. Je - sus, the name that charms our fears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
 3. He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
 4. I nev - er shall for - get that day, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!

The glo - ries of my God and King, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ear, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
 His blood can make the foul - est clean, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
 When Je - sus washed my sins a - way, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!

CHORUS.
 Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

"And they took Jesus and led him away."

MRS. CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall;
 2. We may not know, we can-not tell What pains He had to bear;
 3. He died that we might be for-given, He died to make us good,
 4. There was no oth-er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;

Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
 But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
 That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His pre-cious blood.
 He on-ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

CHORUS.

Oh! dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;

And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

No. 66.

CROWN HIM NOW.

REV. E. G. WESLEY.

D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. Sin - ners lost, but sought by Je - sus, "Crown Him now ; Crown Him now."
 2. Once he bore the thorn-crown gor - y, "Crown Him now ; Crown Him now."
 3. Truth of God ! as such be - lieve Him, "Crown Him now ; Crown Him now."
 4. O'er our hearts as King we crown Thee, "Crown Thee now ; Crown Thee now."

Once He shed His blood so prec - ious, "Crown Him now ; Crown Him now."
 Now enthroned as King of glo - ry, "Crown Him now ; Crown Him now."
 Lord and Mas - ter, now re - ceive Him, "Crown Him now ; Crown Him now."
 As our Lord and God a - dore Thee, "Crown Thee now ; Crown Thee now."

Haste, your rich - est trib - ute bring - ing, Songs of love with glad - ness sing - ing,
 Won - drous love, the cross en - dur - ing, Par - don thus for us pro - cur - ing,
 Once to earth he came de - scend - ing, Back to heav'n he rose as - cend - ing,
 We from Thee would wan - der nev - er, Nought from Thee our love shall sev - er,

Heav'n and earth their joy - bells ring - ing, "Crown Him now ; Crown Him now."
 Life and peace by death se - cur - ing, "Crown Him now ; Crown Him now."
 His the throne of God ne'er end - ing, "Crown Him now ; Crown Him now."
 We our King, our King for - ev - er, "Crown Thee now ; Crown Thee now."

No. 67.

AWAKE, MY SOUL.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead."—1 Cor. 15: 20.

R. L. FLETCHER.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. A - wake, my soul, and greet the dawn, Be - hold, the drear - y night is gone;
 2. A - mazed were they, the Ro - man guard, Who fast the sep - ul - chre had barred,
 3. In loft - y strains let Zi - on sing The praise of her tri - umph - ant King;


The sun - less grave gives back its prey, For Christ came forth at break of day.
 To see how vain the watch, the seal, When Je - sus did His might re - veal.
 Cap - tiv - i - ty is cap - tive led, For Christ is ris - en from the dead.

CHORUS.


A - wake, . . . my soul, . The Sav - iour lives, no more to die;
 A - wake, a - wake, a - wake, my soul,

A - wake, . . . my soul, . The Lord as - cends on high.
 A - wake, a - wake, a - wake, my soul,

ROBERT LOWRY, by per.



1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod,
 2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Dash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
 3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
 4. Soon we'll reach that sil - ver riv - er, Soon our pil - grimage shall cease;




With its crys - tal tide for ev - er Flow - ing by the throne of God?
 We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
 Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er—



Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

No. 69.

SONG OF SONGS.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. O that song, when safe at home, Saved thro' the blood, Sung by those who
 2. Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb, Saved thro' the blood, Was there ev - er
 3. Nev - er an - gel sang so sweet, Saved thro' the blood, Sin - ners cleansed a

o - ver - come All thro' the blood; How we'll sing it o'er and o'er,
 sweet - er psalm? Saved thro' the blood, O the fount - ain deep and wide,
 lone re - peat, Saved thro' the blood; By and by, on yon - der plain,

When up - on the E - den shore, Home of Him whom we a - dore,
 From our Sav - iour's riv - en side, Who for us has groaned and died,
 We will sing the glad re - frain, Sweet - er far than an - gels' strain,

CHORUS.

Saved thro' the blood.
 O precious blood. Song of songs, O sweet - est song, An - them of the
 Saved thro' the blood.

ransomed throng, There we'll chant it loud and long, Saved thro' the blood.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."—ACTS 20: 35.

LUCY A. BENNETT.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Learn to give, and thou shalt bind Count-less treas-ures to thy breast;
 2. Learn to give, and thou shalt know They the poor-est are who hoard;
 3. Learn to give, and learn to love; On-ly thus thy life can be
 4. Give, for God to thee hath giv'n; Love, for He by love is known;

Learn to love, and thou shalt find On-ly they who love are blest.
 Learn to love, thy love shall flow Deep-er for the wealth out-poured.
 Fore-taste of the life a-bove, Sweet with im-mor-tal-i-ty.
 Child of God and heir of heav'n, Let thy par-ent-age be shown.

REFRAIN.

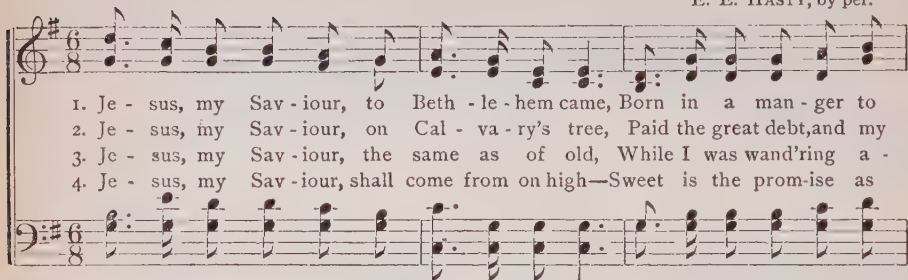
Learn . . . to give and love, Learn . . . to give and love; The
 Learn to give, and learn to love, Learn to give, and learn to love;

best of all liv-ing is lov-ing and giv-ing, Then learn to give and love.

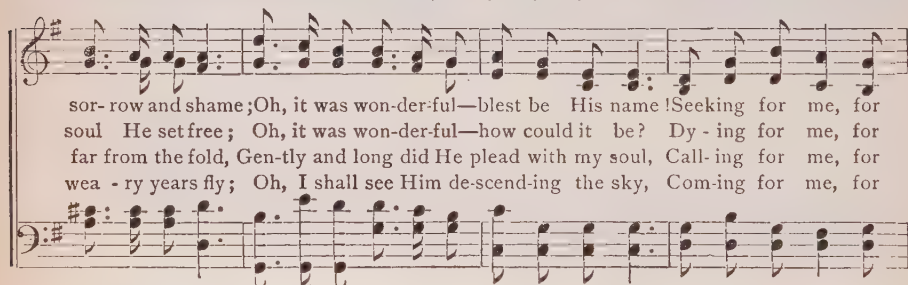
SEEKING FOR ME.

"I will both search my sheep, and seek them out."

E. E. HASTY, by per.



1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, to Beth - le - hem came, Born in a man - ger to
 2. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my
 3. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring a -
 4. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, shall come from on high—Sweet is the prom - ise as



sor - row and shame; Oh, it was won - der - ful—blest be His name! Seeking for me, for
 soul He set free; Oh, it was won - der - ful—how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for
 far from the fold, Gen - tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for
 wea - ry years fly; Oh, I shall see Him de - scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for

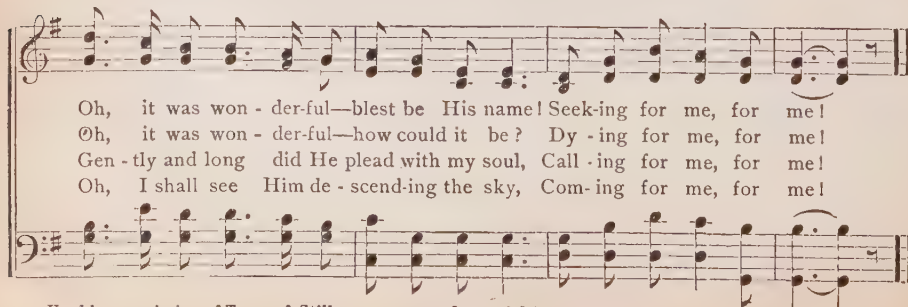
REFRAIN.

For me!

For me!



me! Seek - ing for me! Seek - ing for me! Seek - ing for me! Seeking for me!
 me! Dy - ing for me! Dy - ing for me! Dy - ing for me! Dy - ing for me!
 me! Call - ing for me! Call - ing for me! Call - ing for me! Call - ing for me!
 me! Com - ing for me! Com - ing for me! Com - ing for me! Com - ing for me!



Oh, it was won - der - ful—blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me!
 Oh, it was won - der - ful—how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me!
 Gen - tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me!
 Oh, I shall see Him de - scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me!

MRS. A. R. COUSIN.

THEO. E. PERKINS.

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks, The summer
 2. I've wrestled on t'ward heav-en, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide, Now, like a
 3. Deep waters crossed life's pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp; Now these lie

morn I've sighed for—The fair, sweet morn awakes: Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
 wea - ry trav-'ler That leaneth on his guide, A-mid the shades of evening,
 all behind me—Oh, for a well-tuned harp! Oh, to join the hal - le - lu - jah

But day-spring is at hand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell-eth, dwelleth,
 While sinks life's ling'ring sand, I hail the glo - ry dawn-ing, dawning,
 With yon tri-umphant band! Who sing where glo-ry dwell-eth, dwelleth,

REFRAIN.
 In Im-man-uel's land. And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell-eth, dwelleth, In Im-
 From Im-man-uel's land.
 In Im-man-uel's land.

manuel's land, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwelleth, dwelleth, In Im-manuel's land.

No. 73.

JUST BEYOND.

Words from the DETROIT FREE PRESS.

SOLO FOR SOPRANO OR TENOR.

Moderato.

C. C. CONVERSE, by per.

CHORUS.

1. Just be - yond, on the path we tread, Just be-yond, just be -
 2. Just be - yond our smiles, be - yond our tears, Just be-yond, just be -
 3. Just be - yond our friends, be - yond our foes, Just be-yond, just be -
 4. Just be - yond the weak - ness and the pain, Just be-yond, just be -
 5. Just be - yond where it meets the crest, just be - yond, Just be-yond, just be -

yond; Just be - yond, on the path we tread, Just be - yond, just be - yond.
 yond; Just be - yond our hopes, be - yond our fears, Just be - yond, just be - yond.
 yond; Just be - yond our weals, be - yond our woes, Just be - yond, just be - yond.
 yond; Just be - yond the turn - ing of the lane, Just be - yond, just be - yond.
 yond; Just be - yond lies the cit - y of rest, just be - yond, Just be - yond, just be - yond.

Just be - yond the sha - dows a - head, just be - yond, Just be - yond, just be -

yond; Just be - yond on the path we tread, Just be - yond, just be - yond.

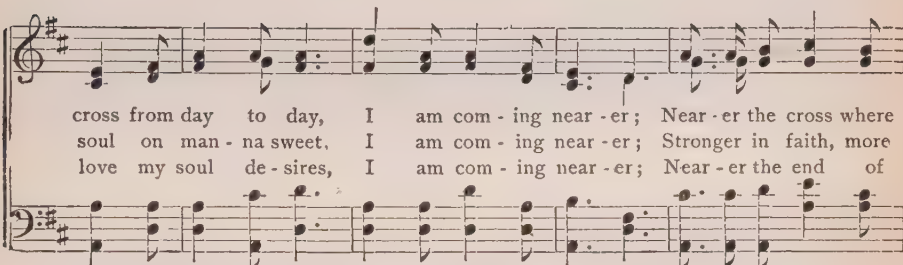
F. J. CROSBY.

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

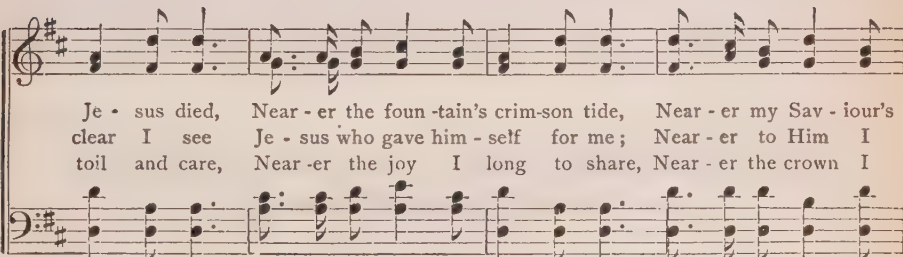
Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.



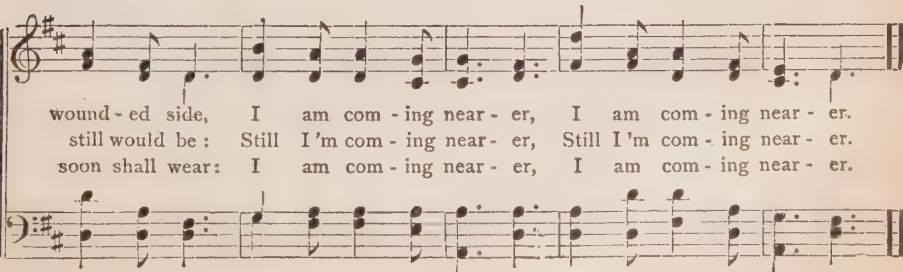
1. "Near-er the cross my heart can say, I am com - ing near - er; Near-er the
 2. Near-er the Christian's mer - cy - seat, I am com - ing near - er; Feast-ing my
 3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as - pires I am com - ing near - er; Deep-er the



cross from day to day, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the cross where
 soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near - er; Stronger in faith, more
 love my soul de - sires, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the end of



Je - sus died, Near - er the foun-tain's crim-son tide, Near - er my Sav - iour's
 clear I see Je - sus who gave him - self for me; Near - er to Him I
 toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I



wound - ed side, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
 still would be: Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
 soon shall wear: I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

F. R. HAVERGAL.
mf *Moderato*.

C. C. CONVERSE, by per.

1. "Tempt-ed and tried!" Oh! the ter - ri - ble tide May be ra - ging and deep, may be
Its rage is vain, for the Lord shall re - strain; And for ev - er and ev - er Je -
2. "Tempted and tried!" There is One at thy side, And nev - er in vain shall His
He will de - fend, for He loves to the end, Our Mas - ter, Re - deem - er, our
3. "Tempted and tried!" Yet the Lord shall a - bide Thy faith - ful Re - deem - er, and
Thy shield and sword, thy ex - ceed - ing Re - ward! Then enough for the ser - vant to

CHORUS.

mf

wrath - ful and wide! } "Tempted and tried!" The Sav - iour who died, Hath
ho - vah shall reign. }
chil - dren con - fide! }
God and our Friend! }
Keep - er and Guide; }
be as his Lord! }

f

called thee to suf - fer And sigh by His side. His cross thou shalt bear, and His

cres.

crown shalt thou wear, And for ev - er and ev - er His glo - ry shalt share.

No. 76. "OH! TO BE NEARER THEE, MY SAVIOUR."

F. R. HAVERGAL.

C. C. CONVERSE, by per.

Moderato.

mf

1. Oh! to be near - er Thee, my Sav - iour, Oh! to be filled with
 2. Oh! to de - sire to spread Thy glo - ry, Seek - ing it as my
 3. Oh! to go on - ward, self for - get - ting, Will - ing to take the
 4. Oh! to be - come each day more low - ly, More of Thy like - ness

Thy sweet grace; Oh! to a - bide in Thine own fav - or,
 on - ly aim; Oh! to be taught Thy strange, sweet sto - ry,
 low - est place; Oh! to look up - ward, nev - er let - ting
 e'er to gain; Oh! to be made as Thou art, ho - ly,

D.C. Oh! to be ev - er, ev - er prais - ing,

FINE. CHÓRUS.

Oh! to be - hold Thy glo - rious face. Oh! to be ev - er
 Worth - i - ly, full - y to pro - claim.
 Pride of the heart my glance a - base.
 Oh! to be freed from sin's dread chain.

Ech - o - ing here the songs a - bove.

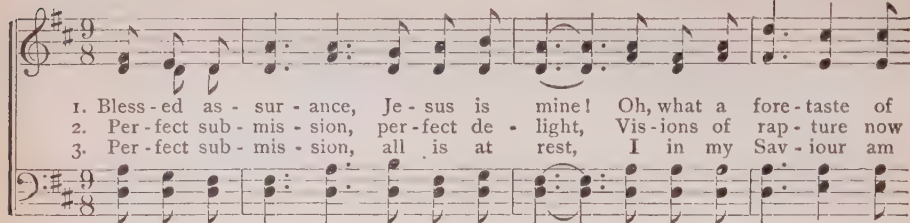
D.C.

up - ward gaz - ing, Glad with the sun - shine of Thy love.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture now
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am



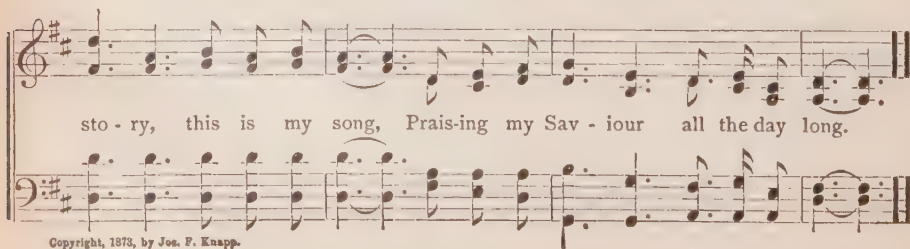
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God,
 burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend - ing bring from a - bove
 hap - py and blest. Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,



CHORUS.
 Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His blood. This is my sto - ry,
 Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love.
 Fill'd with His good - ness, lost in His love.



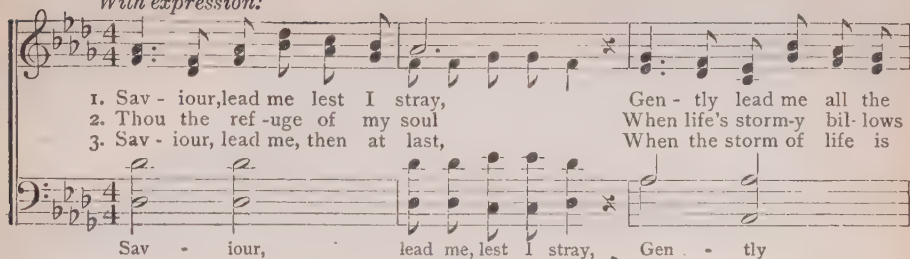
this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long, This is my



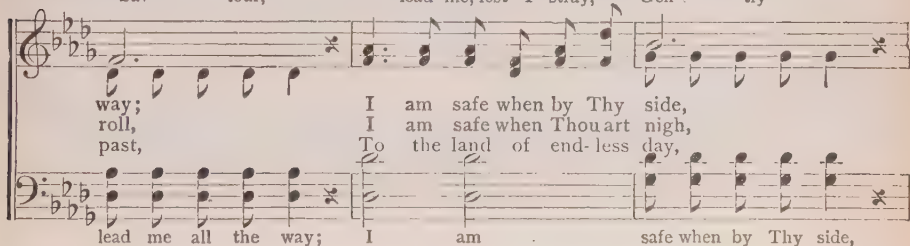
sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression:


1. Sav - iour, lead me lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;
 2. Thou the ref - uge of my soul, When life's storm-y bil - lows
 3. Sav - iour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is



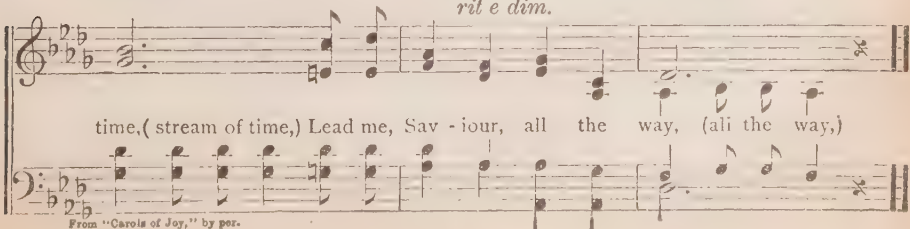
Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly way; I am safe when by Thy side,
 I am safe when Thou art night, To the land of end-less day,
 lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side,



I would in Thy love a - bid. Lead me, lead me,
 All my hopes on Thee re - ly. Where all tears are wiped a - way.
 I would in Thy love a - bid,



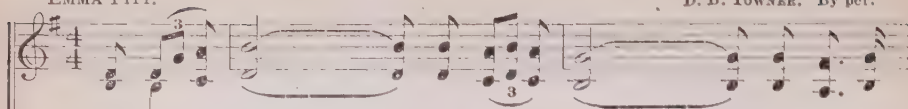
Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray; (lest I stray,) Gen - tly down the stream of



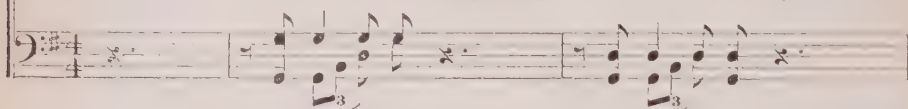
time, (stream of time,) Lead me, Sav - iour, all the way, (all the way,)

EMMA PITT.

D. B. TOWNER. By per.



1. When ear-ly morn . . . shall greet my eyes, . . . And mid-night
 2. Or if at noon— . . . rich glow-ing hour! . . . Thro' rift-ed
 3. Or if at eye— . . . sweet glow-ing time! . . . My cross laid



1. When ear-ly morn

shall greet my eyes,



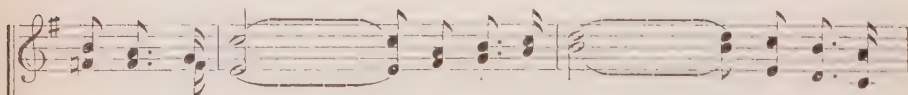
dark . . . has turned a - way, . . . How thrills my soul . . .
 clouds . . . His face should shine, . . . If He should find . . .
 down, . . . my bur-dens cease, . . . As twi-light shades . . .



And midnight dark

has turned a - way,

How thrills my soul



with sweet sur-prise, . . . O what if Christ . . . should come to -
 me watch-ing still, . . . What sweet re - ward . . . will then be
 shall deep - er grow, . . . I'll have a calm, . . . un - end-ing



with sweet surprise,

O what if Christ



day.
 mine.
 peace.
 O trans-port rich, my joy complete, My ten-der Sav-iour,
 How love's sweet sto - ry I'd re-peat, With joy His bless-ed
 O bless-ed bur-dens glo - ri - fied, My soul should then be



should come to-day,

IF CHRIST SHOULD COME TO-DAY. Concluded.

Friend, to greet, I'd sit me at His bless-ed feet, If Christ should come to - day.
com - ing greet, I'd cast my sheaves at His dear feet, If Christ should come to - day.
sat - is - fied, I'd sit me by His bless-ed side, If Christ should come to - day.

No. 80.

ARISE! QUICKLY ARISE.

Acts xii : 6-10.

N. B. S.

N. B. SARGENT. Arr.

1. An an - gel came to Pet - er one night As he slept in the pris - on drear,
2. The chains fell off as quick - ly he rose The sum - mons to o - bey.
3. The i - ron gates swung o - pen that night, And Pet - er went bold - ly through.
4. The an - gel comes to you of - ten-times, Your coun - sel - or and guide;

"A - rise up quick - ly," were words that fell On the star - tled pris - 'ner's ear.
And wond'ring, trembling, he fol - lowed on, As the an - gel led the way.
Now lis - ten, friend, what - ev - er your chain, There is freedom this night for you.
O hear his voice and fol - low him, And the gate will o - pen wide.

CHORUS.

A - rise! quick - ly a - rise! . Ye pris - 'ners in bond - age to sin. There's a

life that is bet - ter than this for you, And now is the time to be - gin.

Arranged.

D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. When Mos-es and the Is-rael-ites From E-gypt's land did flee, Be-
 2. When Dan-iel, faith-ful to his God, Would not bow down to men, And
 3. When Dav-id and Go-li-ah met The wrong a-against the right, The
 4. When Pen-te-cost had ful-ly come And fire from heav'n did fall, As a

hind them were proud Pharoah's host, In front of them the sea; God raised the wa-ter
 by God's en-e-mies was hurled In-to the li-on's den; God shut the li-ons'
 giant armed with hu-man pow-er, And David with God's might; God's pow'r, with David's
 might-y wind the Ho-ly Ghost Baptized them one and all; Three thousand were con-

like a wall, And o-pened up the way, And the God that lived in Mos-es' time, Is
 mouths, we read, And robbed them of their prey, And the God that lived in Daniel's time, Is
 sling and stone, The giant low did lay, And the God that lived in David's time, Is
 vert-ed And were soldiers right away, And the God that lived at Pen-te-cost, Is

CHORUS.

just the same to-day.
 just the same to-day. He's just the same to-day, brother, He's just the same to-
 just the same to-day.
 just the same to-day.

JUST THE SAME TO-DAY. Concluded.

day; The God that lived in the old - en time, Is just the same to - day.

No. 82.

HE PAID IT ALL.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. The Lord has paid the debt I owe, Paid it all, paid it all,
 2. I am re-deemed, He paid the price, Paid it all, paid it all,
 3. My glad - some heart these words re - peat, Paid it all, paid it all,

For in His word He tells me so, Paid it all, paid it all.
 His pre-cious blood it does suf - fice, Paid it all, paid it all.
 And ev - 'ry time they seem more sweet, Paid it all, paid it all.

His praise my song shall ev - er be, Up - on the cross He died for me,
 I will re-joice in His dear name, His precious love I will pro-claim,
 I am my Lord's, O bless - ed tho't, By His own blood my soul was bought,

He paid the price that set me free, Paid it all, paid it all.
 Who bought me, made me what I am, Paid it all, paid it all.
 What won-drous change in me He wrought, Paid it all, paid it all.

"Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor."

Rev. THOMAS KELLY.

Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.



1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious, See the "Man of sor - rows" now,
2. Crown the Sav - iour! An - gels crown Him, Rich the tro - phies Je - sus brings,
3. Sin - ners in de - ris - ion crown'd Him, Mock - ing thus the Sav - iour's claim,
4. Hark! the bursts of ac - clam - a - tion! Hark! these loud tri - umph - ant chords,



From the fight re - turn vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow.
 In the seat of pow'r en - throne Him, While the vault of heav - en rings.
 Saints and an - gels crowd a - round Him, Own His ti - tle, praise His name
 Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion, Oh, what joy the sight af - fords.



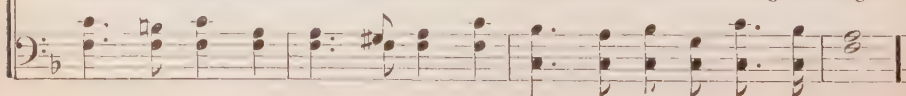
REFRAIN.



Crown Him! crown Him, an - gels crown Him! Crown the Sav - iour "King of kings."



Crown Him! crown Him, an - gels crown Him! Crown the Sav - iour "King of kings."



P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN. By per.

1. Beau - ti - ful beams of sun-shine, Scat-tered o'er all the earth,
 2. Beau - ti - ful beams of sun-shine, Com - ing from Cal - va - ry,
 3. Beau - ti - ful beams of sun-shine, Streaming in gold - en rays,
 4. Beau - ti - ful beams of sun-shine, Mu - sic and joy they bring,

Com-ing in bless-ings to na - tions, Coming in Je - sus' birth.
 Bright'ning the path-way to glo - ry, Coming to earth for me.
 Down from the throne of His mer - cy, Pard'ning our sin-ful ways.
 Giv-ing rich bless-ings and com - fort, Gladly His praise we sing.

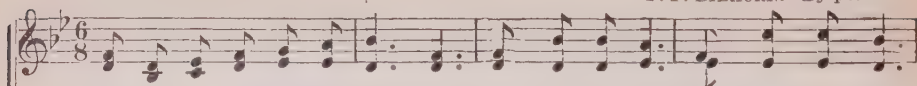
CHORUS.

Beau - - ti - ful beams, . . . Beau - - ti - ful
 Beau-ti - ful beams, beau-ti - ful beams, Beau-ti - ful beams,

beams, . . . Beau-ti - ful beams of sun-shine coming for you and me.
 beauti-ful beams,

MISS ADA BLENKHORN.

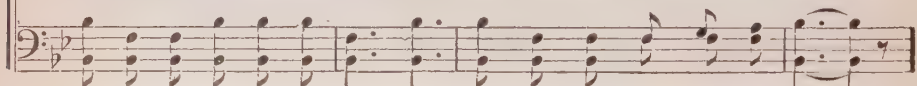
P. P. BILHORN. By per.



1. Je - sus is seek - ing the chil - dren, Seek - ing for me, seek - ing for thee;
2. Je - sus is seek - ing the chil - dren, He will a - bide close to their side;
3. Je - sus is seek - ing the chil - dren, An - gels so bright love the glad sight—



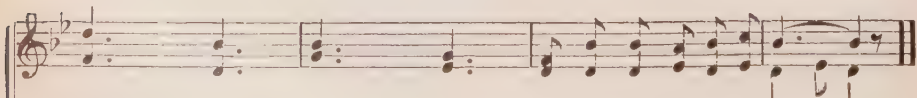
Back to the heav - en - ly king - dom, Je - sus our Lead - er shall be.
 Trusting their dear, blessed Sav - iour, To them no ill can be - tide.
 Sing - ing to Je - sus their prais - es, Robed in their gar - ments of white.



CHORUS.



Seek - ing, seek - ing, Je - sus is seek - ing to - day;
 Seek - ing to - day, yes, seek - ing al - way, Yes, Je - sus is seek - ing to - day;

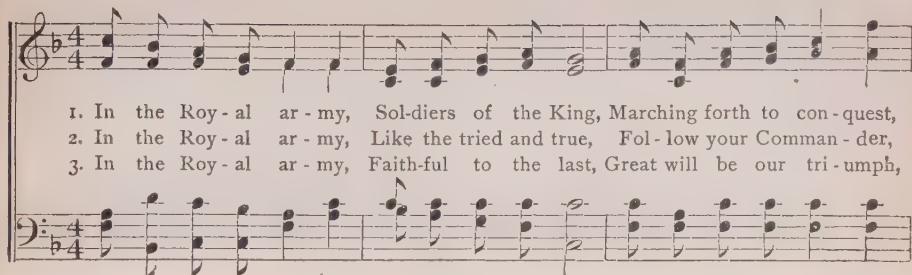


Seek - ing, seek - ing, Je - sus is seeking alway. .
 Seek - ing to - day, yes, seek - ing al - way, Yes, Je - sus is seeking alway, al - way.



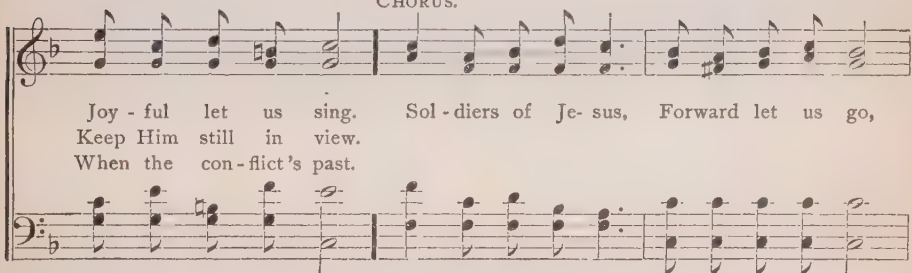
FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

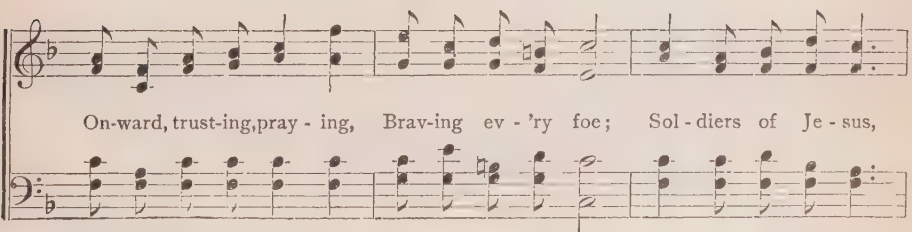


1. In the Roy - al ar - my, Sol - diers of the King, Marching forth to con - quest,
 2. In the Roy - al ar - my, Like the tried and true, Fol - low your Comman - der,
 3. In the Roy - al ar - my, Faith - ful to the last, Great will be our tri - umph,

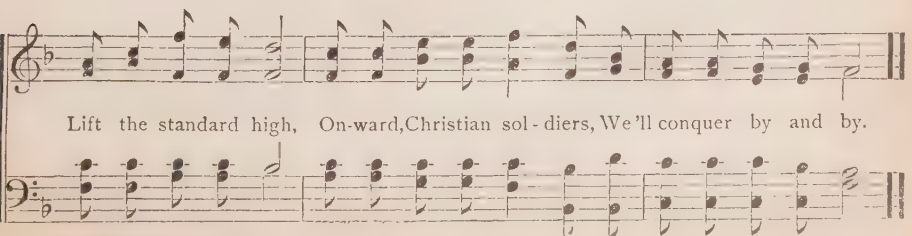
CHORUS.



Joy - ful let us sing. Sol - diers of Je - sus, Forward let us go,
 Keep Him still in view.
 When the con - flict's past.



On - ward, trust - ing, pray - ing, Brav - ing ev - 'ry foe; Sol - diers of Je - sus,



Lift the standard high, On - ward, Christian sol - diers, We'll conquer by and by.

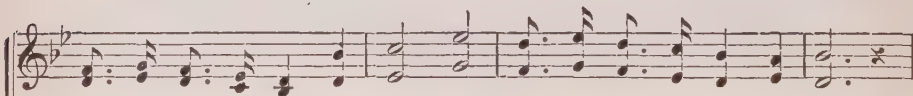
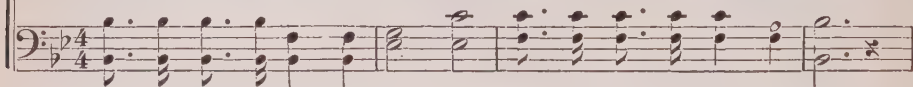
No. 87. GATHER UP THE RAYS OF SUNSHINE.

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN. By per.



1. Gath - er up the rays of sun - shine For the one whose heart is sore ;
2. Gath - er up the rays of sun - shine; Gath - er them while yet they last,
3. Gath - er up the rays of sun - shine; Gath - er ere the sun goes down;



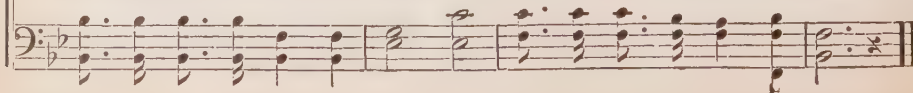
Seek to cheer the sick and sad ones; Brighten up the home still more;
For the time when darts and sor - rows, Fall so heav - y, thick and fast;
Car - ry them to homes of dark - ness, Ere the day is ful - ly gone;



Gath - er up the rays for lone ones Who are shut from friends a - way;
Gath - er up the beams for oth - ers, Treas - ure them while yet you may,
Soon we'll hear the Mas - ter's bid - ding; "Come, ye blessed, to your rest!"



Send the rays in bright re - flec - tion Of the sun - shine there to - day.
For the time and hours to use them Can be found through all the day.
Then with rap - ture we shall meet Him, And for ev - er shall be blest.



THE FLOWING FOUNTAIN.

ADA BLENKIHORN.

P. P. BILHORN. By per.



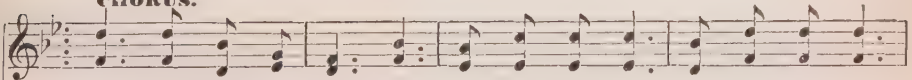
1. A fount - ain of life is flow - ing, Flow - ing, flow - ing,
2. Your sins, they may be a mount - ain, Mount - ain, mount - ain;
3. White as a snow-drift 'twill make you, Make you, make you;
4. The blood of the Lord is the fount - ain, Fount - ain, fount - ain;



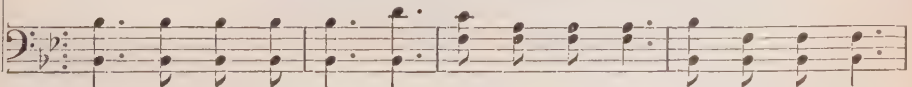
A fountain of life is flow - ing To wash all our sins a - way.
 Your sins, they may be a mount - ain, Oh, come to the fount to - day.
 White as a snow-drift 'twill make you, All pure, and all free from sin.
 The blood of the Lord is the fount - ain, Oh, en - ter ye now with - in.



CHORUS.



Come, come to the fount - ain, Flow - ing so free, flow - ing for thee;



Come, come to the fount - ain, Flow - ing so full and free. (and free.)



MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

"Mine are thine, and thine are mine."

A. J. GORDON, by per.

1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,

For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
 And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
 And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
 I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou,
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow,
 And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

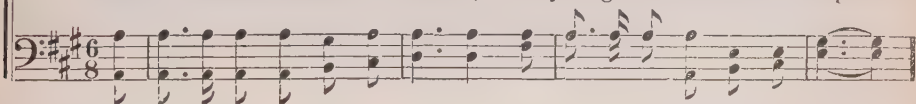
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus 'tis now.

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN. By per.



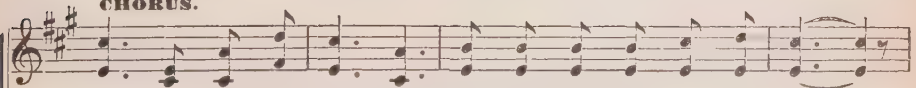
- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Remember from whence thou art fall-en, | O thou who hast turned from thy Lord ; |
| 2. Remember from whence thou art fall-en, | O soul in thy saddest de - gree ; |
| 3. Repent of thy wandrings, my brother, | Repent, and return while you may ; |
| 4. Return from thy nets and thy fish-es ; | Return, O thou back-slidden one ; |
| 5. Remember from whence thou art fallen ; | Why longer His love wilt thou spurn ! |



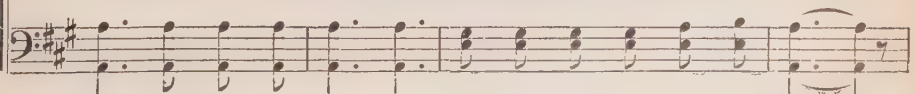
Re-member His life He has giv - en ; Come back at the call of His word.
 Look up to His side that was riv - en ; He suffered to save e - ven thee.
 He's calling, He's waiting, He's pleading ; Repent, and His message o - bey.
 Re-turn, and de-ny Him no long-er ; Re - turn to the God-giv - en Son.
 Come back ere the verdict is giv - en ; Re - member, re-pent, and re - turn.



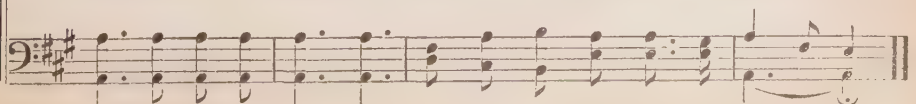
CHORUS.



Come back, O my broth - er, Come, there is par - don to - day ;



Come back, O my broth - er, Come, and no long-er de - lay (de - lay).



REV. ERNEST G. WESLEY.

D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. Tell it a - gain! let me hear the strange sto-ry;— Can it be true
 2. Tell it a - gain! let me hear it, I'm wea-ry; Wea - ry of sin,
 3. Tell it a - gain! for my heart, in its sad-ness, Longs for the peace
 4. Tell it a - gain! I will try to be-lieve it; If it is true

that for me Je - sus died? Did He step down from the throne of His glo - ry;
 of its guilt, of its shame; Can it be true? For sin's pathway is dear-y,
 which you tell me He gives; Can it be true that for me there is gladness?
 that for me Je - sus cares. Bless - ed sal - va - tion; I now will re-ceive it;

REFRAIN.

Thorn-crown'd, re-ject - ed, was He cru - ci - fied? Yes, it is true that for
 Shadowed with sor - row, with dark-ness, with blame.
 Can it be true that my sins He for-gives?
 Je - sus my sin - ful-ness lov - ing-ly bears.

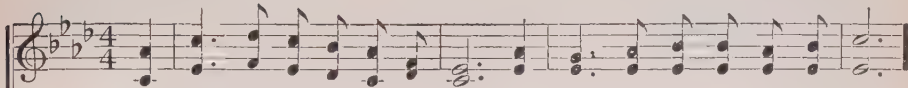
thee Je - sus suf-fered; Yes, it is true that for thee Je - sus died.

TAKE ME AS I AM.

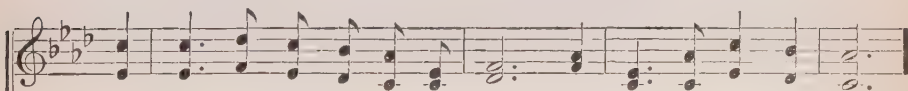
"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto Thee."

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

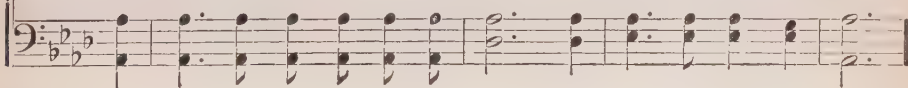
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



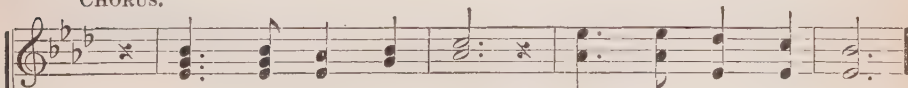
1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un - less Thou help me I must die;
2. Help - less I am and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt;
3. I bow be - fore Thy mer - cy - seat, Be - hold me, Sav - iour, at Thy feet;
4. If Thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re - new;
5. And when at last the work is done, The bat - tle fought, the vic - t'ry won;



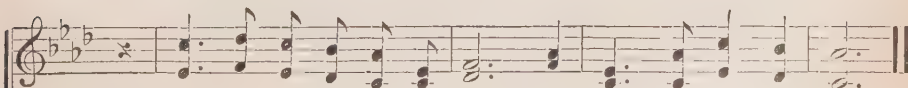
Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
 And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, And take me as I am.
 Thy work be - gin, Thy work com - plete, And take me as I am.
 And work both in, and by me too, And take me as I am.
 Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Oh, take me as I am.



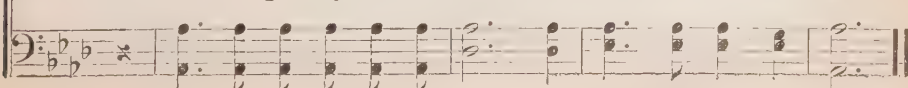
CHORUS.



Take me as I am, Take me as I am:



Lord, I give my - self to Thee, Oh, take me as I am.



No. 93.

NEVER LOOK BACK.

SIDNEY DYER.

Luke 9: 62.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. O nev - er look back with your hand on the plow, Nev - er look
 2. O nev - er look back when there's call for your care, Nev - er look
 3. O nev - er look back when the sic - kle you hold, Nev - er look
 4. O nev - er look back when the har - vest is done, Nev - er look

back, But turn the deep furrows; 'tis time to work now, Nev - er look
 back, To pluck the rank weed and to root up the tare, Nev - er look
 back, And fields are all wav - ing like bil - lows of gold, Nev - er look
 back, But keep the eye fixed on the crown to be won, Nev - er look

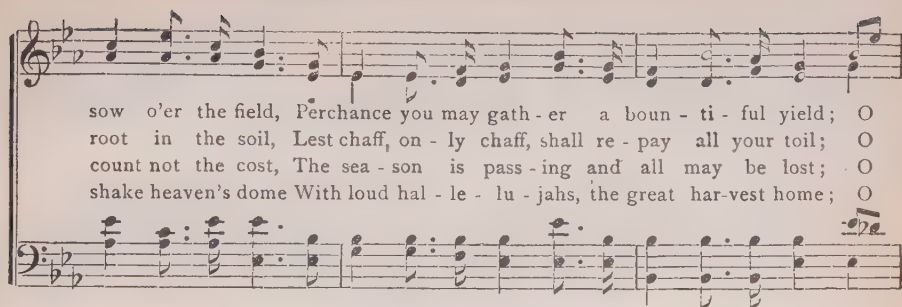
Never look back,

back; The spring - time is here, and there's life in the air, Re -
 back; Re - gard not the winds, nor the cold, nor the heat, The
 back; Lo, fowls of the air now are feast - ing with greed, And
 back; All win - nowed and gath - ered in gar - ners a - bove, The

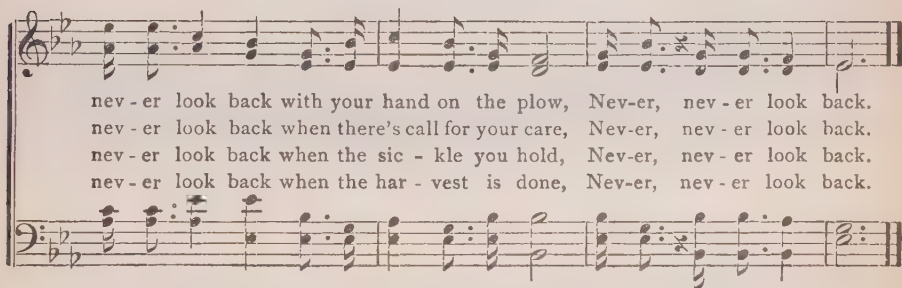
Nev - er look back;

spoon - sive to breathe on your cul - ture and care; Then break up the fal - low, and
 seed that is harm - ful may choke up the wheat; O haste, pluck them up ere they
 winds wide - ly scat - ter the ripe prec - ious seed; A - way to the har - vest, and
 feast of the har - vest is In - fi - nite Love, Where songs of the reap - ers will

NEVER LOOK BACK. Concluded.



sow o'er the field, Perchance you may gath - er a boun - ti - ful yield; O
 root in the soil, Lest chaff, on - ly chaff, shall re - pay all your toil; O
 count not the cost, The sea - son is pass - ing and all may be lost; O
 shake heaven's dome With loud hal - le - lu - jahs, the great har - vest home; O

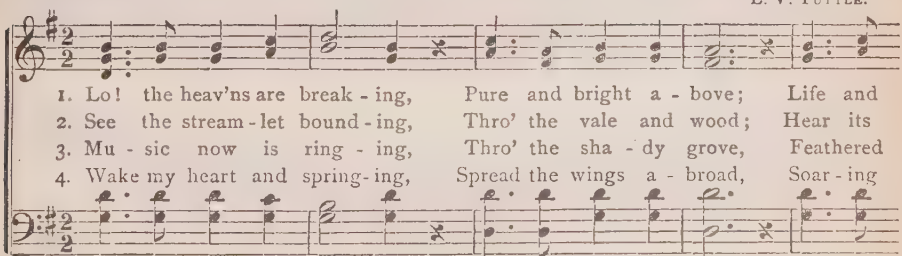


nev - er look back with your hand on the plow, Nev - er, nev - er look back.
 nev - er look back when there's call for your care, Nev - er, nev - er look back.
 nev - er look back when the sic - kle you hold, Nev - er, nev - er look back.
 nev - er look back when the har - vest is done, Nev - er, nev - er look back.

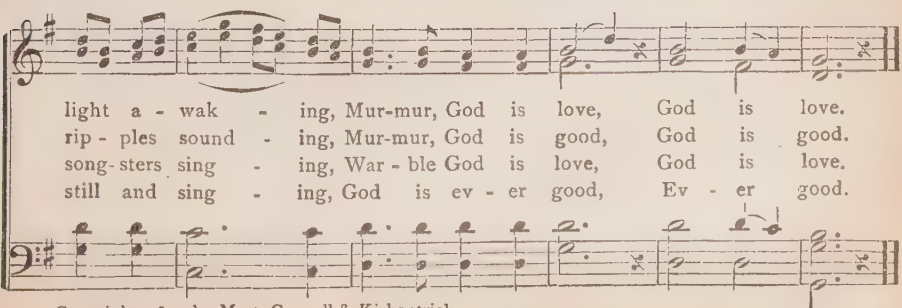
No. 94.

GOD IS LOVE.

L. V. TUTTLE.



1. Lo! the heav'ns are break - ing, Pure and bright a - bove; Life and
 2. See the stream - let bound - ing, Thro' the vale and wood; Hear its
 3. Mu - sic now is ring - ing, Thro' the sha - dy grove, Feathered
 4. Wake my heart and spring - ing, Spread the wings a - broad, Soar - ing



light a - wak - ing, Mur - mur, God is love, God is love.
 rip - ples sound - ing, Mur - mur, God is good, God is good.
 song - sters sing - ing, War - ble God is love, God is love.
 still and sing - ing, God is ev - er good, Ev - er good.

Copyright, 1895, by Mast, Crowell & Kirkpatrick.

J. JACKSON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Wea-ry, oh, yes, thou art wea-ry, Bear-ing thy bur-den of sin;
 2. Lone-ly, oh, yes, thou art lone-ly, Plod-ding thy des-o-late way,
 3. Trou-bled, oh, yes, thou art trou-bled; Com-fort has flown from thy breast;
 4. Wea-ry and lone-ly and trou-bled, Bro-ken in spir-it and heart,

Clouds of the night are a-bove thee, Fear and temp-ta-tion with-in.
 Far from the arms that would shield thee, Far from the light and the day.
 On-ly in Je-sus thy ref-u-ge, On-ly in Him is thy rest.
 Come to the gra-cious Re-deem-er: Child of His mer-cy thou art.

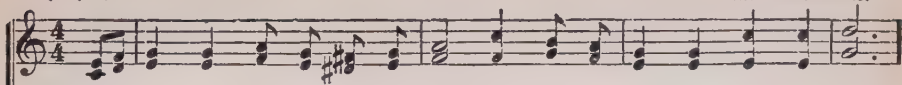
CHORUS.

Hear the sweet voice that is plead-ing with thee, Pleading with thee, pleading with thee,

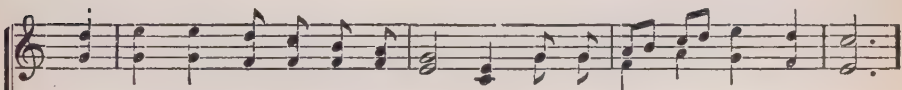
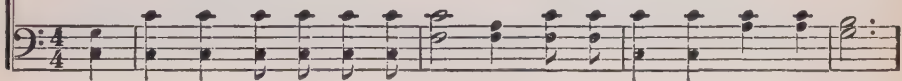
Hear the sweet voice that is plead-ing with thee, Ten-der-ly plead-ing with thee.
 Plead - - - ing with thee.

F. M. D.

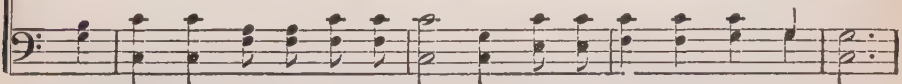
FRANK M. DAVIS.



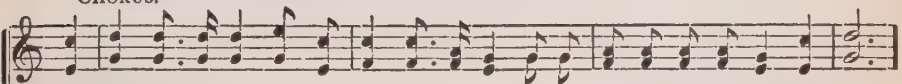
1. On what foun - da - tion are you build - ing, Building your e - ter - nal home?
2. On what foun - da - tion are you build - ing, On the Rock or shift - ing sand?
3. On what foun - da - tion are you build - ing, Building sure - ly, day by day?



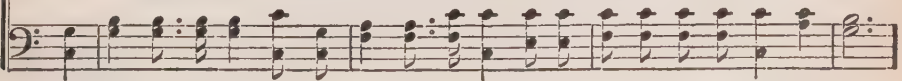
On what are you your soul now risk - ing, For the a - ges yet to come?
When floods and tempests shall surround you, Can you thro' the tri - al stand?
If on the Rock your house is ground-ed, It can ne'er be swept a - way.



CHORUS.



Then build on the Rock, brother, build on the Rock, Never build up-on the sink-ing sand :



The Lord is the Rock that no tempest can shock, Build your house upon the Rock to stand.

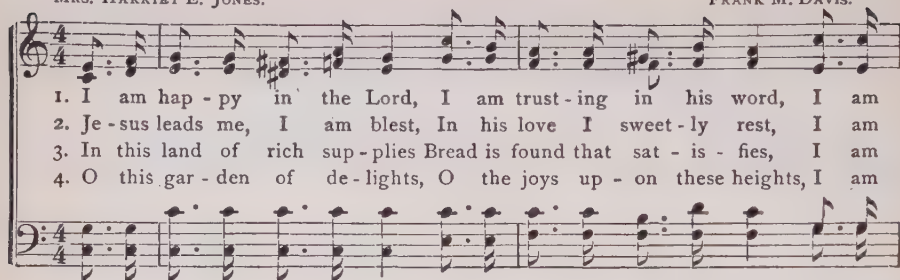


No. 97.

WALKING IN FAIR BEULAH LAND.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

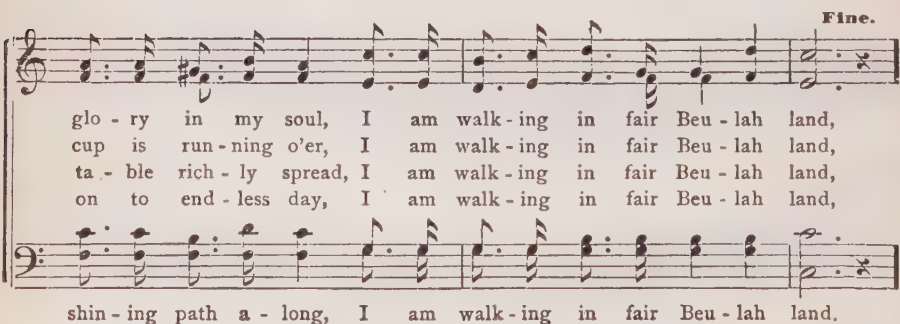


1. I am hap - py in the Lord, I am trust - ing in his word, I am
 2. Je - sus leads me, I am blest, In his love I sweet - ly rest, I am
 3. In this land of rich sup - plies Bread is found that sat - is - fies, I am
 4. O this gar - den of de - lights, O the joys up - on these heights, I am



walk - ing in fair Beu - lah land; Since my Sav - iour made me whole There is
 walk - ing in fair Beu - lah land; Yes, I love him more and more, And my
 walk - ing in fair Beu - lah land; Hal - le - lu - jah, I am fed At the
 walk - ing in fair Beu - lah land; Bright - er grows the gold - en way, Lead - ing

D. S. In my heart's a joy - ful song, All the



Fine.
 glo - ry in my soul, I am walk - ing in fair Beu - lah land,
 cup is run - ning o'er, I am walk - ing in fair Beu - lah land,
 ta - ble rich - ly spread, I am walk - ing in fair Beu - lah land,
 on to end - less day, I am walk - ing in fair Beu - lah land,

shin - ing path a - long, I am walk - ing in fair Beu - lah land.

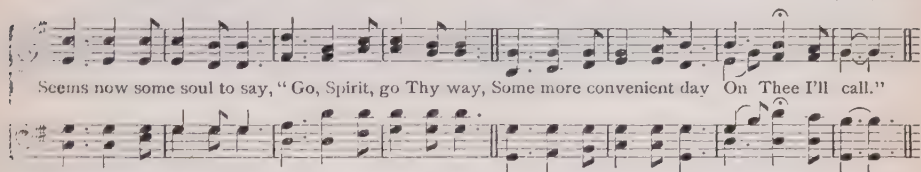
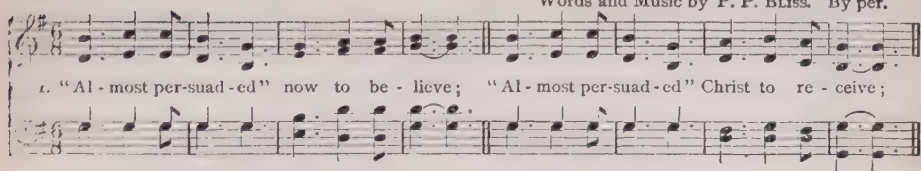


D. S.
 Walk - ing in fair Beu - lah land, I am walk - ing in fair Beu - lah land.
 Walk - ing in fair Beu - lah land, I am walking in fair Beu lah land.

ALMOST PERSUADED.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss. By per.



2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
 "Almost persuaded," turn not away;
 Jesus invites you here,
 Angels are ling'ring near,
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear:
 O wanderer, come!

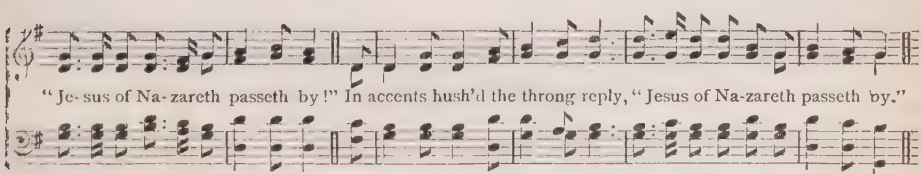
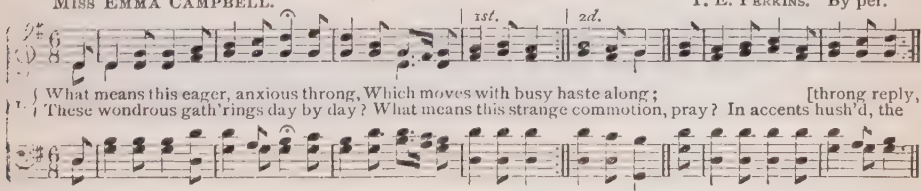
3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past;
 "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last;
 Almost cannot avail,
 Almost is but to fail;
 Sad, sad that bitter wail—
 Almost—but lost.

No. 99.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

Miss EMMA CAMPBELL.

T. E. PERKINS. By per.



2 Who is this Jesus? Why should He
 The city move so mightily?
 A passing stranger, has he skill
 To move the multitude at will?
 ¶: Again the stirring tones reply,
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

3 Jesus! 't is He who once below
 Man's pathway trod 'mid pain and woe;
 And bardened ones, where'er He came,
 Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame;
 ¶: The blind rejoice to hear the cry:
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

4 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come;
 Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
 Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
 Return, accept His proffered grace.
 ¶: Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

5 But if you still this call refuse,
 And all His wondrous love abuse,
 Soon will He sadly from you turn,
 Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
 ¶: "Too late! too late!" will be the cry:
 "Jesus of Nazareth has passed by." :||

CARRIE ELLIS BRECK.

D. B. TOWNER. By per.



1. My sins were laid up - on Je - sus Christ, The Lamb without blemish or stain,
2. "Thy sins are pardoned, go sin no more," Yes, that is the messagedi-vine,
3. My soul, at an - chor no dan - ger feels, Tho' bil - lows of doubt o'er-flow,
4. "In full as - sur - ance of hope" I know There's nothing my soul can harm,



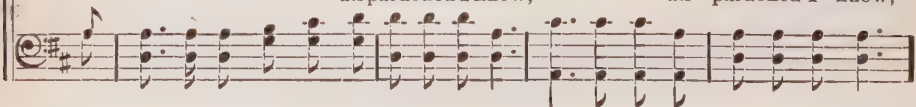
For them my Sav - iour was sac - ri - ficed—An in - no - cent Lamb was slain.
 And all my doubts and my guilt are o'er, In mak - ing that mes - sage mine.
 I know the prom - ise God's word re - veals, 'Tis all that I need to know.
 With Christ be - side me where'er I go, I trust His om - nip - o - tent arm.



CHORUS.




My sins are all pardoned I know, . . . All pardoned I know,
 all pardoned I know, all pardoned I know,



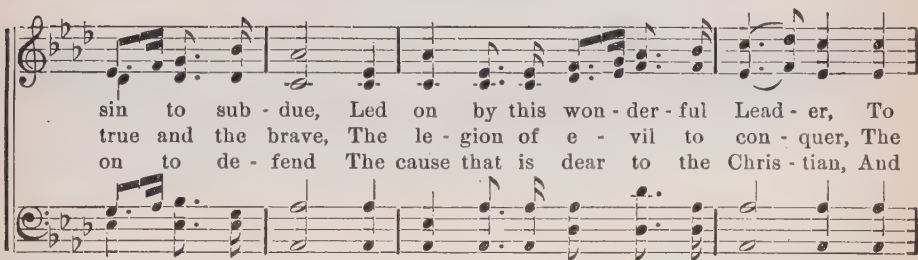
All glo - ry to Je - sus, my cru - ci - fied Lord, My sins are all pardoned I know,
 all pardoned I know.



F. M. D.

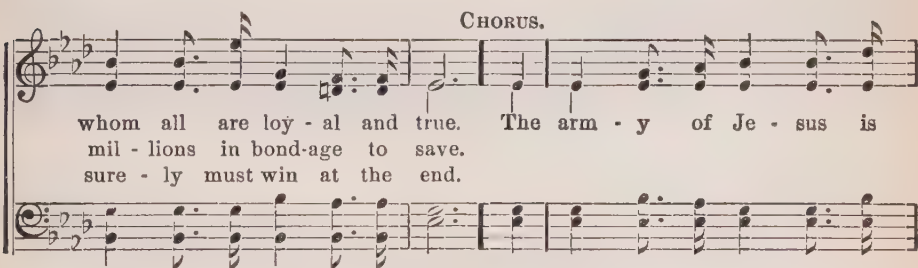


1. The arm - y of Je - sus is march - ing, The strong - holds of
 2. The arm - y of Je - sus is march - ing, The val - iant, the
 3. The arm - y of Je - sus is march - ing, Tri - um - phant - ly



sin to sub - due, Led on by this won - der - ful Lead - er, To
 true and the brave, The le - gion of e - vil to con - quer, The
 on to de - fend The cause that is dear to the Chris - tian, And

CHORUS.



whom all are loy - al and true. The arm - y of Je - sus is
 mil - lions in bond - age to save.
 sure - ly must win at the end.



march - ing, With ban - ner of crim - son un - furled, They march as an



arm - y to vic - t'ry, De - ter - mined to con - quer the world.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

KNOWLES SHAW.

Arr. from G. A. MINER.

I. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow-ing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide

and the dew - y eyes; Wait-ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing,

REFRAIN.
We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves! Bringing in the sheaves! bringing

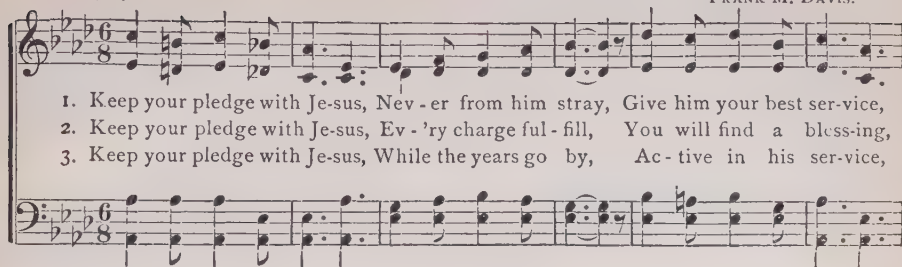
1st time. 2d time. Repeat *pp*
in the sheaves! We shall come re-joicing, bringing in the sheaves! bringing in the sheaves!

- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves!
- 3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves!

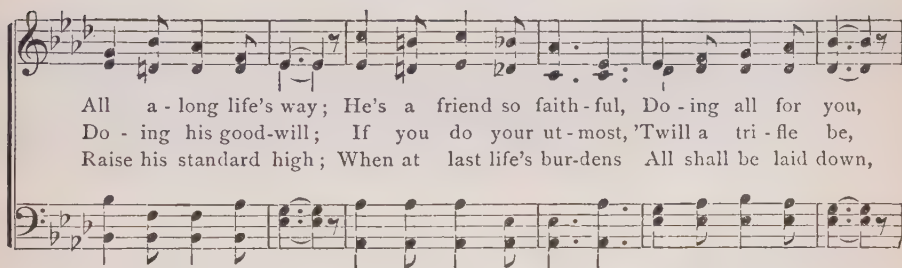
No. 103. KEEP YOUR PLEDGE WITH JESUS.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

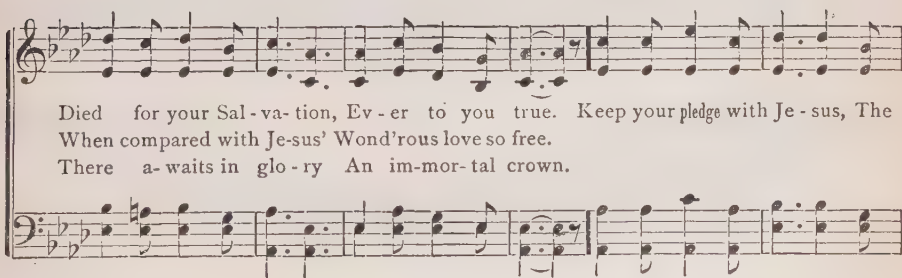


1. Keep your pledge with Je-sus, Nev - er from him stray, Give him your best ser-vice,
 2. Keep your pledge with Je-sus, Ev - 'ry charge ful - fill, You will find a bless-ing,
 3. Keep your pledge with Je-sus, While the years go by, Ac - tive in his ser-vice,

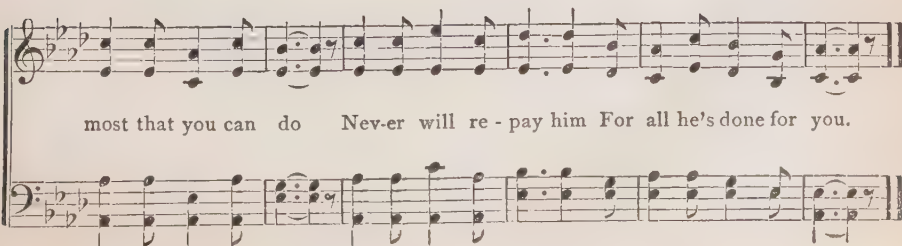


All a - long life's way; He's a friend so faith - ful, Do - ing all for you,
 Do - ing his good-will; If you do your ut - most, 'Twill a tri - fle be,
 Raise his standard high; When at last life's bur - dens All shall be laid down,

CHORUS.



Died for your Sal - va - tion, Ev - er to you true. Keep your pledge with Je - sus, The
 When compared with Je - sus' Wond'rous love so free.
 There a - waits in glo - ry An im - mor - tal crown.



most that you can do Nev - er will re - pay him For all he's done for you.

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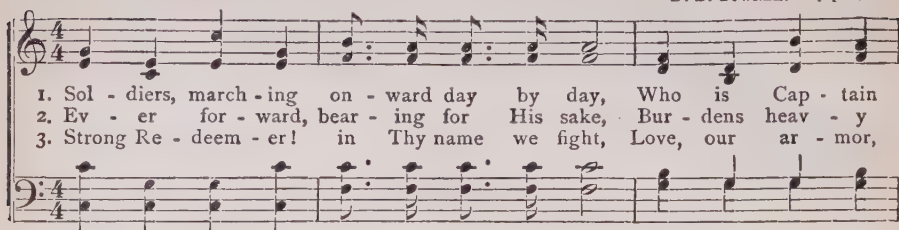
No. 104.

MARCHING ON TO VICTORY.

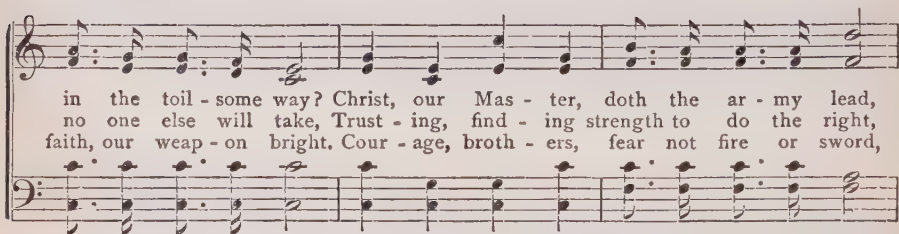
Dedicated to Moody's Battalion, Boys' Brigade, Chicago Ave. Church.

E. H. D.

D. B. TOWNER. By per.

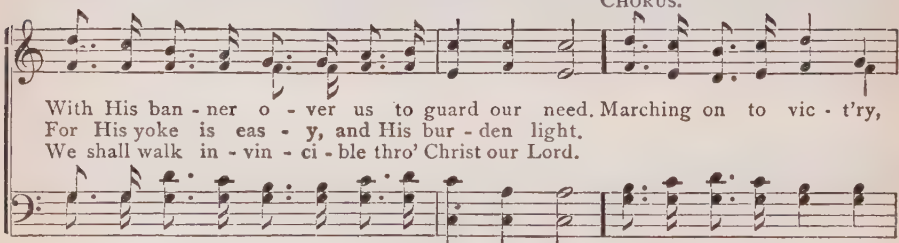


1. Sol - diers, march - ing on - ward day by day, Who is Cap - tain
 2. Ev - er for - ward, bear - ing for His sake, Bur - dens heav - y
 3. Strong Re - deem - er! in Thy name we fight, Love, our ar - mor,

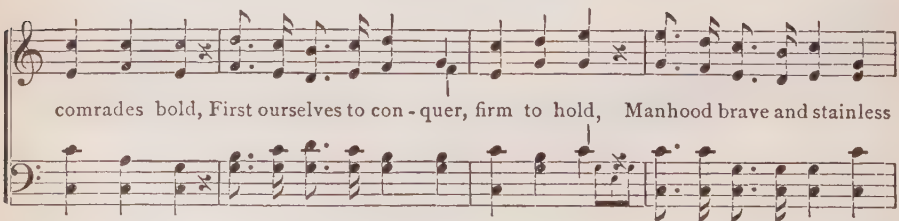


in the toil - some way? Christ, our Mas - ter, doth the ar - my lead,
 no one else will take, Trust - ing, find - ing strength to do the right,
 faith, our weap - on bright, Cour - age, broth - ers, fear not fire or sword,

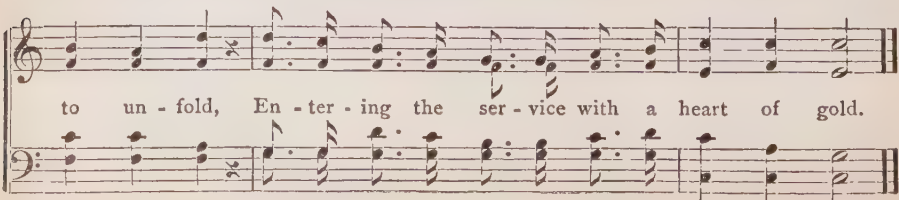
CHORUS.



With His ban - ner o - ver us to guard our need. Marching on to vic - t'ry,
 For His yoke is eas - y, and His bur - den light.
 We shall walk in - vin - ci - ble thro' Christ our Lord.



comrades bold, First ourselves to con - quer, firm to hold, Manhood brave and stainless



to un - fold, En - ter - ing the ser - vice with a heart of gold.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

"The Lord watch between us."

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain; By his counsels guide, up-hold you,

With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain, Till we meet,

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain.

Copyright, 1886, by J. E. Rankin.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings securely hide you;
Daily manna still divide you,
God be with you till we meet again.—CHO.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you;

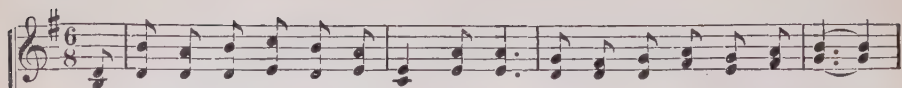
Put his arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.—CHO.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.—CHO.

REV. J. E. RANKIN.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Sweet peace I have found in a Sav - iour's love, Je - sus is all things to me;
2. He cares for me ten - der - ly all the way, Je - sus is all things to me;
3. A guide and a help - er, a faith - ful friend, Je - sus is all things to me;



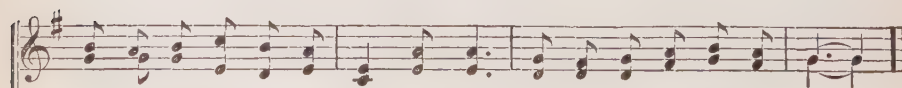
He makes me an heir to His realms a - bove, Je - sus is all things to me.
 He light - ens my bur - den from day to day, Je - sus is all things to me.
 I'll trust and o - bey Him un - til - the end, Je - sus is all things to me.



CHORUS.



All things to me, all things to me, Je - sus is all things to me; Thro'



all of my time and wher - e'er I be, Je - sus is all things to me.



EDWARD MOTE.

W. H. DOANE.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je - sus' blood and righteous-ness;
 2. When darkness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His unchanging grace;
 3. His oath, His cov - e - nant and blood, Support me in the whelming flood;

I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je - sus' name.
 In ev - 'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds within the veil.
 When all a - round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

REFRAIN.

On Christ the Sol - id Rock I stand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

On Christ the Sol - id Rock I stand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on ;

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me

on.... Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see.....

The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me. A - men.

2.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past
years.

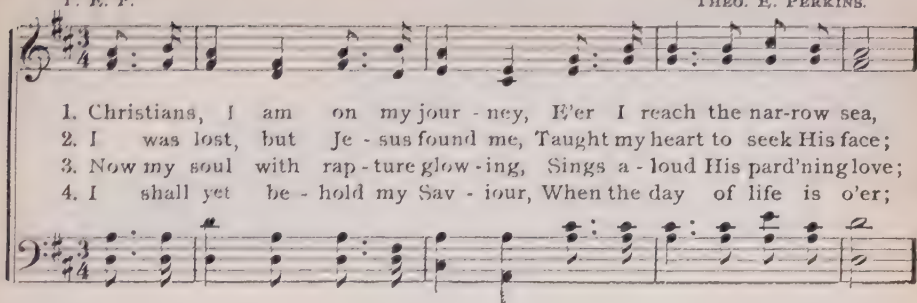
3.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile. Amen.

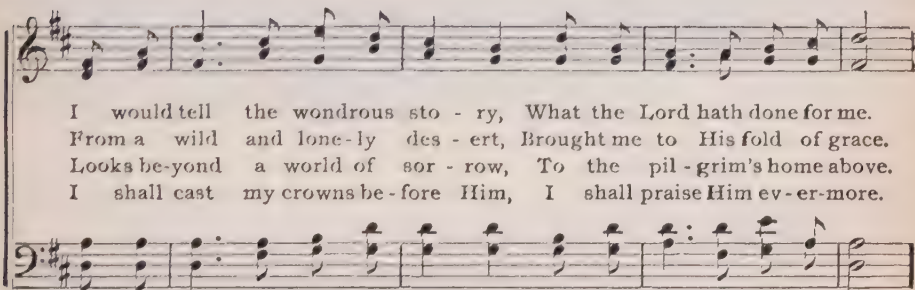
John H. Newman.

T. R. P.

THEO. E. PERKINS.

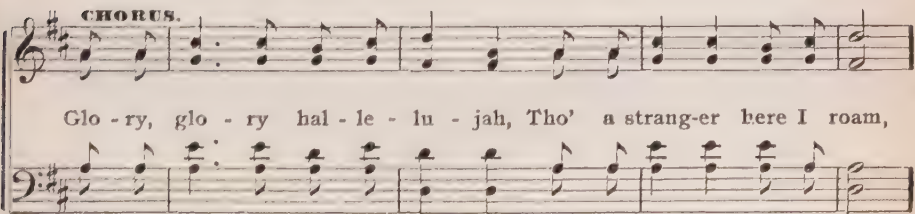


1. Christians, I am on my jour - ney, E'er I reach the nar - row sea,
 2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Taught my heart to seek His face;
 3. Now my soul with rap - ture glow - ing, Sings a - loud His pard'ning love;
 4. I shall yet be - hold my Sav - iour, When the day of life is o'er;

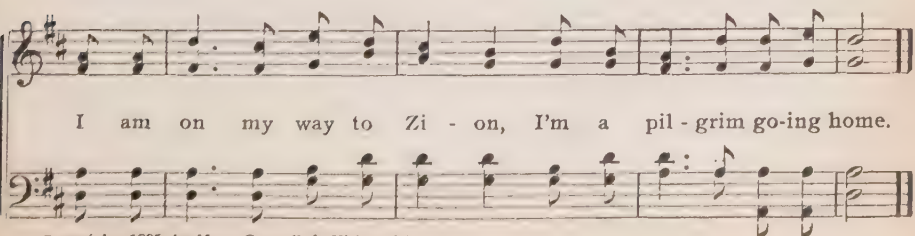


I would tell the wondrous sto - ry, What the Lord hath done for me.
 From a wild and lone - ly des - ert, Brought me to His fold of grace.
 Looks be - yond a world of sor - row, To the pil - grim's home above.
 I shall cast my crowns be - fore Him, I shall praise Him ev - er - more.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Tho' a strang - er here I roam,



I am on my way to Zi - on, I'm a pil - grim go - ing home.

No. 110.

JESUS ONLY.

M. E. L.

Matthew 17: 18.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. "Je-sus only" would we see, When our foes deride us; Tho' the world condemn, we find
 2. "Je-sus on-ly" would we trust, Others may de-ceive us; He has promised in His word
 3. "Je-sus only" would we know, All our hearts He knoweth; Ev-er in His steps we'll go,
 4. "Je-sus on-ly" would we serve, Faith-ful-ly en-deav-or In His cause to la-bor on,

Je - sus close be - side us; Looking un - to Him, we're safe, He'll forgive and guide us.
 He will nev - er leave us; Safe in - to His home of rest, He'll at last re - ceive us.
 As the way He showeth; Knowing Him, with joy our heart constantly o'er - flow - eth.
 Shrink from du - ty nev - er; Those who to the end en - dure, Rest with God for - ev - er.

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No. 111.

WORDS OF HEARTFELT PRAYER.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

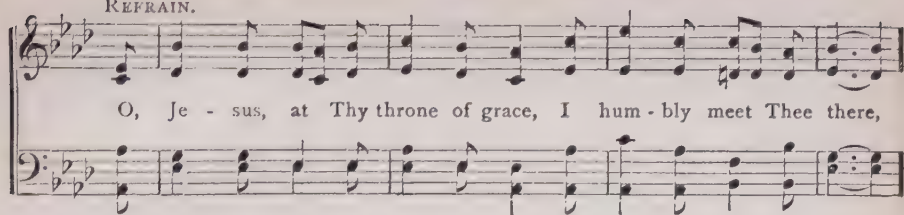
1. I have a friend to whom I go, Who will my sor - rows share,
 2. I find it here, a sweet re - lease, From all my tri - als, care,
 3. He crowns my days with blessings rich, And helps my bur - dens bear,

I hold com - mun - ion sweet with Him, In words of heart - felt prayer.
 When up - ward my pe - ti - tions rise, In words of heart - felt prayer.
 When earn - est - ly I go to Him, In words of heart - felt prayer.

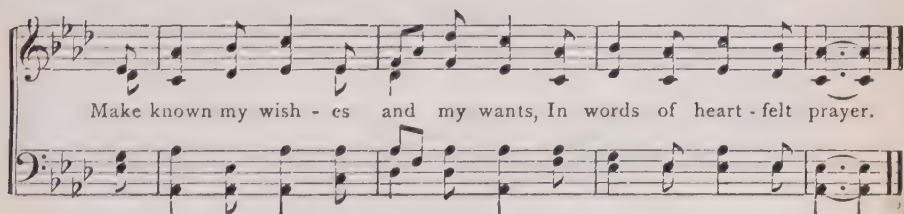
Copyright, 1895, by Frank M. Davis.

WORDS OF HEARTFELT PRAYER. Concluded.

REFRAIN.



O, Je - sus, at Thy throne of grace, I hum - bly meet Thee there,



Make known my wish - es and my wants, In words of heart - felt prayer.

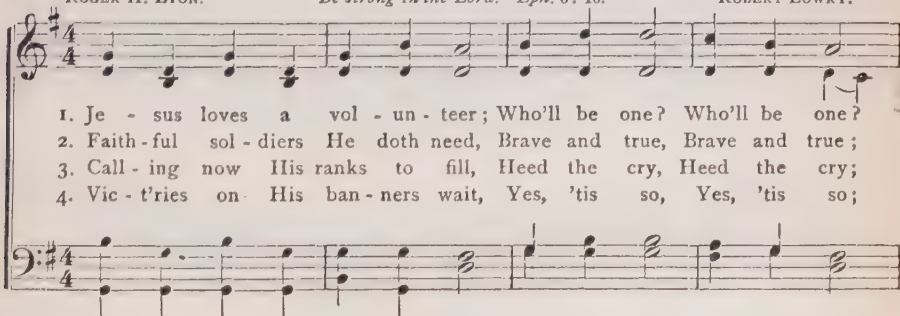
No. 112.

JESUS LOVES A VOLUNTEER.

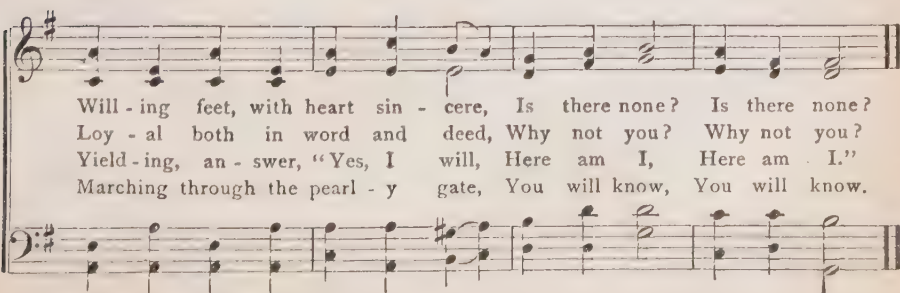
ROGER H. LYON.

Be strong in the Lord.—Eph. 6: 10.

ROBERT LOWRY.



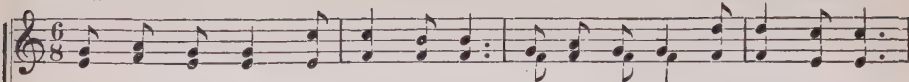
1. Je - sus loves a vol - un - teer; Who'll be one? Who'll be one?
 2. Faith - ful sol - diers He doth need, Brave and true, Brave and true;
 3. Call - ing now His ranks to fill, Heed the cry, Heed the cry;
 4. Vic - t'ries on His ban - ners wait, Yes, 'tis so, Yes, 'tis so;



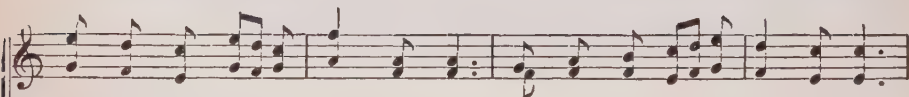
Will - ing feet, with heart sin - cere, Is there none? Is there none?
 Loy - al both in word and deed, Why not you? Why not you?
 Yield - ing, an - swer, "Yes, I will, Here am I, Here am I."
 Marching through the pearl - y gate, You will know, You will know.

T. E. P.

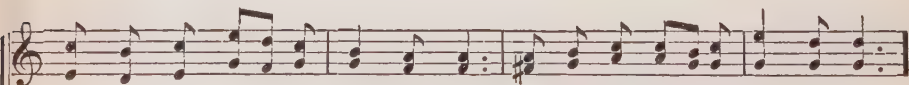
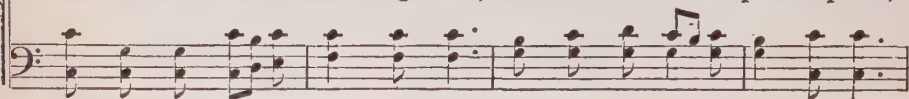
THEO. E. PERKINS.



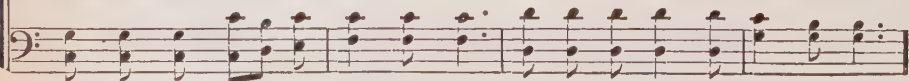
1. Beau - ti - ful Zi - on built a - bove, Beau - ti - ful Cit - y that I love ;
 2. Beau - ti - ful heav'n, where all is bright, Beau - ti - ful angels, clothed in white ;
 3. Beau - ti - ful crowns on ev - 'ry brow, Beau - ti - ful palms the conquerors show ;
 4. Beau - ti - ful throne for Christ our King, Beau - ti - ful songs the an - gels sing ;



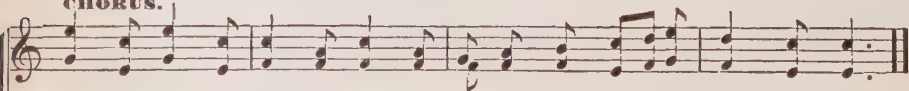
Beau - ti - ful gates of pear - ly white, Beau - ti - ful temple, God its light ;
 Beau - ti - ful strains, that never tire, Beau - ti - ful harps through all the choir !
 Beau - ti - ful robes the ran - somed wear, Beau - ti - ful all who en - ter there ;
 Beau - ti - ful rest—all wand'ring cease, Beau - ti - ful home of per - fect peace ;



He who was slain on Cal - va - ry Opens those pearl-y gates to me.
 There shall I join the cho - rus sweet, Worshiping at the Sav - iour's feet.
 Thither I press with eag - er feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet.
 There shall my eyes the Sav - iour see, Hasten to His heav'nly home with me.



CHORUS.



Zi - on, Zi - on, love - ly Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful Cit - y of our God.



No. 114. I AM SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATE.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."

Rev. JOHN PARKER.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. I am now a child of God, For I'm wash'd in Je - sus' blood, I am
2. O, the bless - ed Lord of light, I have loved Him with my might: Now His

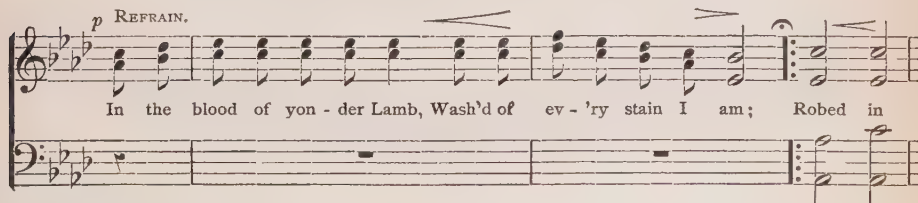


watching, and I'm long - ing while I wait; Soon on wings of love to fly To my
arms en - fold and com - fort while I wait; I am lean - ing on His breast, O, the



home be - yond the sky, To my wel - come, as I'm sweep - ing through the gate.
sweet - ness of His rest, And I'm think - ing of my sweep - ing through the gate.

p REFRAIN.



In the blood of yon - der Lamb, Wash'd of ev - 'ry stain I am; Robed in

f



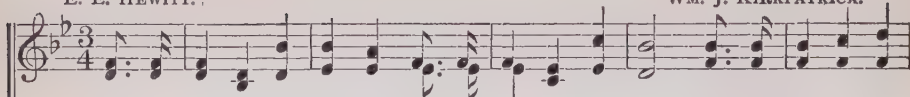
white - ness, clad in bright - ness, I am sweep - ing through the gate. *Repeat pp*

3 I am sweeping through the gate
Where the blessed for me wait,
Where the weary workers rest for evermore;
Where the strife of earth is done,
And the crown of life is won:
Oh, I'm thinking of the city while I soar.

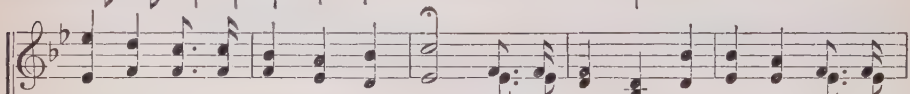
4 Burst are all my prison bars;
And I soar beyond the stars,
To my Father's house, the bright and blest estate.
Lo! the morn eternal breaks,
And the song immortal wakes!
Robed in whiteness, I am sweeping thro' the gate.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. There's a won-der-ful Tem-ple, where the songs nev-er cease, In the cit-y of
2. O the ju-bi-lant an-thems swell-ing there ev-er-more, Like the sound of great
3. Help us do Thy good pleasure, help us hon-or Thee now, Till we stand in Thy
4. Praise to Thee, God our Fa-ther, praise to Thee, gracious Son, Praise to Thee, Ho-ly



Zi-on, in the king-dom of peace, 'Tis ef-ful-gent with glo-ry for the
wa-ters as they break on the shore, Sweet ho-san-nas re-ech-o to the
pres-ence, with Thy name on each brow; We shall wear Thy blest like-ness in that
Spir-it, O Thou blest Three in One, Thine, all power and do-min-ion, Thine, all



Lamb is its light, And the saints of all a-ges in His prais-es u-nite.
Lamb who was slain, Un-to Him who hath loved us, and hath wash'd ev'-ry stain.
Tem-ple a-bove, And no sor-row shall min-gle with its ser-vice of love.
bless-ing and might, In the land ev-er-last-ing, in the Tem-ple of light.



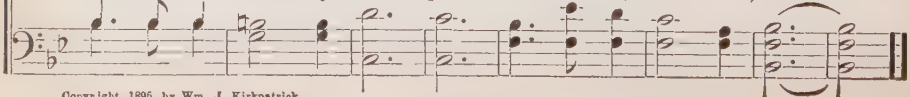
CHORUS.

mp

Won-der-ful Heaven-ly Tem-ple, Beau-ti-ful, bright, and fair.



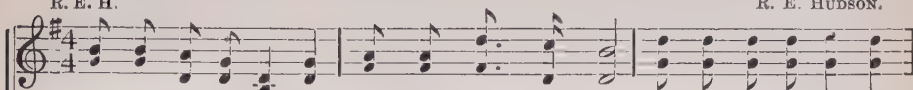
Won-der-ful Heaven-ly Tem-ple, Gath-er us, Sav-iour, there.




Respectfully dedicated to the Christian Endeavors and Epworth Leagues.

R. E. H.

R. E. HUDSON.




1. Looking un-to Je-sus, He a-lone can save: Looking un-to Je-sus,
 2. Looking un-to Je-sus, In temp-ta-tion's hour, Looking un-to Je-sus,
 3. Looking un-to Je-sus, Filled with love di-vine, Looking un-to Je-sus,
 4. Looking un-to Je-sus, Soon He'll call thee home, Looking un-to Je-sus,

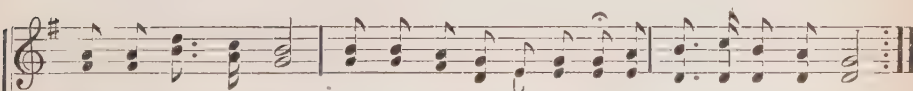


He will make you brave, Brave to tell the sto-ry, Brave for Him to stand,
 Trust-ing in His pow'r: Lift-ing up the fall-en, Brave for Him to stand,
 Trust-ing all the time: Lift-ing up the low-ly, For Him bravely stand,
 Hear Him say "well done." Tell of full sal-va-tion, For Him bravely stand,

CHORUS.



Brave to help the need-y one, Do-ing what you can. Do your best for Jesus,
 Brave to help the wea-ry one, Do-ing what you can.
 Lead some wand'ring one to Him, Do-ing what you can.
 Fight the fight of faith, and win, Do-ing what you can.



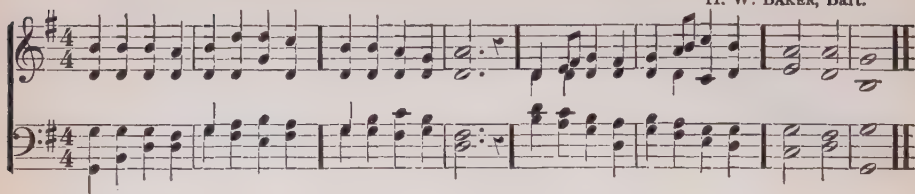
For Him brave-ly stand, Let your mot-to ev-er be, I'll do the best I can.

No. 117.

ART THOU WEARY? 8,5,8,3.

"This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest."

H. W. BAKER, Bart.



1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distrest?
 "Come to me," saith One, "and coming
 Be at rest!"

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my guide?
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
 And His side."

3 Hath He diadem as monarch
 That His brow adorns?
 "Yea, a crown, in very surety,
 But of thorns!"

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
 What His guerdon here?
 "Many a sorrow, many a labor,
 Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last?
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 Jordan past."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
 "Not till earth, and not till heaven
 Pass away."

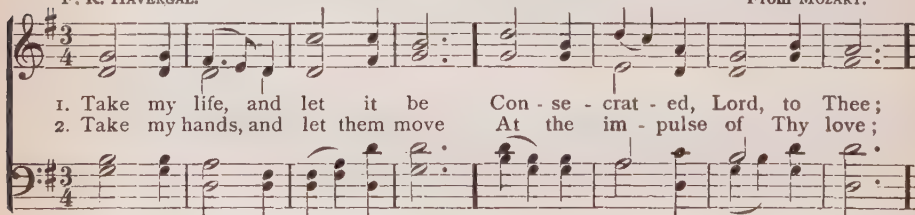
No. 118.

CONSECRATION HYMN.

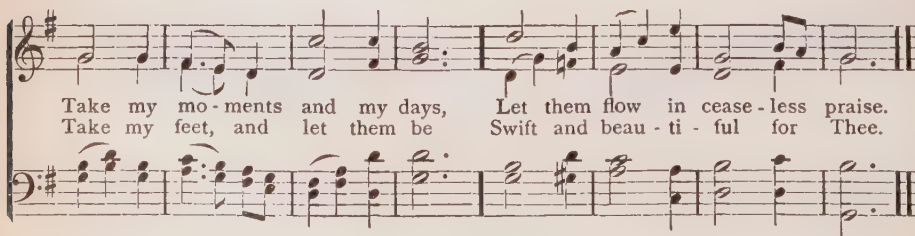
F. R. HAVERGAL.

"Neither count I my life dear unto myself."

From MOZART.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love;



Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
 Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing
 Always, only, for my King;
 Take my lips, and let them be
 Filled with messages from Thee.
 4 Take my silver and my gold;
 Not a mite would I withhold:
 Take my intellect, and use
 Every power as thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart; it is Thine own,
 It shall be Thy royal throne.
 6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
 At Thy feet its treasure-store;
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, ALL for Thee.

BIRDIE BELL, Arr. by E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell it, for 'tis al - ways new,
 2. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell it, for it is so sweet,
 3. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell it, so I'll ne'er for - get;

Tell me of a Sav - iour's par - don, Tell it, for I know 'tis true;
 Tell me why he came from heav - en, Tell it, ev - 'ry word re - peat;
 Tell me, tho' I oft of - fend Him, Tell it, that He loves me yet;

Tell me how He died for sin - ners, Tell it to me o'er and o'er,
 Tell me, 'tis my on - ly com - fort, Tell it, for I love it so,
 Tell me when in deep - est sor - row, Tell it, He will be my stay,

For I am long ing to hear it, Long ing for it more and more.
 And I will tell it to oth - ers, Tell it ev - 'ry - where I go.
 And by and by in glo - ry I shall reign with Him for aye.

D. S. For I am long - ing to hear it, Long ing for it more and more.

CHORUS.


Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell it to me o'er and o'er.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.


WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.




1. Once more with joy as - sem - bled, We greet this hap - py day,
 2. Tho' time and space di - vide us, Our hearts are true and strong,
 3. In fel - low-ship un - fail - ing, What-e'er the years may give,



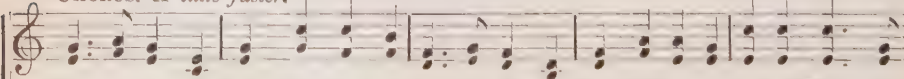
To heav'n our songs up - ris - ing, Our grate - ful love con - vey,
 And hail these joy - ous mo - ments With glad re - sound - ing song!
 We'll pledge our - selves for - ev - er For God and man to live!



To Him who rules for - ev - er, The earth and seas and skies,
 The ties that bind us close - ly, Re - sist the ills of life,
 Then we'll pass on with cour - age, To join a hap - pier throng,



In cho - rus glad as - cend - ing, Our songs of joy a - rise!
 And pur - er grow, and strong - er, For ev - 'ry care and strife!
 In high - er ranks as - sem - bled To sing a no bler song!

CHORUS. *A little faster.*


Glo - ry, hon - or, praise and pow - er, Be un - to the Lamb for - ev - er, Je - sus Christ is

ONCE MORE WITH JOY ASSEMBLED. Concluded.



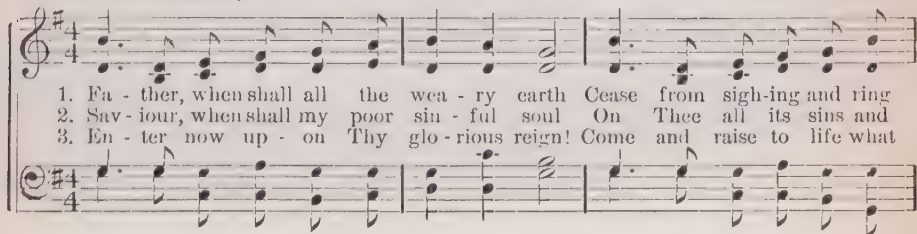
our Re-deem-er, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, Praise ye the Lord!

No. 121.

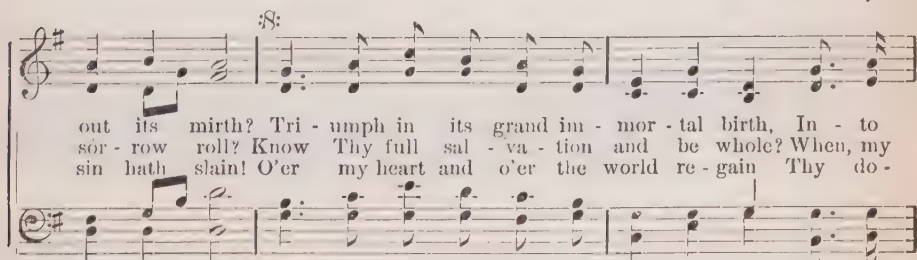
CHRIST IS COMING.

Rev. DENIS WORTMAN, D. D.

THEO. E. PERKINS.



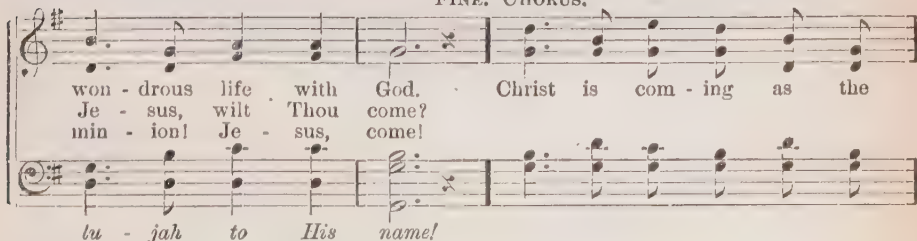
1. Fa-ther, when shall all the wea-ry earth Cease from sigh-ing and ring
2. Sav-iour, when shall my poor sin-ful soul On Thee all its sins and
3. En-ter now up-on Thy glo-rious reign! Come and raise to life what



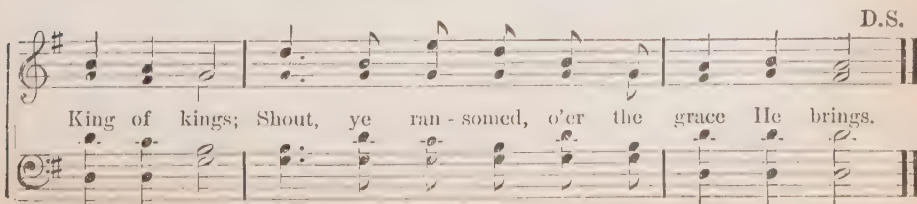
out its mirth? Tri-umph in its grand im-mor-tal birth, In-to
sor-row roll? Know Thy full sal-va-tion and be whole? When, my
sin hath slain! O'er my heart and o'er the world re-gain Thy do-

D. S. Hark! the whole earth with the wel-come rings, Hal-le-

FINE. CHORUS.



won-drous life with God. Christ is com-ing as the
Je-sus, wilt Thou come?
min-ion! Je-sus, come!
lu-jah to His name!



King of kings; Shout, ye ran-somed, o'er the grace He brings.

No. 122.

EVENING SHADES. 8s & 7s.

D. A. JONES.

1. Si - lent - ly the shades of eve - ning Gath - er round my lone - ly door;

Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me Fac - es I shall see no more.

- 2 O, the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot;
O, the shrouded and the lonely!
In our hearts they perish not.
- 3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend;
They unlinked with earthly trouble,
We still hoping for its end.
- 4 How such holy mem'ries cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair haven
We may hope to gain at last.

No. 123. Gentle Promptings.

- 1 Listen to the gentle promptings
Of the Spirit's warning voice,
Can ye heed His solemn warnings?
Can ye slight His wondrous grace?
- 2 Sweetly calling on the erring,
Pardons offered without price;
Come, and round the altar kneeling,
O receive the offered grace.
- 3 Joy and hope the troubled conscience
Will allay with soothing peace;
Press we then to realms of glory,
Run with joy the heavenly race.

No. 124.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s, 6 lines.

"But the Lord is my defence, and my God is the rock of my refuge."

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

Fine.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D. C. Be of sin the per - fect cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,

- 2 Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
This for sin could ne'er atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.—*Topлады.*

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We're marching to a land a - bove, King Je - sus goes be - fore us;
 2. He leads us where we may find rest, When we at times are wea - ry;
 3. We will not fear while He is near, In face of sin and sor - row;
 4. Our pil-grim-age will soon be o'er, Tho' filled with ev - 'ry dan - ger;

"His ban - ner o - ver us is love," Ho - san - na is our cho - rus.
 He folds us to His lov - ing breast, When dark the road and drea - ry.
 He speaks to us kind words of cheer, We trust Him for the mor - row.
 But o - ver on the gold - en shore, We will not be a stran - ger.

CHORUS.

March - ing a - long with joy - ful song, Feed - ing up - on the man - na;

We shout and sing to Christ our King, Ho - san - na, glad ho - san - na!

No. 126.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

"And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life."

PHILIP PHILLIPS, from "Singing Pilgrim."

I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way

home of the soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the

years of e-ter-ni-ty roll. roll. While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.

2 O that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
||: Between the fair city and me. :||

3 There the great tree of life in its beauty doth grow,
And the river of life floweth by;
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
||: And nothing that maketh a lie; :||

4 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
||: And He holdeth our crowns in His hands. :||

5 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
||: To meet one another again. :||

Gates.

No. 127.

THE GLORY LAND.

1 FAR from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

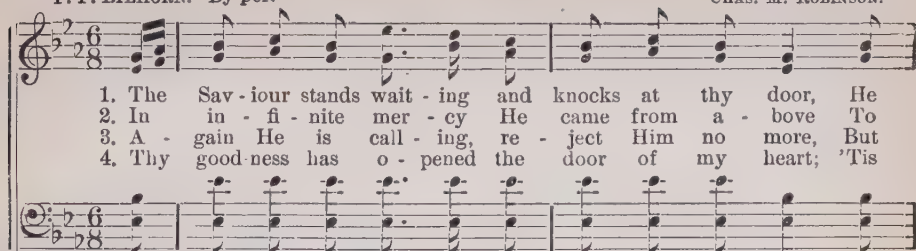
3 No cloud those regions know,—
Realms ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 O may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above. Steele.

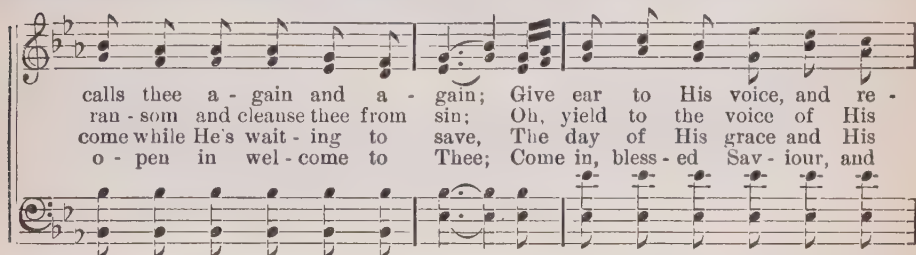
S. M.

P. P. BILHORN. By per.

CHAS. M. ROBINSON.



1. The Sav - iour stands wait - ing and knocks at thy door, He
 2. In in - fi - nite mer - cy He came from a - bove To
 3. A - gain He is call - ing, re - ject Him no more, But
 4. Thy good - ness has o - pened the door of my heart; 'Tis

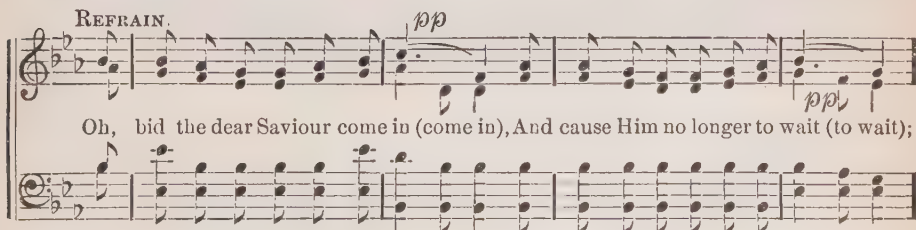


calls thee a - gain and a - gain; Give ear to His voice, and re -
 ran - som and cleave thee from sin; Oh, yield to the voice of His
 come while He's wait - ing to save, The day of His grace and His
 o - pen in wel - come to Thee; Come in, bless - ed Sav - iour, and

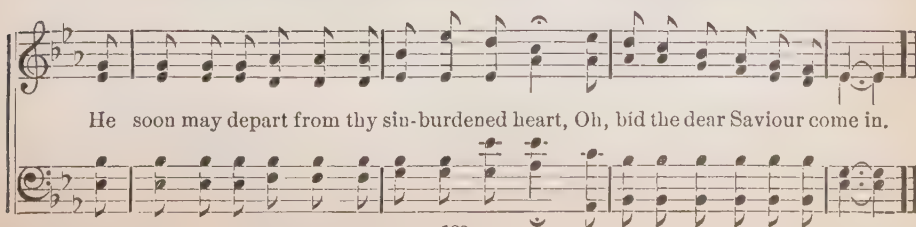


ject Him no more, Nor let Him stand plead - ing in vain.
 in - fi - nite love, And let the dear Sav - iour come in.
 mer - cy are o'er, And lost thou art laid in the grave.
 nev - er de - part, Come in with Thy mer - cy to me.

REFRAIN.



Oh, bid the dear Saviour come in (come in), And cause Him no longer to wait (to wait);



He soon may depart from thy sin-burdened heart, Oh, bid the dear Saviour come in.

LYDIA C. BAXTER.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I'm kneeling, Lord, at mercy's gate, With trembling, hope and fear; I've waited long and
 2. None ev - er empty turned away, Who truly sought Thy face; And I, my Saviour,

still I wait, Thy gracious word to hear; Thy precious word has bid me seek The
 come to stay, To seek Thy pard'ning voice; Thy precious blood is all my plea, This

joys Thou hast in store; O Lord, in mercy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door.
 can my soul re - store; O Lord, in mercy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door.

REFRAIN.

Kneel - ing at the door, Kneel - ing at the
 Kneeling at the door, Kneeling at the door, Kneeling at the door,

KNEELING AT THE DOOR. Concluded.

door; O Lord, in mercy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door.
Kneeling at the door;

No. 130.

BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN GRAIN.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER, A. M.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The grain, the grain, 'tis the beautiful grain, That laughs in the breeze with a glad re-frain;
2. The sheaves, the sheaves, from the beautiful sheaves A song is now rustling through all the leaves;
3. The winds of morning are wafting the strain In harmon-y sweet with a glad re-frain;
4. Re-joice, rejoice in the accents of pray'r, With praises to God for His wondrous care;

It gives the world sweetest joy in her pain, And blesses mankind for his toil to gain;
Around, above, and whoev - er receives These gifts from the Lord which His faith perceives;
And nature sings while they gather the grain, From over the valley and hill and plain;
For harvest days and the fields that now wear The robes of this autumn so bright and fair;

This beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beauti-ful gold-en grain.
Find to - kens of love in these beauti-ful gold-en sheaves.
This beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beauti-ful gold-en grain.
And beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beauti-ful gold-en grain.
1, 3, 4. beau-ti-ful grain, beau-ti-ful grain, golden grain.
2. to-kens of love, to-kens of love, golden sheaves.

"The chiefest among ten thousands."

JOHN ZUNDEL.

Andante con moto.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-celling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
D. S. Vis - it us with Thy sal - va-tion,

Fine. *D. S.*

All Thy faithful mercies crown. Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
En - ter every trembling heart,

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive!
Speedily return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave!

3 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 132.

COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

"Waiting to save."

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Come with thy sins to the fountain, Come with thy burden of grief; Bu-ry them deep in its wa-ters,
2. Come as thou art to the fountain, Je-sus is wait-ing for thee; What tho' thy sins are like crimson,

CHORUS.

There thou wilt find a re - lief. Haste thee a-way, why wilt thou stay? Risk not thy soul on a
White as the snow they shall be.

moment's de-lay; Je-sus is wait-ing to save thee, Mer-cy is plead-ing to-day.

Copyright, 1883, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

3 These are the words of the Saviour;
They who repent and believe,
They who are willing to trust Him,
Life at His hand shall receive.
Cho.—Haste thee away, etc.

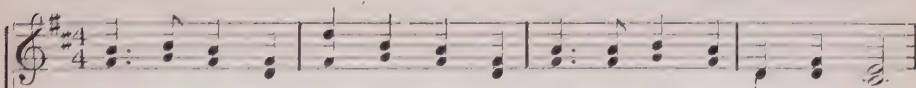
4 Come and be healed at the fountain,
List to the peace-speaking voice;
Over a sinner returning
Now let the angels rejoice.
Cho.—Haste thee away, etc.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

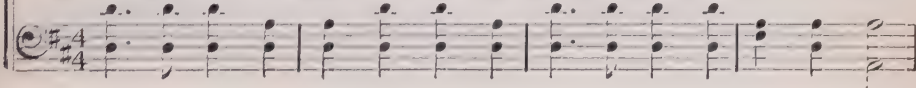
No. 133. DO YOU KNOW THAT WE ARE BUILDING?

E. E. HEWITT.

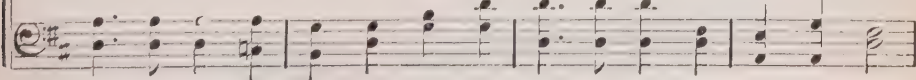
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Do you know that we are build - ing, Not for pass - ing days a lone,
2. Ev - 'ry thought and word and ac - tion Prompt - ed by the Sav - iour's love
3. Let our hearts and hands be yield - ed To the ser - vice of our King,
4. May we al - ways seek His bless - ing, Help, and guid - ance ev - 'ry hour;



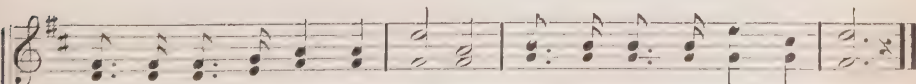
But for ev - er - last - ing a - ges, Christ the liv - ing Cor - ner - Stone?
Is a stone in His fair tem - ple, In Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove,
For His bless - ed grace will hal - low E'en the small - est gift we bring.
Then our work shall be a - bid - ing, Show His glo - ry and His power.



CHORUS.



Building on the sure foun - da - tion, What a joy - ful song we raise!



All our walls shall be "sal - va - tion," All our gates shall ring with "praise."



"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!"

T. C.

T. C. O'KANE.

I. O, sing of Je-sus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal-va-ry, And for a

ran-som shed His blood For you, and e-ven me. I'm re-deemed, . . . I'm re-deemed, I'm re-deemed,

REFRAIN.

deemed, . . . Thro' the blood of the Lamb that was slain, . . . I'm re-deemed, . . . I'm re-deemed, of the Lamb that was slain,

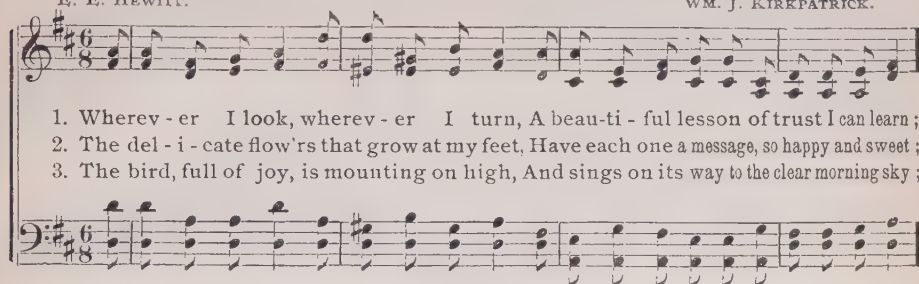
deemed, . . . I'm re-deemed, . . . Hal-le-lu-jah to God and the Lamb! I'm re-deemed, I'm re-deemed,

2 O wondrous power of love divine!
 So pure, so full, so free!
 It reaches out to all mankind,
 Embraces even me.
 I'm redeemed, &c.

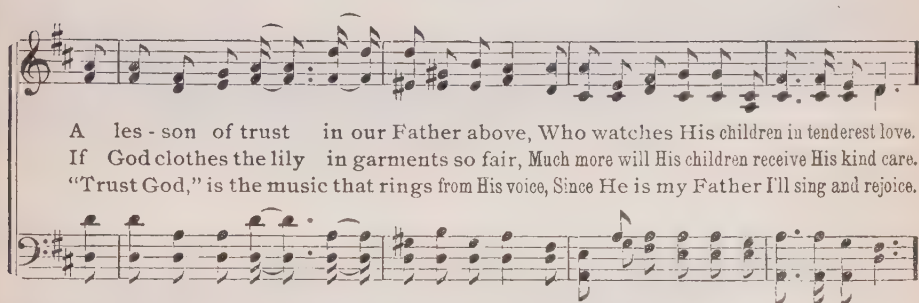
3 All glory now to Christ the Lord,
 And evermore shall be!
 He hath redeemed a world of sin,
 And ransomed even me.
 I'm redeemed, &c.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



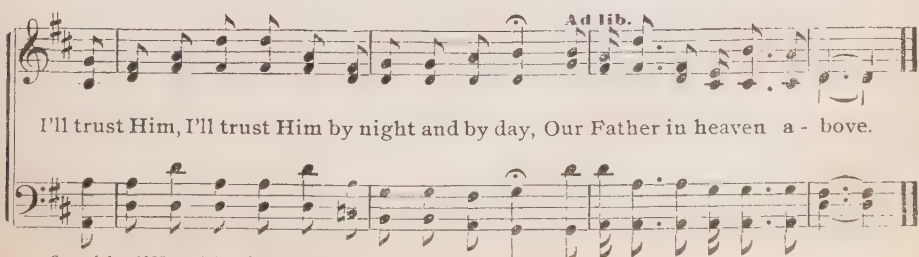
1. Wherev - er I look, wherev - er I turn, A beau - ti - ful lesson of trust I can learn ;
 2. The del - i - cate flow'rs that grow at my feet, Have each one a message, so happy and sweet ;
 3. The bird, full of joy, is mounting on high, And sings on its way to the clear morning sky ;



A les - son of trust in our Father above, Who watches His children in tenderest love.
 If God clothes the lily in garments so fair, Much more will His children receive His kind care.
 "Trust God," is the music that rings from His voice, Since He is my Father I'll sing and rejoice.



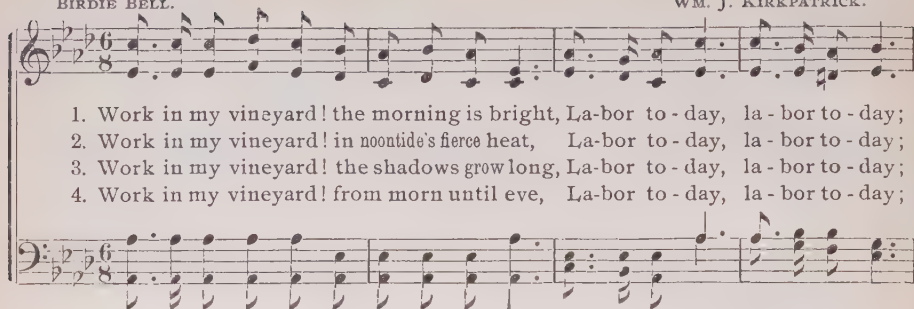
CHORUS.
 Beau - ti - ful, beauti - ful les - sons of trust, Beau - ti - ful les - sons of love ; of love ;



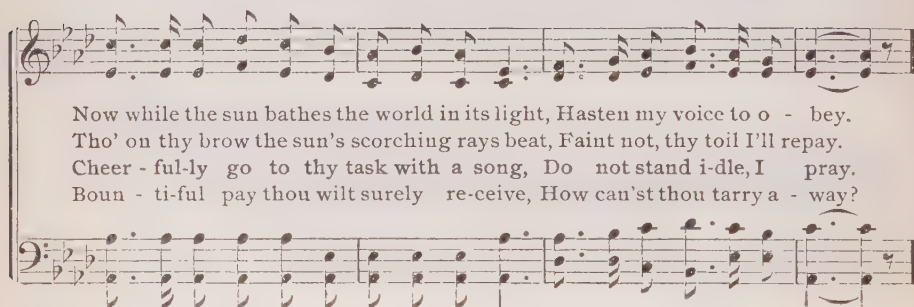
Ad Lib.
 I'll trust Him, I'll trust Him by night and by day, Our Father in heaven a - bove.

BIRDIE BELL.

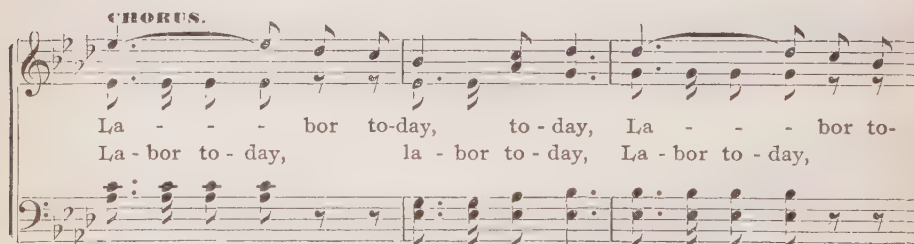
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



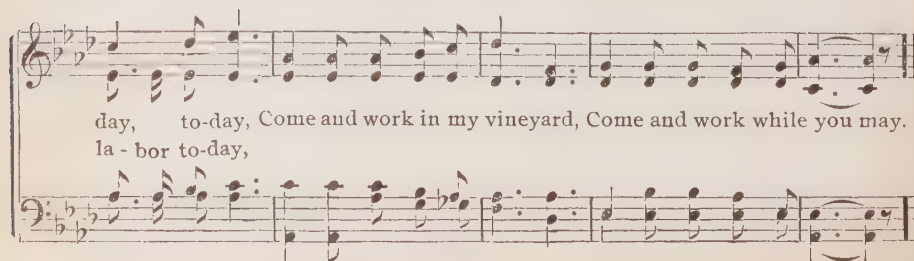
1. Work in my vineyard! the morning is bright, La-bor to-day, la-bor to-day;
 2. Work in my vineyard! in noontide's fierce heat, La-bor to-day, la-bor to-day;
 3. Work in my vineyard! the shadows grow long, La-bor to-day, la-bor to-day;
 4. Work in my vineyard! from morn until eve, La-bor to-day, la-bor to-day;



Now while the sun bathes the world in its light, Hasten my voice to o - bey.
 Tho' on thy brow the sun's scorching rays beat, Faint not, thy toil I'll repay.
 Cheer - ful - ly go to thy task with a song, Do not stand i - dle, I pray.
 Boun - ti - ful pay thou wilt surely re - ceive, How can'st thou tarry a - way?



CHORUS.
 La - - - bor to-day, to-day, La - - - bor to-
 La - bor to-day, la - bor to-day, La - bor to-day,



day, to-day, Come and work in my vineyard, Come and work while you may.
 la - bor to-day,

No. 137.

ETERNITY.

J. W. C.

P. P. BILHORN. By per.

Not too fast.

1. How long sometimes a day ap-pears, And weeks how long are they ;
 2. But months and years are pass - ing by, And soon must all be gone ;
 3. And all of these must have an end— E - ter - ni - ty has none :
 4. E - ter - ni - ty comes on a - pace, The warn - ing cries re - sound !

They move as if the months and years Would nev - er pass a - way.
 For day by day as mo - ments fly, E - ter - ni - ty comes on.
 'Twill al - ways have as long to spend As when at first be - gun.
 Pre - pare, O soul, thou must live on, Oh, where wilt thou be found ?

CHORUS.

E - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty, e -

ter - ni - ty, Thine end can nev - er be ! E - ter - ni - ty, e -

ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty, How shall it be with thee ?

S. O. MALLEY CLUFF.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray."

IRA D. SANKEY. By per.

1. I have a Sav-iour, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear lov - ing Sav-iour, tho'

earth-friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der-ness o'er me, And

f CHORUS.
O that my Sav-iour were your Sav-iour too! For you I am pray - ing, For

p *f* *pp* *rall.*
you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

- 2 I have a Father; to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon He will call me to meet Him in heaven;
But O, may He lead you to go with me too!—*Cho.*
- 3 I have a robe; 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
O, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!—*Cho.*
- 4 I have a peace; it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And O, could I know it was given to you!—*Cho.*
- 5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!—*Cho.*

No. 139.

OH, BRING THEM TO JESUS!

BIRDIE BELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, bring them to Je - sus! the wayworn, the weary, The Saviour hath said, come to
 2. Oh, bring them to Je - sus! the sad and afflict - ed, The souls who are mourning the
 3. Oh, bring them to Je - sus! the wretched, the erring; Lost prodigals, far from their
 4. Oh, bring them to Je - sus! the dwellers in darkness, Yes, lead them from gloom unto

me and find rest; A par - don for sin - ners, and love for the lonely, And
 loved they have lost; He tender - ly binds up the hearts that are broken, And
 Fa - ther's a - bode; For why should they perish 'neath sin's heavy burden When
 Him the True Light; For He is the Sun whose al - might - y ef - fulgence Will

D. S. died to redeem them, He's

FINE. CHORUS.
 comfort and strength for the faint and oppressed. Oh, bring them to Jesus! Oh, bring them to
 of - fers a ref - uge to those tempest - tossed.
 He is so will - ing to car - ry their load?
 scat - ter the shadows of sin's dis - mal night.

waiting to welcome the sin - la - den one.

D. S.
 Je - sus! Bright crowns for the faithful when labor is done, Oh, bring them to Jesus; He

C. H. PAYNE, D.D., LL.D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O price-less Wis - dom, thy true worth Ex - ceeds the rich - est gifts of earth ;
2. More prec - ious far than ru - bies bright And all the things that most de - light,
3. A tree of life to all thou art Who seek thee with a per - fect heart ;
4. Happy through all life's dark - est days Are they who walk in Wisdom's ways ;



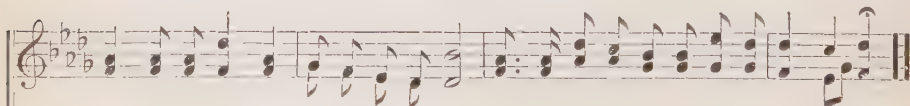
Thy price hath nev - er yet been told In sil - ver or in glit - t'ring gold.
 Are thy rich jew - els, pure and fair ; No gems of earth with them com - pare.
 All fruit of bless - ing thou dost bear, All pleasures and all treas - ures rare.
 Hap - py when earth's last foe they meet, Hap - py when Heav'n's fair morn they greet.



CHORUS.



O priceless Wisdom, guide me all my way, Till the darkness endeth in the per - fect day ;



O priceless Wisdom, guide me all my way, Till the darkness endeth in the perfect day.



"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Pray, brethren, pray, The sands are fall-ing; Pray, brethren, pray, God's
2. Praise, brethren, praise, The skies are rend-ing; Praise, brethren, praise, The

voice is call-ing; Yon tur-ret strikes the dy-ing chime, We kneel up-
fight is end-ing; Be-hold! the glo-ry draw-eth near, The King Him-

on the edge of time. E-ter-ni-ty is draw-ing nigh, E-ter-n-
self will soon ap-pear.

ty, E-ter-ni-ty, E-ter-ni-ty is draw-ing nigh.

- 3 Watch, brethren, watch,
The day is dying;
Watch, brethren, watch,
The time is flying;

Watch as men watch the starting breath,
Watch as men watch for life and death.

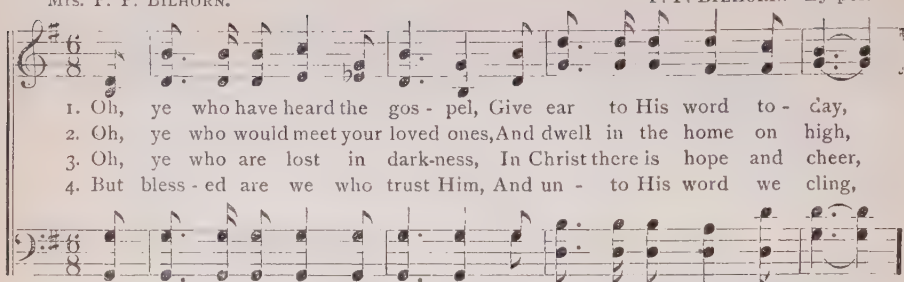
- 4 Look, brethren, look,
The day is breaking;
Hark, brethren, hark,
The dead are waking.

With girded loins all ready stand—
Behold! the Bridegroom is at hand.

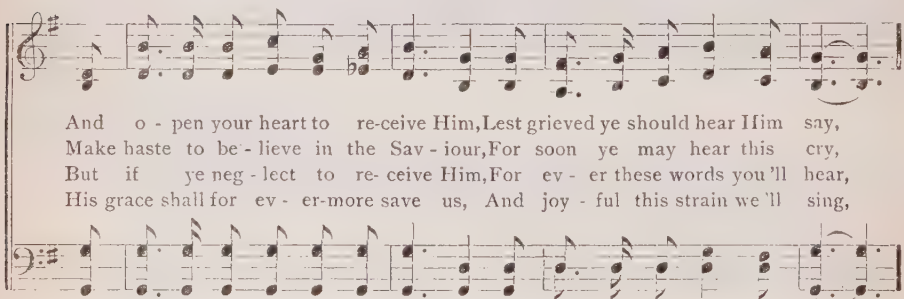
* The next four measures sung in unison are very effective.

Mrs. P. P. BILHORN.

P. P. BILHORN. By per.



1. Oh, ye who have heard the gos - pel, Give ear to His word to - day,
 2. Oh, ye who would meet your loved ones, And dwell in the home on high,
 3. Oh, ye who are lost in dark-ness, In Christ there is hope and cheer,
 4. But bless - ed are we who trust Him, And un - to His word we cling,

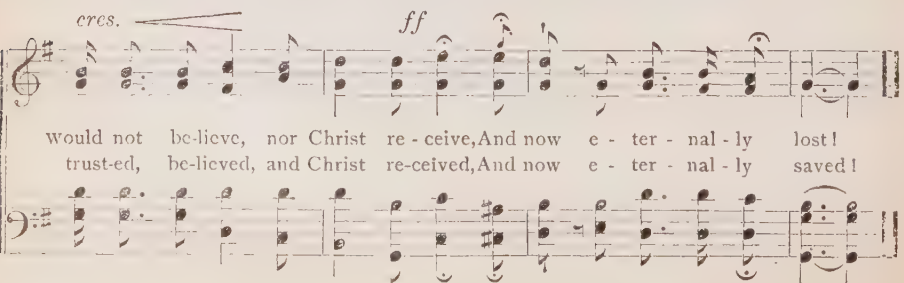


And o - pen your heart to re - ceive Him, Lest grieved ye should hear Him say,
 Make haste to be - lieve in the Sav - iour, For soon ye may hear this cry,
 But if ye neg - lect to re - ceive Him, For ev - er these words you'll hear,
 His grace shall for ev - er - more save us, And joy - ful this strain we'll sing,

CHORUS.



Lost! lost! lost! for ev - er, e - ter - nal - ly lost! Ye
 4th. Saved! saved! saved! for ev - er, e - ter - nal - ly saved! We



would not be - lieve, nor Christ re - ceive, And now e - ter - nal - ly lost!
 trust - ed, be - lieved, and Christ re - ceived, And now e - ter - nal - ly saved!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

THEO. E. PERKINS.

1. Bless-ed Re-deem-er, Gra-cious-ly hear us, Breath-ing de-vo-tion like
 2. Trau-quil-ly fad-ing, Slow-ly de-clin-ing, Twi-ght is pass-ing in

in-cense to Thee, Ten-der-ly shield us, Lov-ing-ly cheer us, Bless-ed Re-beau-ty a-way, Now on Thy bos-om safe-ly re-clin-ing, Teach us our

deem-er, Thy chil-dren are we. While in Thy King-dom an-ge-ls a-Fa-ther, oh teach us to pray. Bless-ed Re-deem-er, leave us, oh

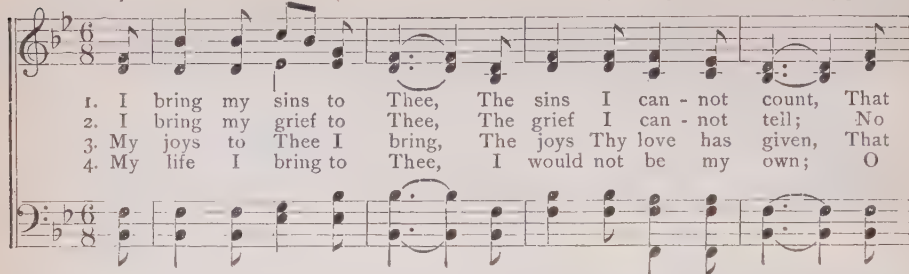
dore Thee, Joy-ful-ly sing-ing, Ev-er be-fore Thee, Grant our pe-nev-er, Till Thou hast brought us O-ver the riv-er, Till we shall

ti-tion, hear! we im-plore Thee, Voic-es now sing-ing prais-es to Thee. praise Thee sing-ing for ev-er, Je-sus our Sav-iour, Glo-ry to Thee.

I BRING MY SINS TO THEE.

Words by Miss F. R. HAVERGAL.

Music by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



1. I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I can - not count, That
 2. I bring my grief to Thee, The grief I can - not tell; No
 3. My joys to Thee I bring, The joys Thy love has given, That
 4. My life I bring to Thee, I would not be my own; O

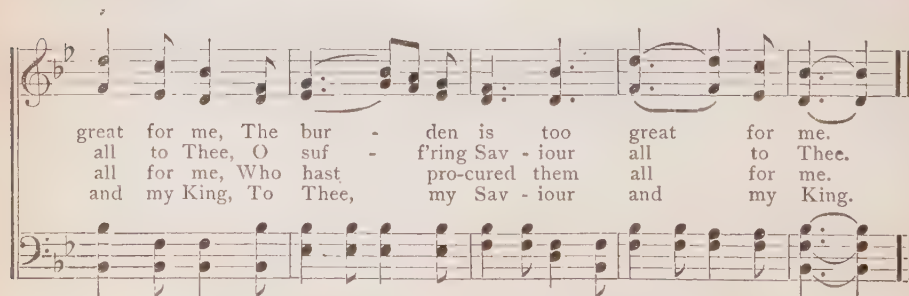


all may cleans - ed be In Thy once o - pened Fount.
 words shall need - ed be, Thou know - est all so well:
 each may be a wing To lift me near - er heaven:
 Sav - iour, let me be Thine ev - er, Thine a - lone:

CHORUS.

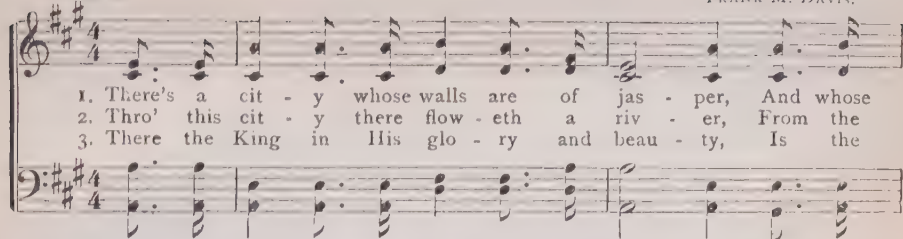


I bring them, Sav - iour, all to Thee, The bur - den is too
 I bring the sor - row laid on me, O suf - f'ring Sav - iour,
 I bring them, Sav - iour, all to Thee, Who hast pro - cured them
 My heart, my life, my all I bring, To Thee, my Sav - iour,

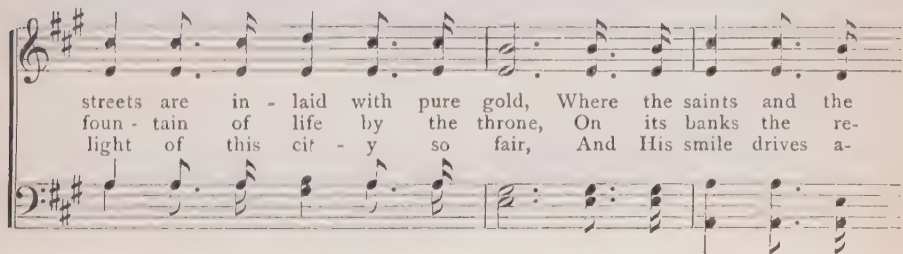


great for me, The bur - den is too great for me.
 all to Thee, O suf - f'ring Sav - iour all to Thee.
 all for me, Who hast pro - cured them all for me.
 and my King, To Thee, my Sav - iour and my King.

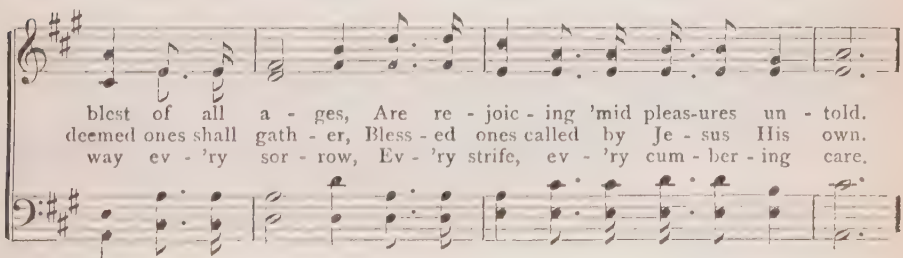
1. The bur - den is too great for me, too great, too great for me.
2. O suf - f'ring Sav - iour, all to Thee, O Sav - iour, all to Thee.
3. Who hast pro - cured them all for me, Procured them all for me.
4. To Thee, my Sav - iour and my King, My Sav - iour and my King,



1. There's a cit - y whose walls are of jas - per, And whose
 2. Thro' this cit - y there flow - eth a riv - er, From the
 3. There the King in His glo - ry and beau - ty, Is the

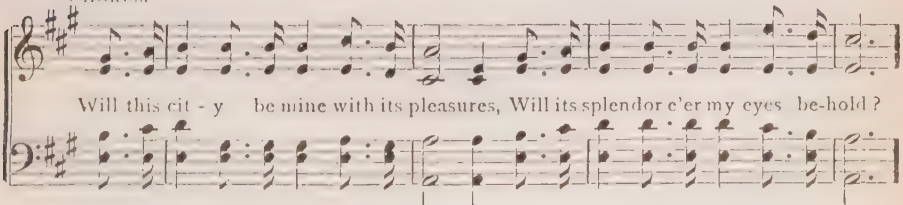


streets are in - laid with pure gold, Where the saints and the
 foun - tain of life by the throne, On its banks the re-
 light of this cit - y so fair, And His smile drives a-

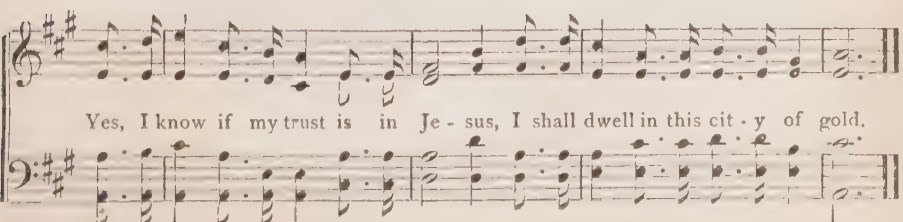


blest of all a - ges, Are re - joic - ing 'mid pleas - ures un - told.
 deemed ones shall gath - er, Bless - ed ones called by Je - sus His own.
 way ev - 'ry sor - row, Ev - 'ry strife, ev - 'ry cum - ber - ing care.

CHORUS.



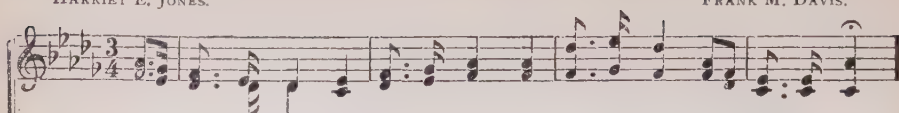
Will this cit - y be mine with its pleasures, Will its splendor e'er my eyes be-hold?



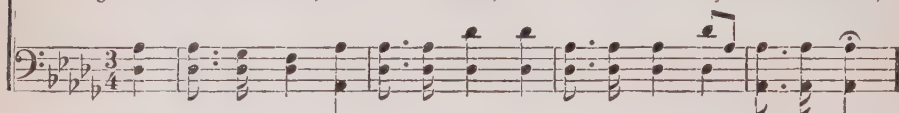
Yes, I know if my trust is in Je - sus, I shall dwell in this cit - y of gold.

HARRIET E. JONES.

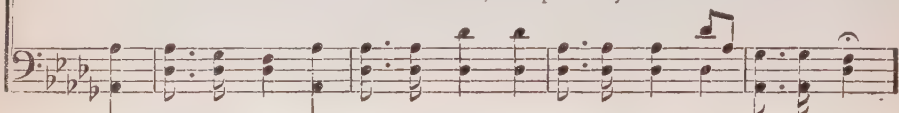
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. 'Tis sweet to dwell in love di - vine, To know that Christ the Lord is mine,
 2. 'Tis sweet to know that day by day, My Sav - iour leads a - long the way,
 3. O love di - vine, O Sav-iour near, How sweet to read my ti - tle clear,



Com - mun - ion with the ho - ly One, Is sure - ly heav'n on earth be - gun.
 An ev - er watch - ful, ten - der guide, More true than all the world be - side.
 To man - sions in the realm a - bove, Pre - pared by Him whose name is love.



CHORUS.



O love di - vine, O joy with - in, That tells me I am cleansed from sin.



O hal - le - lu - jah o - ver there, My name is on the page so fair.



SALEM'S MIGHTY KING.

"Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

PRELUDE AND CHORUS.

Strew the way with palm leaves, To the ho - ly cit - y; Chil - dren in the

tem - ple, Make the arch - es ring; Strew the way with palm leaves, Shout a - loud Ho -

Fine. SOLO—Pastorale.

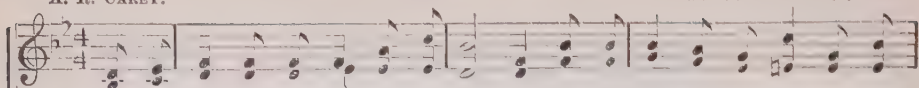
san - na, Bow the knee be - fore Him, Sa - lem's mighty King. 1. He whose smile re-
2. He who touch'd the

flect - ing light, Turn'd to wine the wa - ter bright; He who on the storm - y deep
sa - ble bier, Dried the child-less wid - ow's tear; He who then but gen - tly spoke,

Hush'd the roll - ing waves to sleep; Cleans'd the lep - er by a word, Heal'd the sick, the
And her son to life a - woke; Why re - buke the joy - ous song, Burst - ing from a

D. C.

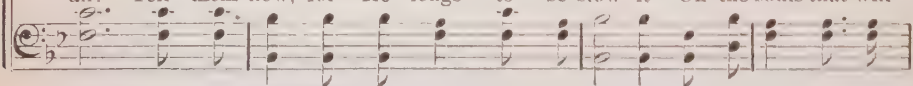
deaf re - stored; He who bless'd the lea - ves, and fed Hun - gry souls with liv - ing bread.
grate - ful throng? Cease to chide the gath - ring crowd, Or the stones will cry a - loud.



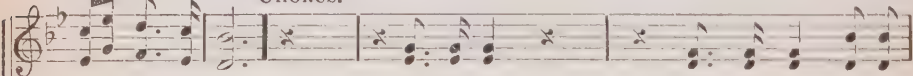
1. Have the mil-lions been told of the ban-quet, That the King in his pal-ace has
2. Have they heard what the King waits to give them? Spread the news, lest the gifts they should
3. Have they heard of the life-bloom in mor-tal? Deathless pleasure for pain He will
4. Do they know how this bounty was purchased, How the blood of the Lamb bought it



spread, Bread of life, flow-ing draughts, that will ev-er Keep all want from the
spurn; Rich pos-ses-sions where naught can in-vade them, If they'll give but their
give, Strength to walk mid the bowers and the fountains, If they'll turn to the
all? Tell them now, for He longs to be-stow it On the souls that will



CHORUS.



souls that are fed?
hearts in re-turn.
Heal-er and live.
fol-low His call.

Send the word,

Send the word, It is

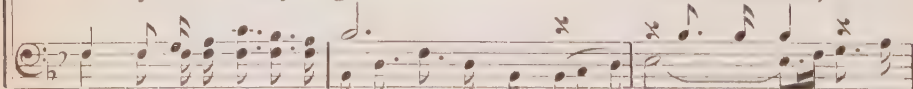


Send the word..... Till the mil-lions have heard, It is



on-ly a lit-tle way to go,

Bid them come,



on-ly a lit-tle way, a lit-tle way to go, Bid them come..... To the



Bid them come Just a-cross where the storms nev-er blow.

Just a-cross where the storms, where the storms nev-er blow.



Rev. S. F. SMITH, D.D.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Joy for the glad-dening news, Its vic - t'ry faith has won. The
 2. Send forth the liv - ing word, Earth with thy glo - ry fill, Till
 3. Prayer - an-swering God, on Thee Our hope, our trust, we call; Our

heath - en hear; they come, they bow, To God's E - ter - nal Son.
 plain to ech - oing plain re - sponds, And hill to ech - oing hill.
 hope, our trust, till earth re - deemed Shall own Thee Lord of all.

REFRAIN.

Still on - ward be Thy march, Al - might - y Thou to save; O'er

Still on - ward be Thy march,

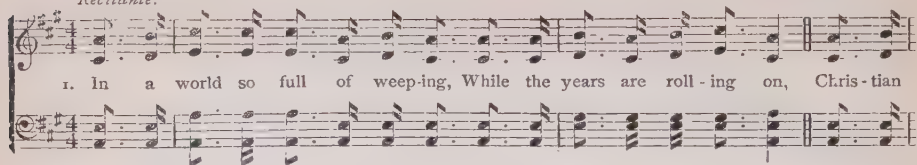
ev - 'ry land, o'er ev - 'ry sea, Thy con - q'ring ban - ner wave.

No. 150. WHILE THE YEARS ARE ROLLING ON.

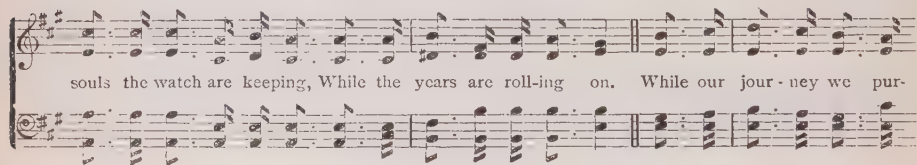
MARINET B. MCKEEVER.

JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

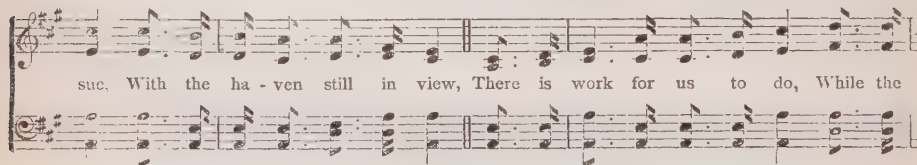
Recitante.



souls the watch are keeping, While the years are roll-ing on. While our jour-ney we pur-

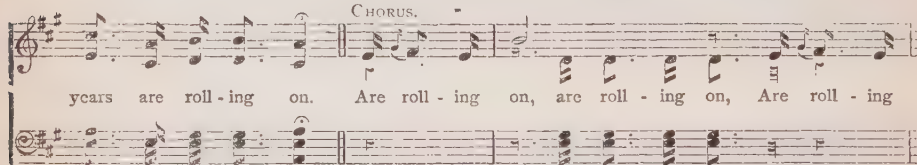


suc. With the ha-ven still in view, There is work for us to do, While the

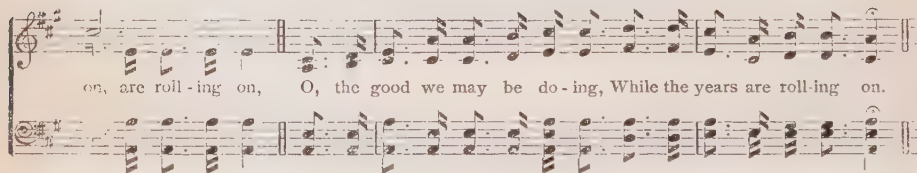


CHORUS.

years are roll-ing on. Are roll-ing on, are roll-ing on, Are roll-ing



on, are roll-ing on, O, the good we may be do-ing, While the years are roll-ing on.



2 There's no time to waste in sighing,
While the years are rolling on;
Time is flying, souls are dying,
While the years are rolling on.
Loving words a soul may win
From the wretched paths of sin;
We may bring the wand'ers in,
While the years are rolling on.—*Cho.*

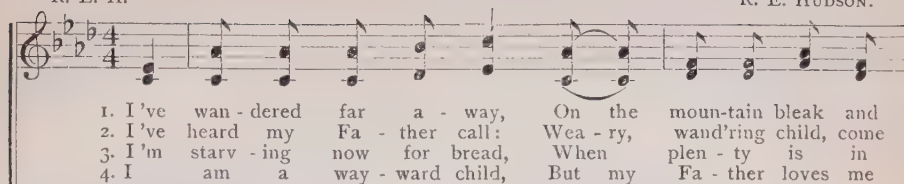
3 Let us strengthen one another,
While the years are rolling on;
Seek to raise a fallen brother,
While the years are rolling on.

This is work for every hand,
Till, throughout creation's land,
Armies for the Lord shall stand,
While the years are rolling on.—*Cho.*

4 Friends we love are quickly flying,
While the years are rolling on;
No more parting, no more dying,
While the years are rolling on.
In the world beyond the tomb
Sorrow never more can come,
When we meet in that blest home,
While the years are rolling on.—*Cho.*

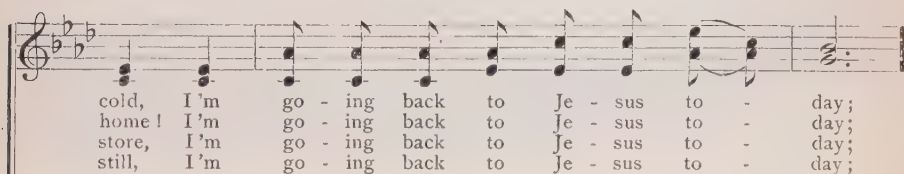
R. E. H.

R. E. HUDSON.



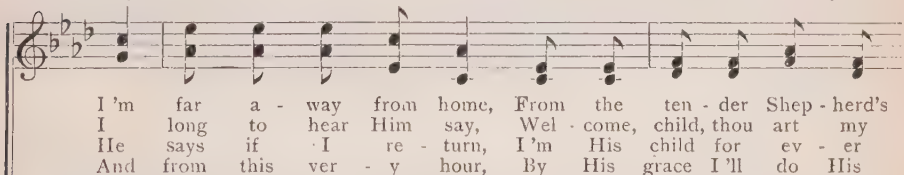
1. I've wan - dered far a - way, On the moun-tain bleak and
 2. I've heard my Fa - ther call: Wea - ry, wand'ring child, come
 3. I'm starv - ing now for bread, When plen - ty is in
 4. I am a way - ward child, But my Fa - ther loves me

CHORUS.—I'm go - ing back to Je - sus, Go - ing back to -



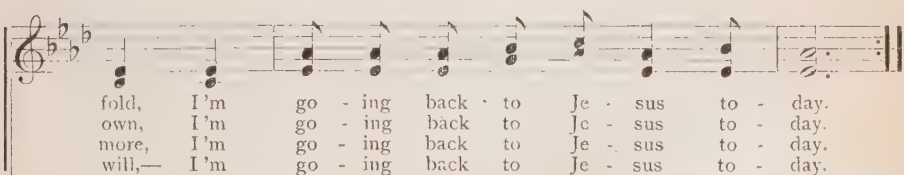
cold, I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day;
 home! I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day;
 store, I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day;
 still, I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day;

day, For Je - sus is the Life, the Truth, the Way;



I'm far a - way from home, From the ten - der Shep - herd's
 I long to hear Him say, Wel - come, child, thou art my
 He says if I re - turn, I'm His child for ev - er
 And from this ver - y hour, By His grace I'll do His

My Fa - ther bids me come, Though a wan - d'rer far from

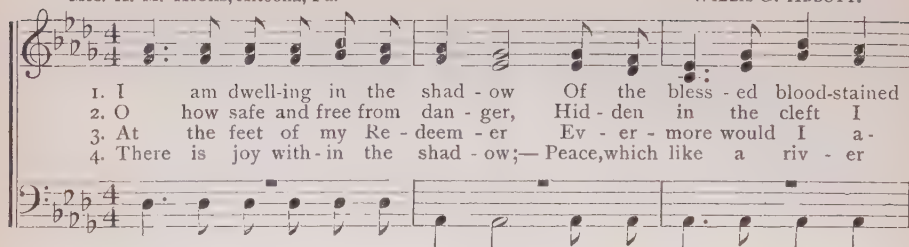


fold, I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day.
 own, I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day.
 more, I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day.
 will, I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day.

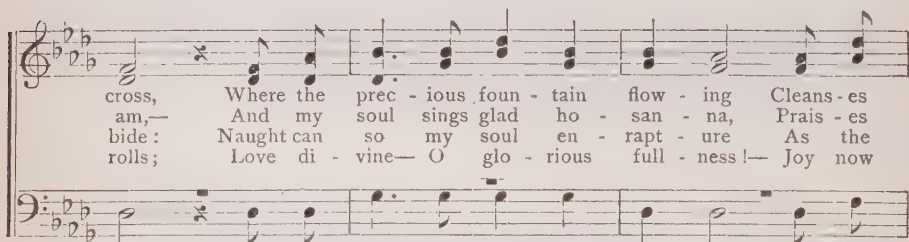
home,— I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day.

Mrs. A. M. HICKS, Altoona, Pa.

WILLIS G. ABBOTT.



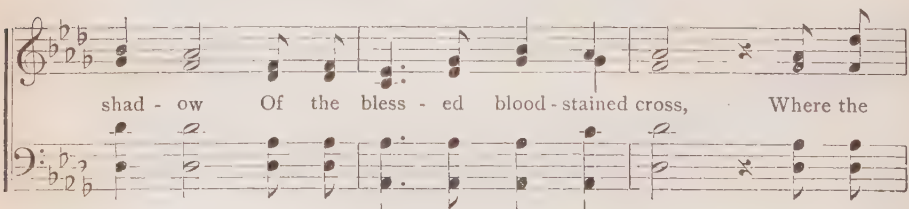
1. I am dwell-ing in the shad - ow Of the bless - ed blood-stained
 2. O how safe and free from dan - ger, Hid - den in the cleft I
 3. the feet of my Re - deem - er Ev - er - more would I a -
 4. There is joy with-in the shad - ow;— Peace, which like a riv - er



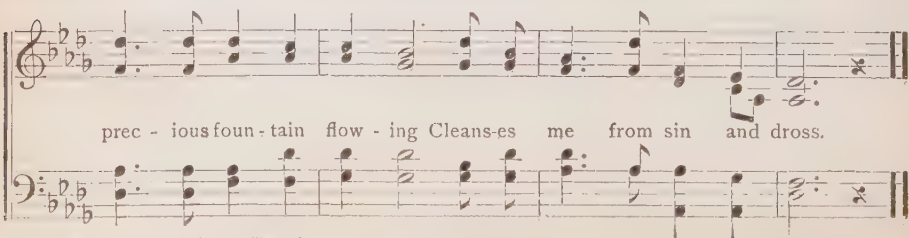
cross, Where the prec - ious foun - tain flow - ing Cleans - es
 am,— And my soul sings glad ho - san - na, Prais - es
 bide: Naught can so my soul en - rapt - ure As the
 rolls; Love di - vine— O glo - rious full - ness!— Joy now



REFRAIN.
 me from sin and dross. In the shad - ow, In the
 to the ris - en Lamb.
 Cross where Je - sus died.
 o - ver - flows my soul.



shad - ow Of the bless - ed blood - stained cross, Where the



prec - ious foun - tain flow - ing Cleans - es me from sin and dross.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—HEB. XI: 16.

MISS PHOEBE CAREY.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm

near - er home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.

CHORUS.

Nearer my home, Nearer my home, Nearer my home to-day, today, Than I have been before.

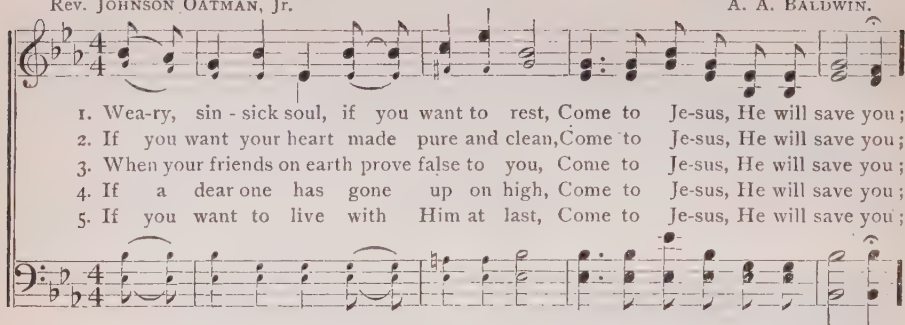
2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown.

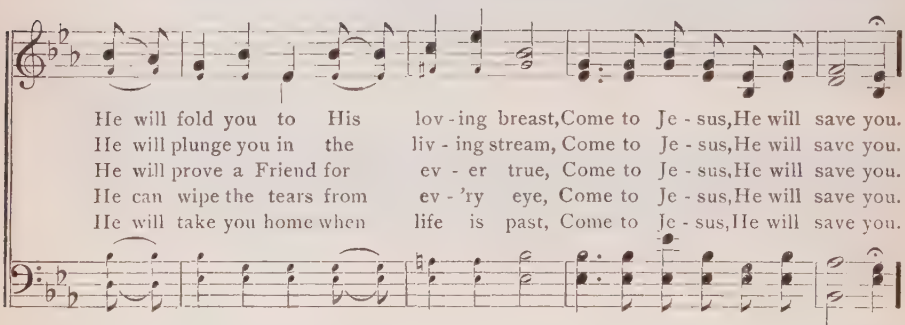
4 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

A. A. BALDWIN.



1. Wea-ry, sin - sick soul, if you want to rest, Come to Je - sus, He will save you ;
 2. If you want your heart made pure and clean, Come to Je - sus, He will save you ;
 3. When your friends on earth prove false to you, Come to Je - sus, He will save you ;
 4. If a dear one has gone up on high, Come to Je - sus, He will save you ;
 5. If you want to live with Him at last, Come to Je - sus, He will save you ;

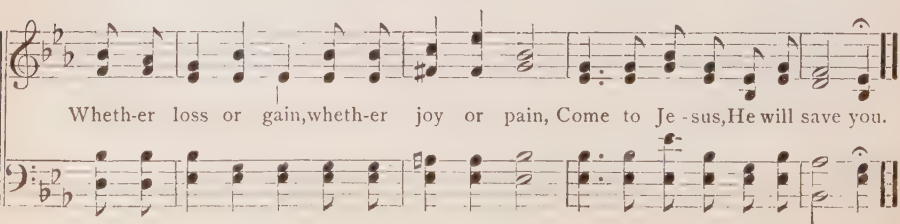


He will fold you to His lov - ing breast, Come to Je - sus, He will save you.
 He will plunge you in the liv - ing stream, Come to Je - sus, He will save you.
 He will prove a Friend for ev - er true, Come to Je - sus, He will save you.
 He can wipe the tears from ev - 'ry eye, Come to Je - sus, He will save you.
 He will take you home when life is past, Come to Je - sus, He will save you.

CHORUS.



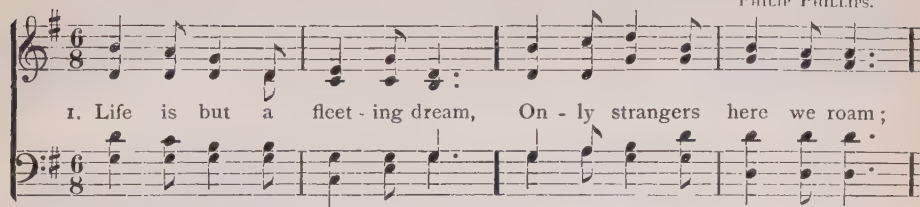
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Come to Je - sus, He will save you ;



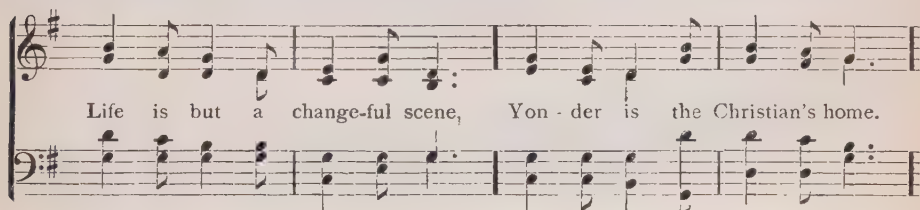
Wheth - er loss or gain, wheth - er joy or pain, Come to Je - sus, He will save you.

"For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."

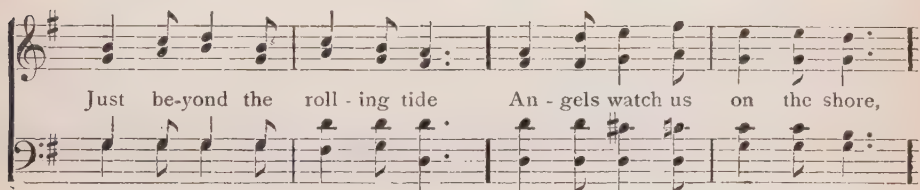
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



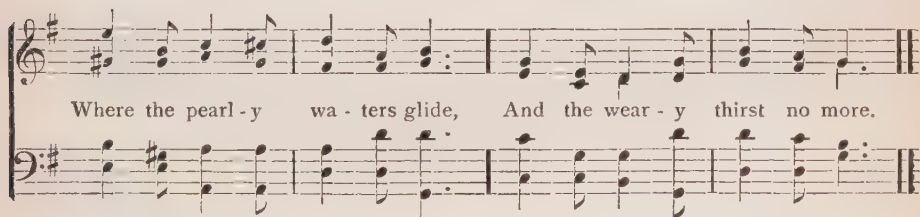
1. Life is but a fleet - ing dream, On - ly strangers here we roam ;



Life is but a change - ful scene, Yon - der is the Christian's home.



Just be - yond the roll - ing tide An - gels watch us on the shore,



Where the pearl - y wa - ters glide, And the wear - y thirst no more.

- 2 Here we feel the tempter's power,
Here we sigh for living-bread,
Clouds of gloom and darkness lower,
While a rugged path we tread.
There no cruel thorns are found,
Doubt and fear and storms are o'er,
There the fruits of joy abound,
We shall hunger there no more.
- 3 Here we breathe the sultry air
Of a lonely desert plain,
Trials here the heart must bear
Worn by sickness, racked with pain.

- There the waves of death are passed,
There, among the pure and blest,
Safely anchored home at last,
There our wandering feet shall rest.
- 4 Here our fondest hopes are brief,
Kindred ties are broken here ;
Morning brings a night of grief,
Joy is mingled with a tear.
There shall faith be lost in sight,
There a long eternal day,
Christ the Lamb shall be the Light,
He will wipe our tears away.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. We are her - alds of a King, And a joy - ful mes - sage bring, To the
 2. We are her - alds of a King, And His prais - es we will sing, While we
 3. We are her - alds of a King, And glad ti - dings from Him bring, To the

dy - ing and the lost here be - low; To the ma - ny haunts of sin, Where there's
 bear His mes - sage on far and wide; Till the gospel's joy - ful sound, To the
 mil - lions that by sin are opprest; He has paid their debt of sin, And He

souls for Christ to win, In the name of Him we serve, we will go.
 earth's re - mot - est bound, Shall be heard and Christ our King glo - ri - fied.
 bids them en - ter in, To the nev - er fail - ing joys of His rest.

CHORUS.

Her - alds of a King, We are heralds of a mighty King;
 Her - alds of a mighty King, Of a mighty King;

HERALDS OF A KING. Concluded.

Her - alds of a King, We are heralds of a might-y King.
Heralds of a might-y King,

No. 157.

THE BETTER LAND.

Z. L. PARKER.

Arr. by E. P. MARVIN.

D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. No more weeping, no more sleeping, Sin and sorrow left be-low; No more sighing,
2. God will guide us, none will chide us, No more heart-strings crushed with woe; Christ will meet us,
3. Those who parted, broken-hearted, In this vale of tears be-low; Sleeping low-ly,
4. Richest treasures, sweetest pleasures, Faded beauty, freshness now; Vernal flowers,

CHORUS.

no more crying In the land to which we go. Strike the cymbal! Sound the timbrel!
friends will greet us In the land to which we go.
rise in glo - ry, In the land to which we go.
E - den bowers, In the land to which we go.

No more coming years of woe; Time's dark story, ends in glory, In the land to which we go.

"And he ministered with singing."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Still I am sing-ing, Je-sus, of Thee: Blessed Re-deem-er, so pre-cious to me;

Toil-ing in weak-ness, try ing to bring Souls to Thy standard, Je-sus our King!

CHORUS.

Tell-ing Thy good-ness, sing-ing Thy love, Plead-ing Thy mer-it, and look-ing a - bove;

Chief of ten thou - sand,
Thee will I hon - or, Thee will I praise, Chief of ten thousand, Ancient of days.

2 Still I am singing, Jesus, of Thee:
Simple the tones of the music may be;
Yet may the language comfort impart.
Lifting the spirit, cheering the heart.—*Cho.*

3 Still may our chorus joyfully be,
Blessed Redeemer, Hosanna to Thee:
Grant in Thy Kingdom all may unite,
Singing with rapture songs of delight.—*Cho.*

"Both sure and steadfast."

S. J. VAIL.

1. Toss-ing on the bil-low, Rock-ing in the blast, Faint-ing on the pil-low,
2. Skies all clad in sa-ble, Storm-clouds flying past, Cling-ing to the ca-ble,

TOSSING ON THE BILLOW. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Verg-ing to the last. While the tempest rag - es, To the Rock of A - ges,
I am anchored fast.

To the Rock of A-ges, I am cling-ing fast.

3 Gone each earthly treasure,
Cut away each mast;
Vanish earthly pleasure,
Still I'm anchored fast. *Cho.*

4 Sorrows multiplying,
Prospects overcast,
Weeping, groaning, sighing,
Still I'm anchored fast. *Cho.*

No. 160. FROM STORM ENTER INTO REST.

"Enter in through the gates into the city."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. { From this bleak hill of storms En - ter thy rest ; } Where love for ev - er shines,
{ To yon bright sunny heights En - ter thy rest ; }

En - ter in - to rest ; En - ter in - to rest, The rest of God.

2 From hunger and from thirst,
Enter thy rest ;
From toil and weariness,
Enter thy rest.
From shadows and from dreams,
Enter into rest ;
Enter into rest,
The rest of God.

3 From vanity and lies,
Enter thy rest ;
From mocking and from snares,
Enter thy rest.
From disappointed hopes,
Enter into rest ;
Enter into rest,
The rest of God. Dr. H. Bonar.

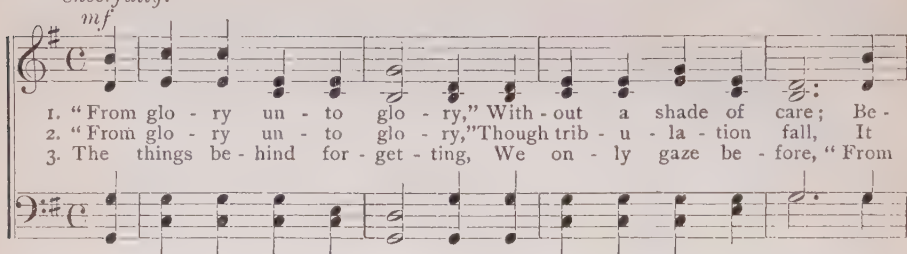
No. 161.

"FROM GLORY UNTO GLORY."

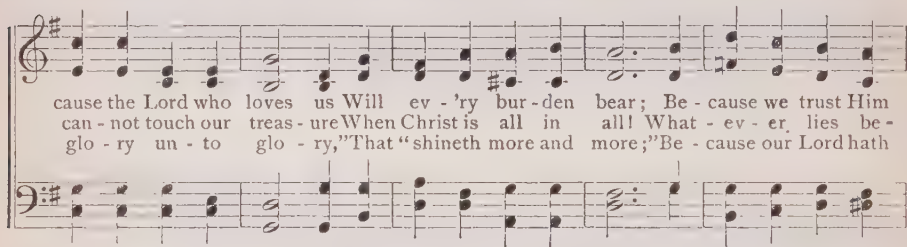
F. R. HAVERGAL.
Cheerfully.

C. C. CONVERSE, by per.

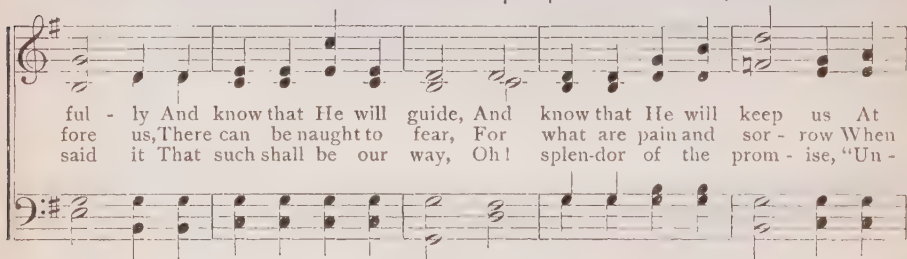
mf



1. "From glo - ry un - to glo - ry," With - out a shade of care; Be -
2. "From glo - ry un - to glo - ry," Though trib - u - la - tion fall, It
3. The things be - hind for - get - ting, We on - ly gaze be - fore, "From



cause the Lord who loves us Will ev - 'ry bur - den bear; Be - cause we trust Him
can - not touch our treas - ure When Christ is all in all! What - ev - er, lies be -
glo - ry un - to glo - ry," That "shineth more and more;" Be - cause our Lord hath



ful - ly And know that He will guide, And know that He will keep us At
fore us, There can be naught to fear, For what are pain and sor - row When
said it That such shall be our way, Oh! splen - dor of the prom - ise, "Un -

CHORUS.
f Spiritedly.


His be - lov - ed side. Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry ev - er -
Je - sus Christ is near? Je - sus Christ is near?
to the per - fect day."

mf *Repeat ff*



more with Je - sus! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry ev - er - more!

No. 162.

GO AND TELL IT.

R. E. H.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Go and tell to ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion, From the moun-tain,
 2. Go in - to the High-ways and the Hedg-es, Seek the lost ones,
 3. Hear the Mas-ter say - ing: "Go and tell it, Teach my Gos-pel,

val - ley, hill and plain, Je - sus Christ has purchased your re - demp-tion,
 wea - ry and op-pressed; Tell them Je - sus ten - der - ly in- vites them,
 bid them all come home;" Then when you have gath - ered up His jew - els,

CHORUS. Go and tell it,
 Tell the sto - ry o'er and o'er a - gain. Go and tell it, tell it,
 "Come to me and I will give you rest,"
 Hear Him say - ing: "Faith - ful child, well done!"

Go and tell it, 1st time.
 Go and tell it, tell it, Je - sus died for you and

2d time.
 me; (for you and me,) Je - sus waits to set you free, (to set you free).

THE GOLDEN STORE.

"Behold, a sower went forth to sow."

SOLO OR DUET. SEMI-CHORUS. SOLO OR DUET. P. PHILLIPS.

1. In the fur-rows of thy life, Scatter seed! Small may be thy spirit-field,

But a goodly crop 'twill yield; Sow the kindly word and deed—Scatter, scatter
D.S. God will give thee all thy need—Scatter, scatter

Fine. FULL CHORUS. *D.S.*
goodly seed! Open, then, thy golden store, Stretch the fur-rows more and more,
goodly seed!

- 2 Sun and shower aid thee now,
Scatter seed!
Who can tell where grain may grow?
Winds are blowing to and fro,
Daily good thy simple creed.
Scatter, scatter goodly seed!—CHORUS.
- 3 Though thy work should seem to fail,
Scatter seed!
Some may fall on stony ground:

- Flower and blade are often found
In the clefts we little heed.
Scatter, scatter goodly seed!—CHORUS.
- 4 Springtime always dawns for thee!
Scatter seed!
Open, then, thy golden store,
Stretch thy furrows more and more;
God will give thee all thy need.
Scatter, scatter goodly seed!—CHORUS.

No. 164.

Blessed Bible, how I love it.

Tune "CLOSE TO THEE."

- 1 Blessed Bible, how I love it,
How it doth my bosom cheer;
What on earth like this to covet,
O what stores of wealth are here.
- Cho.* This my guide, this my guide,
This my guide ever be:
All along my pilgrim journey,
This my guide shall ever be!
- 2 Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
Deep, yes, deeper in this heart;
Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
And in death we will not part.—*Cho.*
- 3 Part in death? no, never! never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then in worlds above, for ever,
Sweeter still thy truths shall be.—*Cho.*
Phoebe Palmer.

EMMA PITT.

D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. O sing once more the sweet old song, The strains to mem'ry dear; I heard them in my childhood
 2. O sing once more of mercy free, Of pard'ning grace and love; The mu-sic helps us all the
 3. Then sing once more the dear old songs To all in sorrow's hour; Their truth will melt the coldest

days, They al - ways brought me cheer. The song of Je - sus and His love, The
 way, And bids us look a - bove. Then in a sweet un - end - ing strain, With
 heart, And bless them by their power. The pow - er of a Sav - iour's love, In

old fa - mil - iar strain; It sweetly soothes and comforts me, O sing it once a - gain.
 Christ the crowned King, We 'll still re - peat the sto - ry o'er We loved on earth to sing.
 mightiest strains shall ring, And tell the sto - ry o'er a - gain, The songs we love to sing.

CHORUS.

The sweet old sto - ry of His love, 'Tis to the heart most dear; How

Je - sus loved us, sing once more . . . The song we love to hear.

Miss ADA BLENKHORN.
Joyful.

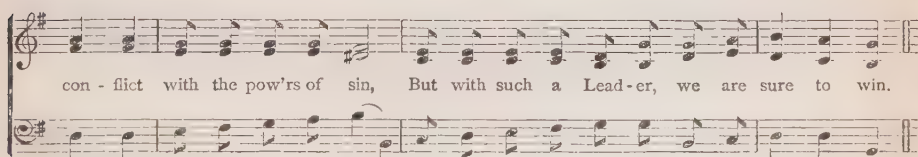
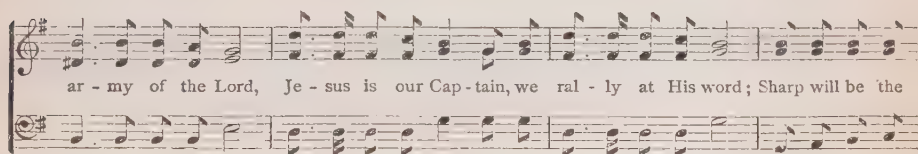
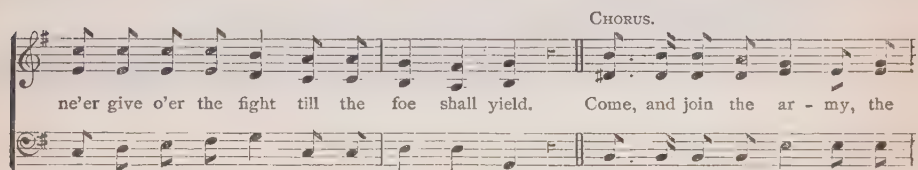
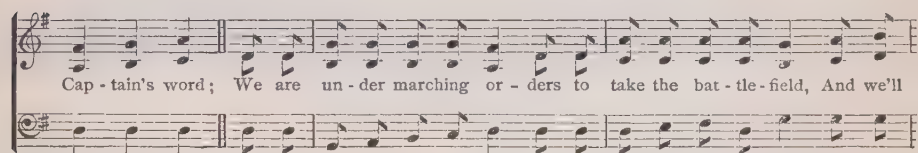
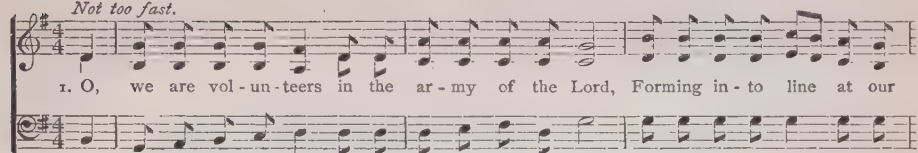
P. P. BILHORN. By per.

1. We are chil - dren of the King, And our love and trib - ute bring,
 2. Je - sus is our Guard and Guide, In His love we will con - fide,
 3. Je - sus is a faith - ful Friend, In His strength we may de - pend;

While His wor - thy praise we sing, And His grace pro - claim.
 Keep - ing close to His dear side, That we may not stray.
 He will keep us to the end, Trust - ing in His love.

He re - deemed us with His blood, Washed us in the cleans - ing flood,
 We will watch and work and pray, In His foot - steps walk al - way,
 If the cross we dai - ly bear, We at last a crown shall wear,

Made us heirs and sons of God; Praise His ho - ly name!
 Keep - ing in the nar - row way, Near His cross each day.
 And His won - drous glo - ry share In our home a - bove.

"Fight the good fight of faith." Words and music by GEO. F. ROOT*Not too fast.*

- 2 The glory of our flag is the emblem of the dove,
Gleaming are our swords from the forge of love;
We go forth, but not to battle for earthly honors vain,
'Tis a bright immortal crown that we seek to gain.—*Cho.*
- 3 Our foes are in the field, pressing hard on ev'ry side,—
Envy, anger, hatred, with self and pride;
They are cruel, fierce and strong, ever ready to attack;
We must watch, and fight, and pray, if we'd drive them back.—*Cho.*
- 4 O, glorious is the struggle in which we draw the sword,
Glorious is the Kingdom of Christ, our Lord;
It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall reach from shore to shore,
And His people shall be blessed for evermore.—*Cho.*



1. In the dark-ness of the night I was grop-ing for the light That my
 2. Now I know the rea-son why Je-sus came on earth to die And to
 3. Oh, my soul is all a-glow With a strong de-sire to know More and
 4. In the arms of love I rest, And con-fid-ing, I am blest With the



soul the lov-ing plan of God might see; But my
 free-ly shed His blood up-on the tree; For un-
 more-a-bout the love of God to me; For the
 sense of gra-cious par-don full and free; And my



Hal-le-lu-jah!



D. S. He to

dark-ness did re-main Till the Ho-ly Spir-it came And re-
 less the blood was shed, As the word of God hath said, Ev-'ry
 more His lov-ing mind, In the book of life I find, On-ly
 path-way bright-er grows, As my mind the bet-ter knows What the



ran-som ev-'ry one, Gave His well be-lov-ed Son, To re-

FINE. CHORUS.



vealed the prec-ious light to me. The light, precious
 soul would die e-ter-nal-ly. be.
 makes me long like Christ to me. The light, the precious light, the prec-ious
 plan of God con-tains for me.

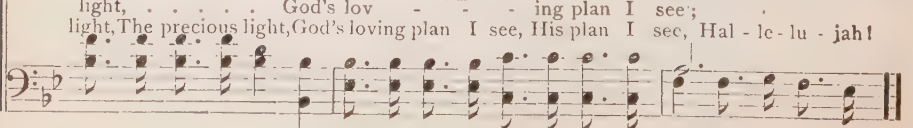


deem and set the cap-tive free.

D. S.



light, God's lov-ing plan I see;
 light, The precious light, God's loving plan I see, His plan I see, Hal-le-lu-jah!



MISS ADA BLENKHORN.

P. P. BILHORN. By per.

1. On - ly a song for the Mas - ter, Sweet - ly and fer - vent - ly giv'n;
 2. On - ly a song for the Mas - ter,—A heart, from its sor - row be - guiled,
 3. On - ly a song for the Mas - ter,—And eyes, that were closing in death,
 4. On - ly a song for the Mas - ter, The lips of the sing - er are dumb,—

And one, who in darkness had wandered, Returned to the Sav-iour and heav'n.
 For - got, for a moment, its bur - den, Looked up thro' its weeping and smiled.
 Shown bright with a heavenly glo - ry, Grew faint-er and faint-er each breath.
 They're singing a song for the Mas-ter, Where sor-row and death can-not come.

CHORUS.
 On - ly a song, on - ly a song, Tru - ly and ten - der - ly giv'n. . .

To those who are fainting and weary; 'Twill lead them to Je-sus and heav'n.

No. 170. WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOR EVER.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

"Sown in corruption...raised in incorruption."

S. J. VAIL.

1. We shall sleep, but not for ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn; We shall

meet to part—no, nev - er, On the res - urrec-tion morn! From the deep-est caves of

ocean, From the des-ert and the plain, From the val - ley and the mountain, Countless

p CHORUS. throngs shall rise a - gain. We shall sleep, but not for ev - er, There will be a

f glorious dawn; We shall meet to part—no, nev - er, On the res - urrec-tion morn!

2 When we see a precious blossom
That we tended with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom,
How our aching hearts despair!
Round its little grave we linger,
Till the setting sun is low,
Felling all our hopes have perished
With the flower we cherished so.—*Cho.*

3 We shall sleep, but not for ever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
Blessed be the Lord that gave.
In the bright, eternal city
Death can never, never come!
In His own good time He'll call us
From our rest to Home, sweet Home. *Cho.*

L. E. JONES.

P. P. BILHORN. By per.

1. The field is great, the grain is white, The day is fading in - to night;
 2. Go forth, and reap with willing hands, The golden grain awaiting stands;
 3. Go forth, the laborers are few, There's much for willing hands to do;

Go forth, go forth, nor idle be, The Lord of harvest needeth thee.
 Go forth, go forth, and garner in The wandering ones from paths of sin.
 Go forth, go forth, do not delay, The Master bids you haste away.

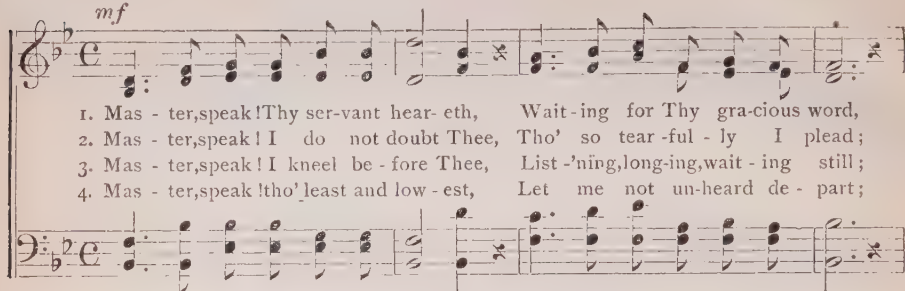
CHORUS.

Go forth, go forth, and reap to - day, The field is ready, haste away;

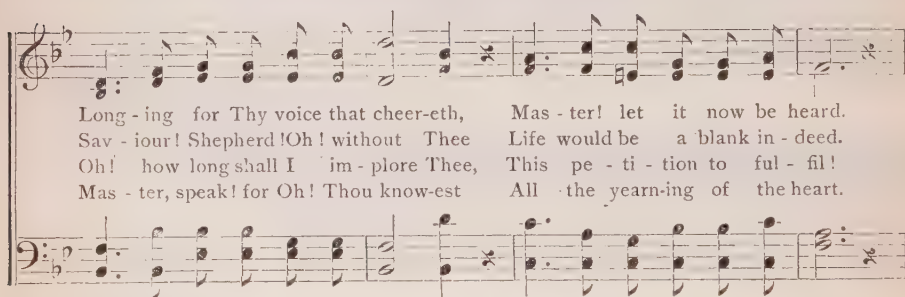
Go forth, some precious soul to win, Go bid them quickly enter in.

F. R. HAVERGAL.
Moderato.

C. C. CONVERSE, by per.

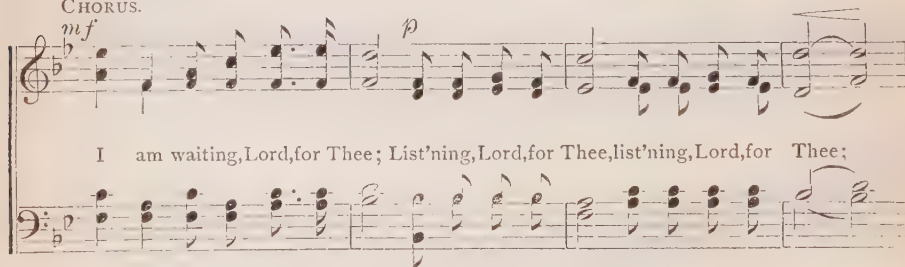
mf


1. Mas - ter, speak! Thy ser-vant hear-eth, Wait-ing for Thy gra-cious word,
2. Mas - ter, speak! I do not doubt Thee, Tho' so tear-ful - ly I plead;
3. Mas - ter, speak! I kneel be - fore Thee, List -'ning, long-ing, wait - ing still;
4. Mas - ter, speak! tho' least and low - est, Let me not un-heard de - part;

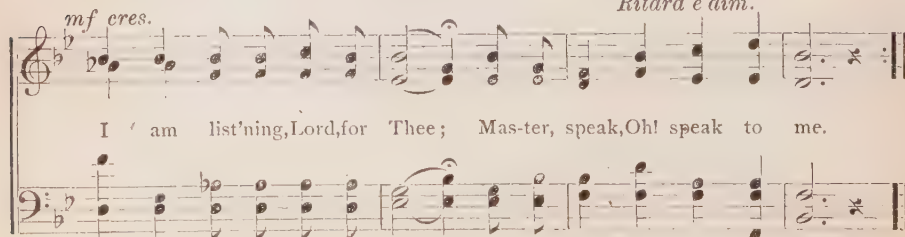


Long - ing for Thy voice that cheer-eth, Mas - ter! let it now be heard.
Sav - iour! Shepherd! Oh! without Thee Life would be a blank in - deed.
Oh! how long shall I im - plore Thee, This pe - ti - tion to ful - fil!
Mas - ter, speak! for Oh! Thou know-est All the yearning of the heart.

CHORUS.

*mf**p*


I am waiting, Lord, for Thee; List'ning, Lord, for Thee, list'ning, Lord, for Thee;

*mf cres.**Ritard e dim.*


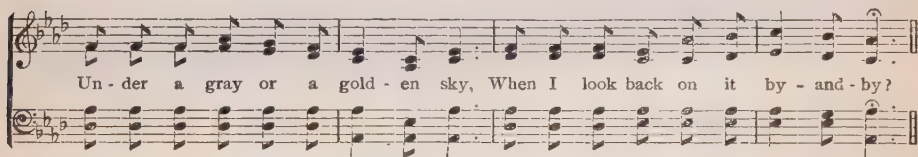
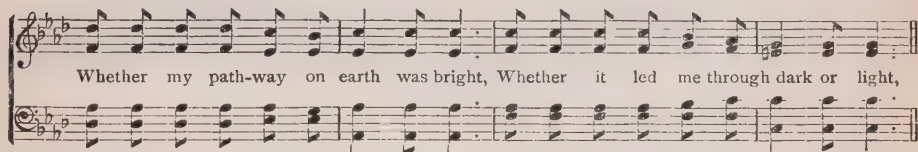
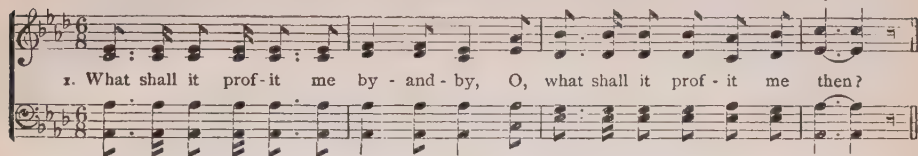
I am list'ning, Lord, for Thee; Mas-ter, speak, Oh! speak to me.

No. 173. WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT ME THEN?

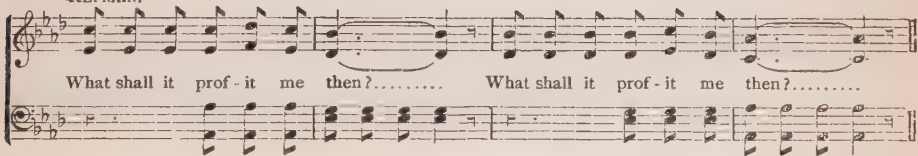
"What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

FANNIE J. CROSBY.

S. J. VAIL.

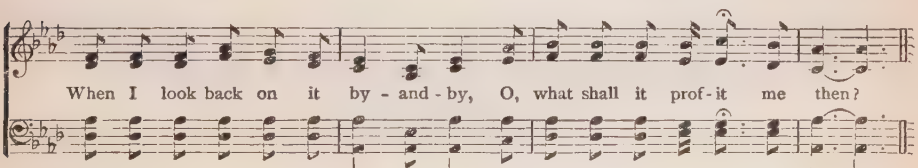


REFRAIN.



What shall it prof-it me then?

What shall it prof-it me then?



- 2 What shall it profit me by-and-by—
O, what shall it profit me then?
Whether in weariness, toil and pain
I have been striving my home to gain—
Striving, not questioning how or why,
If I but rest with Him by-and-by?
Ref.—What shall it profit me then?
What shall it profit me then?
When I look back on it by-and-by,
What shall it profit me then?

- 3 What shall it profit me by-and-by—
O, what shall it profit me then?
If I have answered the heavenly call,
Trusted in God as my ali in all,

I shall be welcomed to dwell on high—
Dwell with the ransom'd ones by-and-by.
Ref.—||: Thus shall it profit me then, :||
When I look back on it by-and-by,
O, thus shall it profit me then.

- 4 What shall it profit me by-and-by—
O, what shall it profit me then?
Permit me this—That my gain and loss
Taught my weak spirit to bear the cross;
Bid me look upward to joys on high—
Heaven and happiness by-and-by.
Ref.—||: Thus shall it profit me then, :||
When I look back on it by-and-by,
O, thus shall it profit me then.

REV. S. S. CRYOR.

P. P. BILHORN. By per.

1. Sin-ner, choose to-day your Sav-ior, By whose blood your soul was bought,
 2. Without Christ your life is wast-ed, All its rich-es are but dross,
 3. Oh, far bet-ter you had nev-er Seen the light of earth-ly day,
 4. Choose while others then are waiting, For the choice that you may make,

Time is fleet-ing, Hope is cheat-ing, Do not spend your life for naught.
 If you still re-fuse His mer-cy, You must suf-fer endless loss.
 Than to hear the Spir-it call-ing, While you turn unmoved a-way.
 And while souls are now de-bat-ing, Take the cross for Je-sus' sake.

CHORUS.

List-en to God's voice entreat-ing, "Hard-en not your heart to-day;"

Let not Sa-tan's arts de-ceiv-ing, Tempt you long-er to de-lay.

No. 175. THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I!

E. JOHNSON.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

W. G. FISCHER.

1. O, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal;

And sorrows, how oft - en they sweep Like tempests down o - ver the soul!

CHORUS.

O, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is

high - er than I! is high - er than I! O, then to the Rock let me

fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I!

2 O, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how heavy my feet!
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!

3 O, near to the Rock let me keep,
Though blessings or sorrows prevail;
When climbing the mountain-way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

CHAS. J. HAYES. Arr. by P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN. By per.

1. Thro' the years of pride and promise, Thro' the years of pride and joy, Once a
 2. Thro' this world of sin and sor-row, Onward sped her wand'ring boy, Not a
 3. I am lost! he cried in an-guish, Wilt Thou pardon one like me? Then a
 4. God for-bid that you, my brother, E'er should cause a moth-er grief, Come to

fond and lov-ing mother, Watched the foot-steps of her boy; And how oft in mid-night
 tho't of her who loved him, Not a word to bring her joy; Downward, downward, hope fast
 pray'r, O God, have mercy! May I hope thy face to see! Oh, what peace came to that
 Him who will for-give you, Then you'll find a sweet relief; He can bear your ev'ry

watches, While in peaceful sleep he lay, Knelt and prayed that God the Father, Keep him
 fail-ing, Mother's love is warm and true, In despair now helpless, hopeless, There's a
 wand'rer, As he knelt with God a-lone, Knelt and thanked the heavenly Father, For the
 bur-den, He who for your sin was slain, Come, just now, and God will bless you, Cause thy

CHORUS.
 safe - ly, day by day.
 wel-come still for you. Go and feel the pain and an-guish, Go and bear what
 grace that doth a - tone.
 moth-er no more pain.

A MOTHER'S LOVE. Concluded.

she has borne, God a-lone can on - ly know it, How a mother's heart is torn.

No. 177. TAKE IT TO THE LORD IN PRAYER.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

C. C. CONVERSE.

I. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!
D.S. All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!

Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what needless pains we bear,—

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer:
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

JESUS IS CALLING.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice."

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, calling to-day;

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam, Far-ther and far-ther a-way?

REFRAIN.

call - ing to - day, . . call - ing to - day. . .
Call-ing, call-ing to - day, to-day; Call-ing, calling to - day, to-day.

Je - sus is call - ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.

Copyright, 1883, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

2 Jesus is calling the weary to rest—
Calling to-day, calling to-day;
Bring him thy burden and thou shalt be blest;
He will not turn thee away.—REF.

3 Jesus is waiting, oh, come to him now—
Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
Come with thy sins, at his feet lowly bow;
Come, and no longer delay.—REF.

4 Jesus is pleading, oh, list to his voice—
Hear him to-day, hear him to-day;
They who believe on his name shall rejoice;
Quickly arise and away.—REF.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES.

VAIL and PHILLIPS.

1. If you can not on the o - cean Sail a - mong the swift - est fleet, Rocking on the high - est
2. If you are too weak to jour - ney Up the mountain, steep and high, You can stand with - in the

billows, Laughing at the storms you meet; You can stand among the sail - ors, Anchor'd yet with - in the
val - ley, While the mul - ti - tudes go by; You can chant in hap - py measure, As they slow - ly pass a -

REFRAIN.
bay, You can lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats away. As they launch their boats a -
long, Tho' they may for - get the sing - er, They will not for - get the song. They will not for - get the

way, As they launch their boats away; You can lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats away.
song, They will not for - get the song; Tho' they may forget the sing - er, They will not for - get the song.

- 3 If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot tow'rds the needy
Reach an ever-open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.
Ref.—Sitting at the Saviour's, etc.

- 4 If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true;
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.
Ref.—You can cover, etc,

- 5 If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Will the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briars,
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.
Ref.—Hides the heaviest, etc.

- 6 Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go, and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.
Ref.—You can find, etc.

I. WATTS.

Arr. by W. L. MASON.

1. Joy to the world, joy to the world, Joy to the world the Lord is come,
 2. Joy to the earth, joy to the earth, Joy to the earth the Sav - iour reigns;

D. C. Joy to the world, joy to the world, Joy to the world the Lord is come,

FINE.
 Joy to the world, joy to the world, Let earth re - ceive her King.
 Joy to the earth, joy to the earth, Let men their songs em - ploy.

Joy to the world, joy to the world, Let earth re - ceive her King.

SOLO. **DUET.**
 Let ev - 'ry heart prepare Him room, Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,

CHORUS.
 Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re - peat the

D. C. al Fine. **After last verse.** **Rit.** **ad lib.**
 nat - ure sing. . . . A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.
 sounding joy.

W. L. M.

W. L. MASON.

1. Hark! 'tis Christ-mas Day, Haste with us a-way;
2. See the won-drous Star; Wise men from a-far,

Je-sus is born, Je-sus is born, Born on earth to reign.
Came from the East, Came from the East, Wor-ship-ing the King.

Raise a hap-py song, Sing it loud and long, Join with the shepherds
In their hands they brought Gifts for Him they sought, Shall we not with them

REF.—Raise a hap-py song, Sing it loud and long, Je-sus is King, He
Raise a hap-py song, Sing it loud and long, Praise Him ye peo-ple,

FINE.

Worshipping on the plain. Come then all ye peo-ple ev-'ry-
Grate-ful off-rings bring? Come then chil-dren all from far and

ev-er-more shall reign.
Je-sus is our King.

where, Lift your grate-ful hearts in praise and pray'r.
near, Je-sus Christ the Roy-al Babe is here.

BETHLEHEM. 8, 6.

ENGLISH.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie,

The first system of the hymn is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep, The si - lent stars go by;

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;

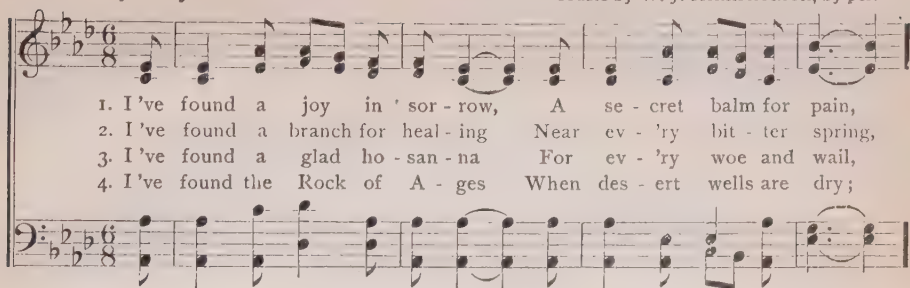
The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

The hopes and fears of all the years, Are met in thee to - night.

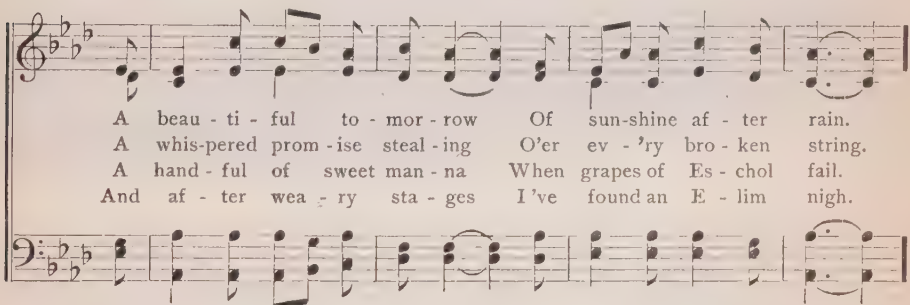
The fourth system concludes the hymn. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Words by Mrs. J. F. CREWDSON.

Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



1. I've found a joy in 'sor-row, A se-cret balm for pain,
 2. I've found a branch for heal-ing Near ev-'ry bit-ter spring,
 3. I've found a glad ho-san-na For ev-'ry woe and wail,
 4. I've found the Rock of A-ges When des-ert wells are dry;



A beau-ti-ful to-mor-row Of sun-shine af-ter rain.
 A whis-pered prom-ise steal-ing O'er ev-'ry bro-ken string.
 A hand-ful of sweet man-na When grapes of Es-chol fail.
 And af-ter wea-ry sta-ges I've found an E-lim nigh.

CHORUS.



'T is Je-sus, my por-tion for-ev-er, 'T is Je-sus, the First and the Last;



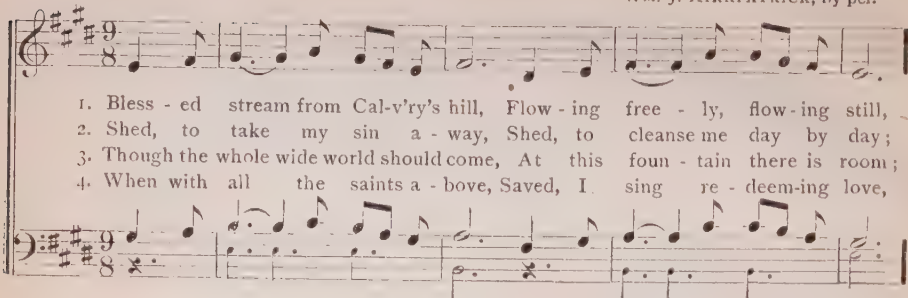
A help ver-y pres-ent in trou-ble, A shel-ter from ev-'ry blast.

5 An Elim with its coolness,
 Its fountains, and its shade;
 A blessing in its fullness
 When buds of promise fade.

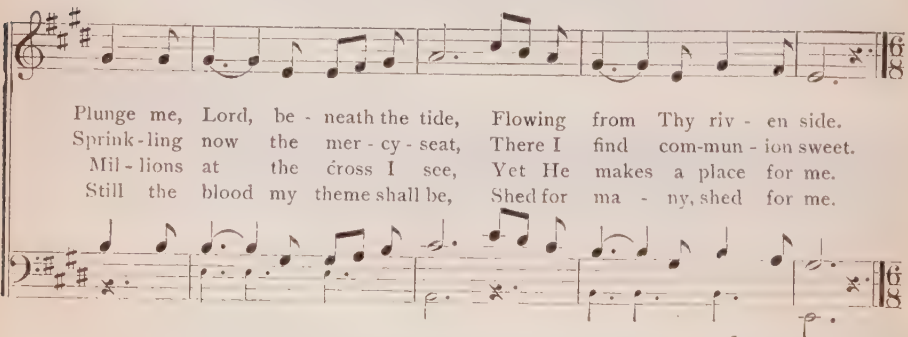
6 O'er tears of soft contrition
 I've seen a rainbow light:
 A glory and fruition,
 So near 'yet out of sight.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

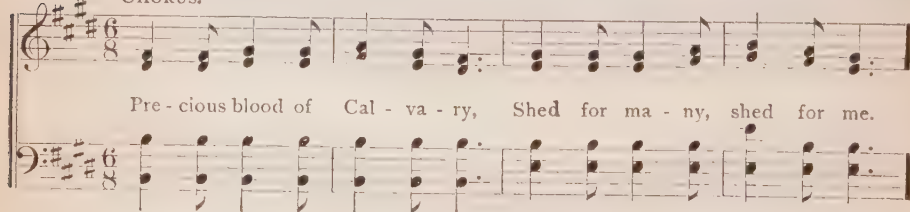


1. Bless - ed stream from Cal - v'ry's hill, Flow - ing free - ly, flow - ing still,
 2. Shed, to take my sin a - way, Shed, to cleanse me day by day;
 3. Though the whole wide world should come, At this foun - tain there is room;
 4. When with all the saints a - bove, Saved, I sing re - deem - ing love,

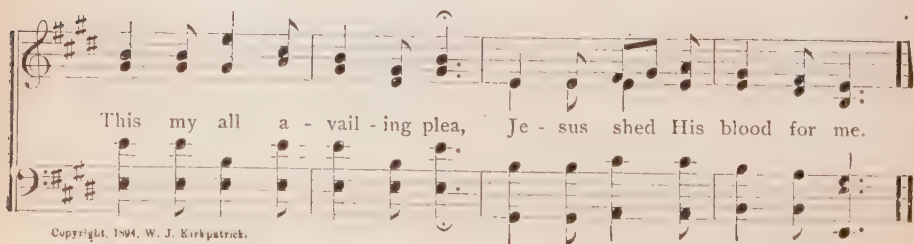


Plunge me, Lord, be - neath the tide, Flowing from Thy riv - en side.
 Sprink - ling now the mer - cy - seat, There I find com - mun - ion sweet.
 Mil - lions at the cross I see, Yet He makes a place for me.
 Still the blood my theme shall be, Shed for ma - ny, shed for me.

CHORUS.



Pre - cious blood of Cal - va - ry, Shed for ma - ny, shed for me.



This my all a - vail - ing plea, Je - sus shed His blood for me.

W. L. M.

W. L. MASON.

March time.

1. Marching, marching, like a mighty arm - y, Come the boys and girls from far and near.
2. Wake then, wake then, soldiers, for the battle, Right o'er wrong must certainly prevail!

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, see their banners waving, While the strains of music strike the ear.
True hearts, clean hands, purpose firm and fearless, Never faltering, nev-er saying "Fail."

Who would stand a - loof at such a moment? Who re - fuse to join this grand array?
"All the world for Christ" shall be our motto; Bloodless conquers thro' the Prince of Peace.

FINE.
With our Captain glorious, We shall be victorious; Come, then, fall in line without delay.
When the fight is end-ed, With our Lord ascended, We shall join in songs that never cease.

REFRAIN. *Inst.* *Inst.* **D. S. al Fine.**
Hear the call! Hear the call! How it echoes far a-way,

E. E. HEWITT.

John vi. 37.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Lis - ten to the blessed in - vi - ta - tion, Sweeter than the notes of an - gel-song,
 2. Wea - ry toil - er, sad and heav - y - la - den, Joy - ful - ly the great sal - va - tion see,
 3. Come, ye thirst - y, to the liv - ing wa - ters, Hungry, come and on His bounty feed,

Chim - ing soft - ly with a heav'nly ca - dence, Call - ing to the pass - ing throng.
 Close beside thee stands the Burden Bear - er, Strong to bear thy load and thee.
 Not thy fit - ness is the plea to bring Him, But thy pressing ut - most need.

CHORUS.

Him that com - eth un - to me, un - to me, Him that com - eth un - to me,
 un - to me,

Him that com - eth un - to me, un - to me, I will in no wise cast out.

- 4 "Him that cometh," blind or maimed or sinful, 5 Coming humbly, daily to this Saviour,
 Cometh for His healing touch divine, Breathing all the heart to Him in prayer;
 For the cleansing of the blood so precious, Coming some day to the heavenly mansions,
 Prove anew this gracious line. He will give thee welcome there.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. I will go, I can - not stay From the arms of love a - way;
 2. Though I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain,
 3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev - er heal my woe;
 4. Some-thing whis-pers in my soul, Though my sins like mountains roll,
 5. I o - bey the Sav-iour's call, Now to Him I yield my all,

Oh, for strength of faith to say, Je - sus died for me.
 Yet to - night I'll try a - gain, Je - sus help Thou me.
 I will rise at once and go, Je - sus died for me.
 Je - sus' blood will make me whole, Je - sus died for me.
 At His feet, where oth - ers fall, There's a place for me.

CHORUS.

Can it be, oh, can it be, There is hope for one like me?

I will go with this my plea, Je - sus died for me.

SARAH E. JAMES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. My soul is re-joic-ing, and sweet is my song, While on-ward to Zi-on I
 2. Thy pres-ence is with me, Thy im-age I bear; Thy ban-ner is o'er me, Thy
 3. I walk in Thy sun-shine, I rest in Thy smile, And vis-ions of glo-ry the
 4. I know there's a man-sion pre-par-ing a-bove, Where soon Thou wilt call me to

jour-ney a-long; No thorns in my path-way, no clouds can I see, For
 gar-ment I wear; The world and its pleas-ures are noth-ing to me, For
 moments be-guile; Thy peace like a riv-er is flow-ing for me, And
 feast on Thy love; Yet here while I tar-ry con-tent will I be, For

CHORUS.

oh, I am hap-py, dear Sav-iour, in Thee. Hap - - py in Thee, . .
 Hap-py in Thee, happy in Thee,

hap - - py in Thee, . . . My soul is re-joic-ing, my
 Sav-iour, dear Sav-iour, I'm hap-py in Thee,

HAPPY IN THEE. Concluded.

spir - it is free, And oh, I am hap - py, dear Sav-iour, in Thee.

No. 189.

HALLELUJAH.

WM. G. COLLINS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. I am glad; O so glad That to Je - sus I came, He has pardoned my
2. Oh, the full-ness of joy My Re-deem-er to know, And to feel that His
3. Per - fect peace in my heart Je - sus now gives to me, From all fear-ing and
4. Sav-iour, keep me I pray, Ev - er keep me Thine own, Till I join the glad

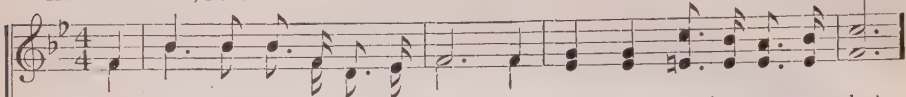
CHORUS.

sins, I can now praise His Name. Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me, With a
blood Makes me whit - er than snow.
doubt - ing, My spir - it is free.
song Of the blest 'round Thy throne.

per - fect sal - va - tion, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me just now.

HENRY M. KING, D.D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



1. An o - pen Bi - ble for the world! May this our glorious mot - to be!
 2. Wher - e'er it goes its gold - en light, Stream - ing as from an un - veiled sun,
 3. It shows to men the Fa - ther's face, All ra - diant with for - giv - ing love;
 4. It tells of Je - sus and His death, Of life pro - cured for dy - ing men;
 5. It of - fers rest to wea - ry hearts: It com - forts those who sit in tears;



On ev - 'ry breeze its flag un - furled Shall scat - ter blessings rich and free.
 Shall dis - si - pate the clouds of night, Un - do the work that sin has done.
 And to the lost of A - dam's race Pro - claims sweet mer - cy from a - bove.
 And to each soul of hum - ble faith, It son - ship gives with God a - gain.
 To all who faint it strength imparts; And gilds with hope th' eter - nal years.



CHORUS.



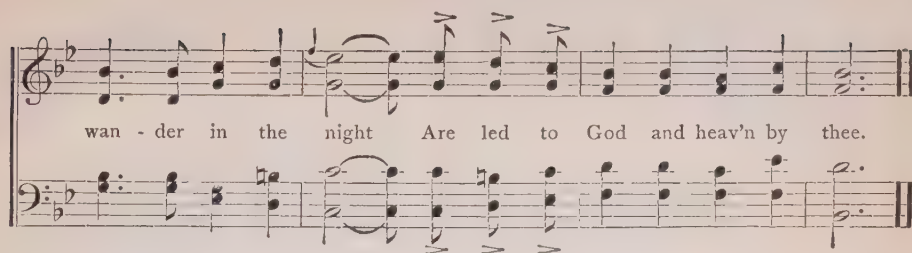
Blest word of God! send forth thy light
 Blest word of God! send forth thy light



O'er ev - 'ry land and ev - 'ry sea, Till all who
 and ev - 'ry sea,



AN OPEN BIBLE. Concluded.



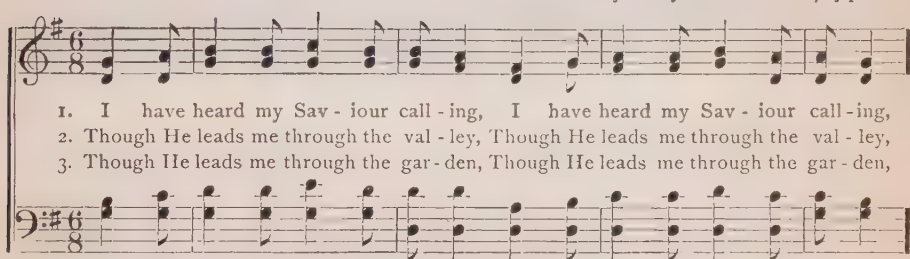
wan - der in the night Are led to God and heav'n by thee.

No. 191.

FOLLOW ALL THE WAY.

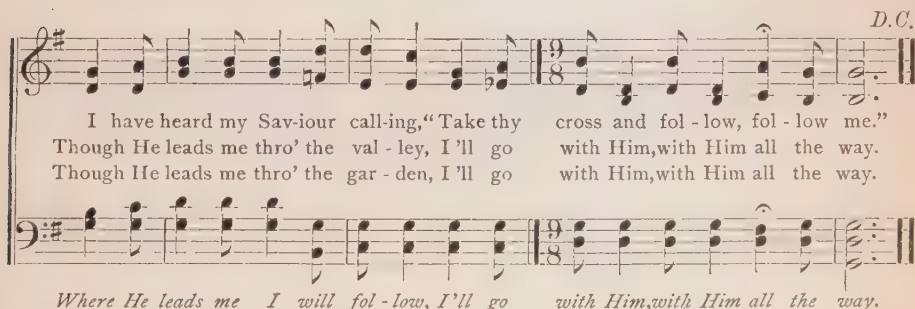
GEO. W. COLLINS.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



1. I have heard my Sav - iour call - ing, I have heard my Sav - iour call - ing,
2. Though He leads me through the val - ley, Though He leads me through the val - ley,
3. Though He leads me through the gar - den, Though He leads me through the gar - den,

CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,



I have heard my Sav-iour call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low me."
Though He leads me thro' the val - ley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
Though He leads me thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 4 : Though the path be dark and dreary,
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way. | 7 : I will follow on to know Him,
He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother, Friend. |
| 5 : Though He leads me in the conflict,
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way. | 3 : He will give me grace and glory,
He will keep me, keep me all the way. |
| 6 : Though He leads through fiery trial,
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way. | 9 : O't is sweet to follow Jesus,
And be with Him, with Him all the way. |

JOHN KEMPTHORNE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Praise the Lord! ye heavens, a - dore Him; Praise Him, an - gels in the height;
 2. Praise the Lord, for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His might - y voice o - beyed;
 3. Praise the Lord, for He is glo - rious; Nev - er shall His prom - ise fail;
 4. Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high His power pro - claim;

Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
 Laws which nev - er shall be bro - ken, For their guid - ance He hath made.
 God has made His saints vic - to - rious: Sin and death shall not pre - veil.
 Heaven and earth and all cre - a - tion, Laud and mag - ni - fy His name.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord and mag - ni - fy His name!

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord! His mighty power proclaim.

"Pray without ceasing."

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1. From ev - 'ry storm y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swelling tide of woe,
2. There is a place, where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer cy-seat.
A place than all be sides more sweet,—It is the blood bought mer cy-seat.

3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagles' wings we soar.
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.
Hugh Stowell.

RAY PALMER.

"Have faith in God."

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-vary, Saviour di-vine! Now hear me

while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O, let me from this day Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. There is joy a-mong the an-gels, There's a mighty shout of rapture; Far be-
 2. There is joy a-mong the an-gels By the shin-ing, crys-tal riv-er, For a
 3. There is ho-ly joy in heav-en High-er, pur-er than the angels'; 'T is the

yond the pear-ly gates the news has come Of a sin-ner now re-
 wand'ring one is safe with-in the fold; For the Shep-herd sought and
 Fa-ther's heart re-joic-ing in its love; 'T is the Sav-iour-Shep-herd

pent-ing, To the gos-pel-word con-sent-ing,—Of a
 found him, And the arms of love are round him; Hear the
 sing-ing O'er the lost one He is bring-ing, Bring-ing

CHORUS.

con-trite soul that seeks its bet-ter home.
 mu-sic grand-ly ring from harps of gold. Joy, joy, joy, joy in heav'n,
 to the ev-er-last-ing home a-bove.

JOY IN HEAVEN. Concluded.

Souls are seek - ing now the liv - ing way; There is joy, joy, joy,

joy a-mong the an - gels; Join their hal - le - lu - jah songs to-day. (to-day.)

No. 196. COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.

DR. NETTLETON. *Fine.*

I. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise; }
 D. C. Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.

Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

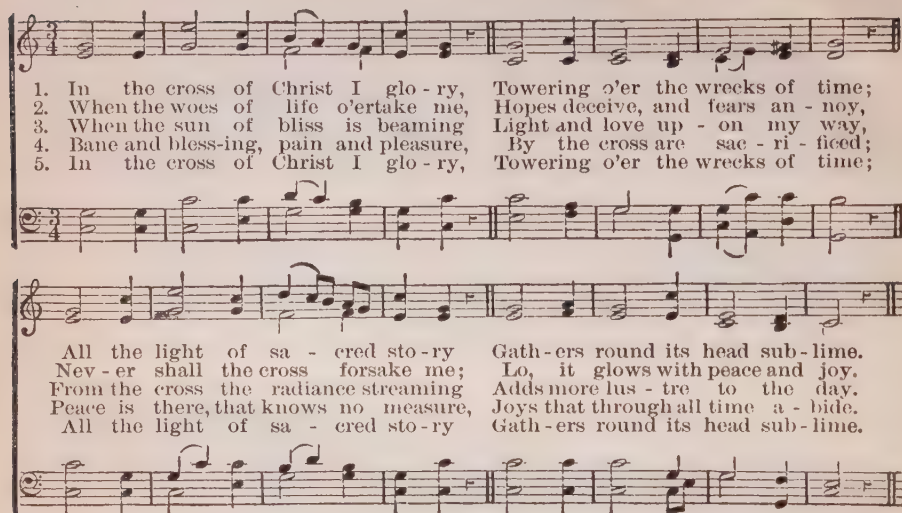
2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God,
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it.
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

Robinson.

No. 197. IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST. 8s & 7s.

Ithamar Conkey. (1815-1867.) 1851.



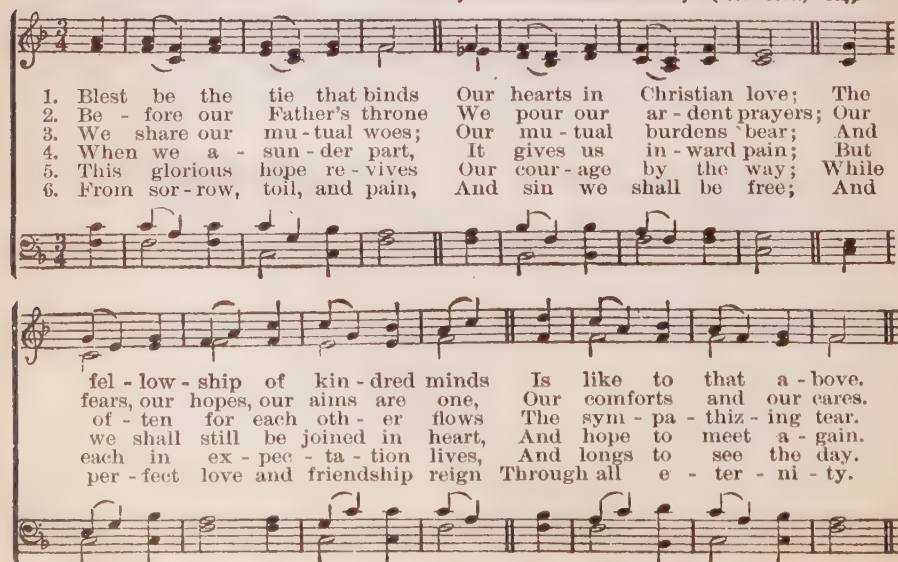
1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears an- noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming, Light and love up - on my way,
 4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sac - ri - ficed;
 5. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross forsake me; Lo, it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the radiance streaming Adds more lus - tre to the day.
 Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that through all time a - bide.
 All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.

No. 198.

BLEST BE THE TIE.

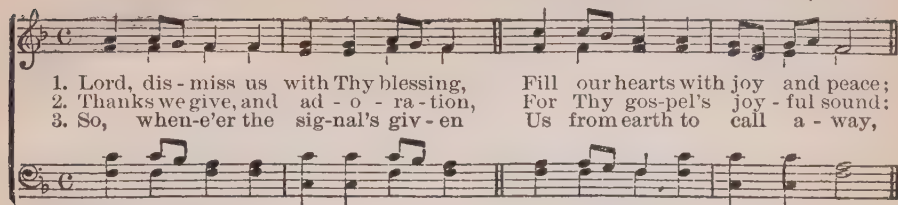
Hans Georg Naegeli. (1773-1836.) 1832.
 Arr. by William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816-1868.) 1849.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The
 2. Be - fore our Father's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our
 3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual burdens bear; And
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But
 5. This glorious hope re - vives Our cour - age by the way; While
 6. From sor - row, toil, and pain, And sin we shall be free; And

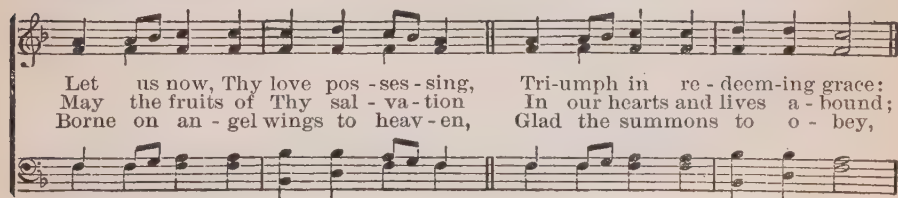
fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
 of - ten for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.
 each in ex - pec - ta - tion lives, And longs to see the day.
 per - fect love and friendship reign Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

Jean Jacques Rousseau. (1712-1778.) 1750.



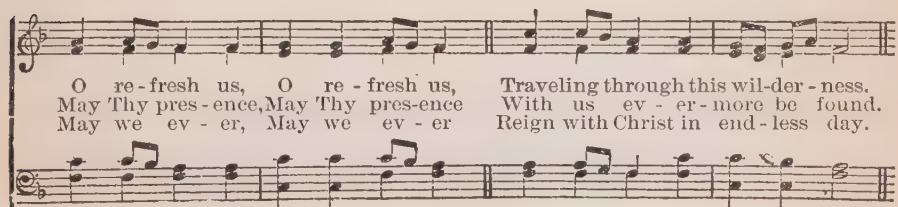
1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy blessing,
 2. Thanks we give, and ad-o-ra-tion,
 3. So, when-e'er the sig-nal's giv-en

Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 For Thy gos-pel's joy-ful sound:
 Us from earth to call a-way,



Let us now, Thy love pos-ses-sing,
 May the fruits of Thy sal-va-tion
 Borne on an-gel wings to heav-en,

Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace:
 In our hearts and lives a-bound;
 Glad the summons to o-bey,



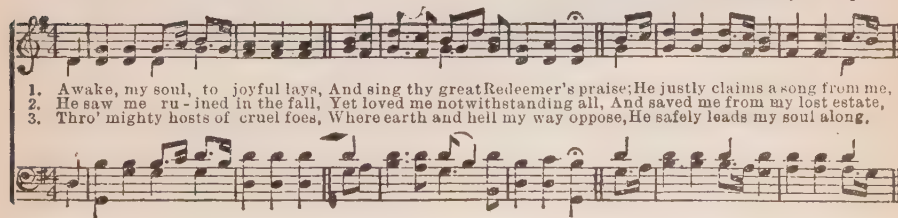
O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us,
 May Thy pres-ence, May Thy pres-ence
 May we ev-er, May we ev-er

Traveling through this wil-der-ness.
 With us ev-er-more be found.
 Reign with Christ in end-less day.

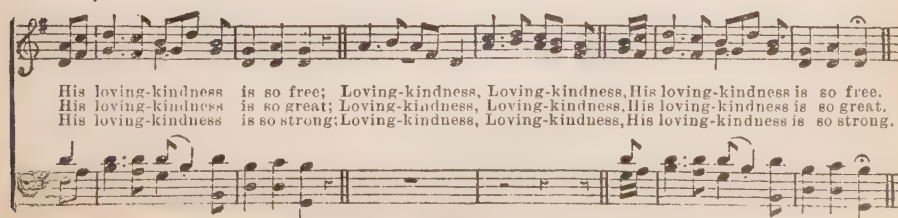
No. 200.

AWAKE, MY SOUL. L. M.

Christian Lyre. 1830.



1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise: He justly claims a song from me,
 2. He saw me ru-ined in the fall, Yet loved me notwithstanding all, And saved me from my lost estate,
 3. Thro' mighty hosts of cruel foes, Where earth and hell my way oppose, He safely leads my soul along,

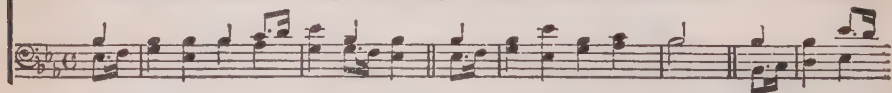


His loving-kindness is so free; Loving-kindness, Loving-kindness, His loving-kindness is so free.
 His loving-kindness is so great; Loving-kindness, Loving-kindness, His loving-kindness is so great.
 His loving-kindness is so strong; Loving-kindness, Loving-kindness, His loving-kindness is so strong.

George Frederick Handel. (1685—1759.)



1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb? And shall I
2. Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease, While others
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord: I'll bear the
5. Thy saints, in all this glorious war, Shall conquer though they die; They view the
6. When that illustrious day shall rise, And all Thine armies shine In robes of



fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? Or blush to speak His name?
fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas? And sailed through bloody seas?
world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? To help me on to God?
toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.
triumph from a - far, And seize it with their eye, And seize it with their eye.
victory through the skies, The glory shall be Thine, The glo-ry shall be Thine.



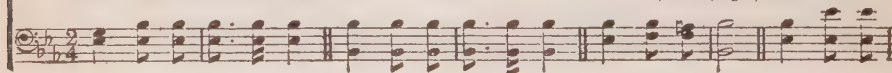
No. 202.

LET THERE BE LIGHT!

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1830.



1. Thou, whose al-mighty Word Chaos and darkness heard, And took their flight; Hear us, we
2. Thou, who didst come to bring On Thy re-dee-ming wing Healing and sight, Health to the
3. Spir - it of truth and love, Life-giv-ing, ho - ly Dove, Speed forth Thy flight: Move o'er the
4. Bless - ed and Ho - ly Three, Glo - ri - ous Trin - i - ty, Wisdom, Love, Might; Boundless as



humbly pray, And where the Gospel's day Sheds not its glorious ray, "Let there be light!"
sick in mind, Sight to the in-ly blind, O, now to all mankind "Let there be light!"
water's face, Bearing the lamp of grace, And in earth's darkest place "Let there be light!"
ocean's tide, Rolling in fullest pride, Through the world, far and wide, "Let there be light!"



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